August

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The American Mercury

Bitter Unrest Sweeps the Nation
by John L. Spivak

Kalchas — *Anton Chekhov*
Frances Perkins: Liberal Politician — *Marguerite Young*
The Prize-Fighting Racket — *Arthur Mann*
We Soviet Wives — *Anna Louise Strong*
Children of the Unemployed — *Anne C. Phillips*
The Central European Mess — *M. W. Fodor*
Ah-Ha Ah-Ha — *William Saroyan*
Parliamentarism and Democracy — *G. D. H. & Margaret Cole*
Death Comes to the Dockwolloper — *Grant Leenhouts*
Golf is Happily Disappearing — *Gregory Mason*
The Stork in New York — *Louis Gold*
Synchronization in Tennis — *Helen Hull Jacobs*
Poetess of Passion — *Miriam Allen de Ford*
Museums Thrive on the Depression — *Russell Newcomb*
The Democratic Comedy in Maine — *Dane Yorke*
The End of an Epoch — *Charles Angoff*

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Partial Contents of the SEPTEMBER AMERICAN MERCURY

MUSSOLINI IS TOTTERING

By Anthony M. Turano

Mr. Turano has just returned from Italy, where he talked on intimate terms with members of various professions, and here he reports in detail what they told him about their real feelings with regard to Il Duce. All of them—lawyers, farmers, physicians, engineers, business men—are bitter against Mussolini. He has brought his country only misery, and it is now in worse condition than it has been in for twenty years. That Il Duce is definitely on the way out now seems to be beyond doubt.

FIRST ENCOUNTER

By Sigrid Undset

A new and very moving piece of autobiography by the celebrated Nobel Prize author. It deals with Madame Undset's first encounter with poverty, in her childhood, and it is told with all her celebrated effectiveness.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN: "SILENT DYNAMITE"

By Saul Levitt and Allan Chase

When Governor Lehman was elected all factions, liberal and conservative, were jubilant. The consensus of opinion was that at last an ideal Governor had reached the Executive Mansion in Albany. The liberals were especially happy about his victory, because they thought that he was genuinely interested in the lot of the underdog and that he would push important humanitarian legislation through the State Legislature. Messrs. Levitt and Chase have examined his record closely and come to the conclusion that Mr. Lehman has been a great disappointment. He always was a banker, and he always will be a banker. He has done almost nothing for the underdog, and he has betrayed immense executive cowardice. His State papers have been mainly rubbish, and his celebrated battle with Mayor LaGuardia showed him up in bad light.

A PLEA FOR SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

By George W. Aspinwall

Mr. Aspinwall's "The Plight of the Doctor" in the May issue will be remembered. In the present article he presents the chief arguments for health insurance and for socialized medicine, and he ends by espousing the latter. He holds that socialized medicine is the only form of medical service that is equitable both to physicians and to the public.

PEARY DID NOT REACH THE POLE

By Henshaw Ward

Confidentially, most of the living American explorers have always had doubts that Peary reached the Pole. Many of them are convinced that as an explorer he was a fraud, but for various reasons they have not thought it wise to say so in public. Mr. Ward here rehearses all the evidence, and comes to the conclusion that Peary did not reach the Pole, and that his own accounts belie his claim.

A STRIKE IS BROKEN

By John Mullen

Mr. Mullen is an active strike organizer, and here he tells what he saw on the picket line in the recent strike in Carbon, Pennsylvania. His brief sketch is one of the few truly excellent pieces of proletarian writing to come out of the present labor unrest.

THE AMERICAN KARL MARX

By George Simpson

A full-length portrait of Daniel DeLeon, the one truly great intellect of the American labor movement. Lenin had the utmost respect for him, and used many of his ideas in the establishment of the U.S.S.R. He also said that DeLeon was the greatest Socialist thinker since Karl Marx. Dr. Simpson tells about his heroic life, and expounds his chief ideas.

MENTAL CRUELTY

By Sally Benson

A first-rate short story, dealing with the jealousy entertained by two divorced women of a friend's husband. After denouncing him violently, they admit that he is handsome "in an animal sort of way."

COWS AND HORSES ARE HUNGRY

By Meridel Le Sueur

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1. Mann's *Joseph and His Brothers* in England.
2. Mencken's *Selected Prejudices* in Sweden.
3. Hammett's *The Thin Man* in England.
4. Mrs. Luhan's *Lorenzo in Taos* in France.
5. Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* in England.
6. Page's *Fool's Gold* in England.
7. Lobagola's *An African Savage's Own Story* in Norway.

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
Charles Angoff, *Editor*
Lawrence E. Spivak, *Business Manager*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

LITERATURE

A COMPANION TO SHAKESPEARE STUDIES.
Edited by Harley Granville-Barker & G. B. Harrison.
The Macmillan Company
$3.00 6 x 8¾; 346 pp. *New York*

A remarkable collection of contemporary Shakespearian criticism, with contributions by twelve foremost authorities who approach their subject from various angles. As the publishers point out, the book carefully eschews all "problems" and controversial points, and is thus protected against any charge of being a receptacle for mere personal theory or venturesome speculation. A partial list of the contents includes the life of Shakespeare, by J. W. Mackail; the Poet's dramatic art, by Harley Granville-Barker; the social background, by M. St. Clare Byrne; the sources of the plays, by A. L. Attwater; and Shakespearian criticism from Dryden to Coleridge, by T. S. Eliot, and from Coleridge to the present day, by J. Isaacs. There are a helpful reading-list, appendices, and a very adequate index. Also several plates and text-figures which serve as illustrations. In short, a valuable addition to any man's book-shelf, for certainly never before has so much competent material on the subject of Shakespeare been amassed in one small volume.

LETTERS OF WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.
Edited by Clarence Gohdes & Paull Franklin Baum.
The Duke University Press
$2.50 5⅜ x 8½; 202 pp. *Durham, N. C.*

Herein are contained letters of the Victorian critic to Anne Gilchrist; to her son, Herbert Gilchrist; to the American critic and publisher, Charles Aldrich; and to President Cleveland. There is also a hitherto "uncollected" Whitman circular. A few of the letters concern a contemplated edition of Blake, and one of Shelley, upon which Rossetti and Mrs. Gilchrist were working, but in the main they deal with Whitman. Rossetti and Mrs. Gilchrist were great admirers of him, and they edited his first English edition, and got together a subscription list for money to be sent to the impoverished poet. The letter to President Cleveland is a plea that Whitman be granted a pension. Of interest also are many comments upon poetry in general, and occasional allusions to the personal life of the writer's brother and sister, Christina and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The book is beautifully bound and printed. There is an index.

LITERATURE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.
By Jefferson Butler Fletcher.
The Macmillan Company
$3.00 6 x 8¾; 331 pp. *New York*

Professor Fletcher, who is known among scholars for his admirable translation of "The Divine Comedy," has digested into this volume lectures delivered over a long period of years to graduate students both at Harvard and Columbia. Following an initial essay on the general characteristics of the Renaissance, there are separate studies of more than twenty outstanding figures, including Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Lorenzo De' Medici, Machiavelli, Ariosto and Tasso. The drama, the poetry, and the prose fiction of the age are also given individual treatment. There is learning here without pedantry, and the material is presented in a pleasant, straightforward manner, which renders the work valuable both as a reference-book for scholars and as a guide-book for the general reader. There is an index.

BIOGRAPHY

BERTRAND OF BRITTANY.
By Roger Vercel. *The Yale University Press*
$3.00 9¼ x 6¼; 257 pp. *New Haven*

The romantic biography of Bertrand du Guesclin, the great hero of Fourteenth Century France. Hideous of face, powerfully built and deeply schooled in cruelty and military tactics, he loyally served his king in the wars against British dominance over a period of fifty odd years. He eventually rose to the position of Grand Constable under Charles V, a position which had hitherto been held only by great nobles. M. Vercel tells his story in a somewhat worshipful manner. The translation is by Marion Saunders. There is an introduction by John M. S. Allison, professor of history at Yale. An index is appended.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER MINISTERS.
By John A. R. Marriott. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3.50 5⅞ x 8⅞; 238 pp. *New York*

The purpose of this book is an examination of the policies and achievements of each Victorian Prime Minister, and his relationship with the Queen. Melbourne, Palmerston, Disraeli, Peel, and the others are dissected and criticized, but it is all done in too matter-of-fact a way to be of much value. There is a bibliography, and also an index.

Continued on page vii

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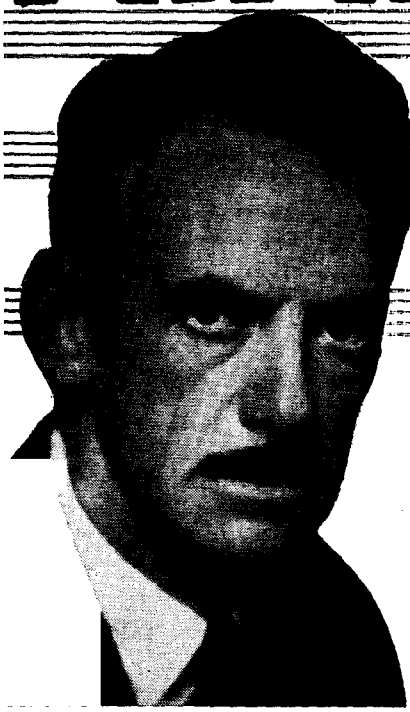

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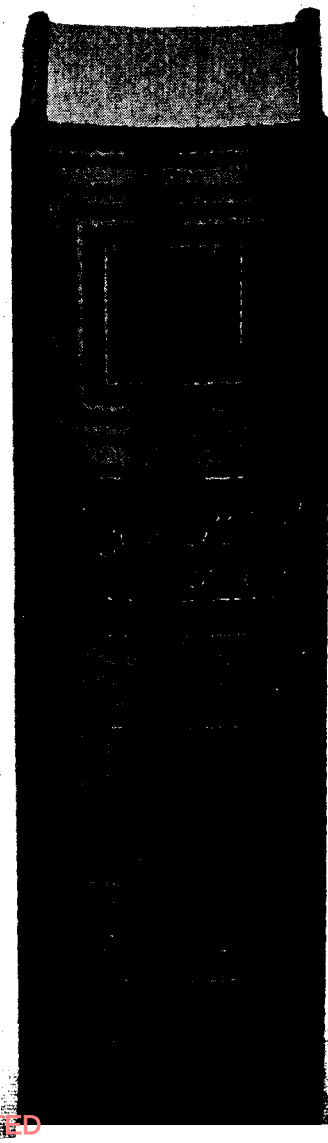

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

CRISIS IN GOVERNMENT.

By Lindsay Rogers. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.75 5⅜ x 8; 166 pp. *New York*

Dr. Rogers says that we Americans now "have more of a totalitarian state than can be found anywhere save Russia", but he is confident that we "can without violence limit its range" whenever we please, have not abandoned our old "egalitarian and libertarian ideals". He gives relatively little attention to the structure of this totalitarian state, and takes the causes which produced it for granted. His chief concern is with the crisis governments now in power almost everywhere in Europe, from Great Britain to Turkey. He describes them briefly but clearly, and is apparently convinced that they will endure for a long time, if not in their present forms, then in others. But he sees no sign that anything comparable will put an end to the present chaos in international affairs, at all events in the near future. In that field there is "crisis without government". His book is somewhat casual and superficial, but it is well written, and makes good reading. It lacks an index.

RED MEDICINE: SOCIALIZED HEALTH IN SOVIET RUSSIA.

By Sir Arthur Newsholme & John A. Kingsbury.
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 324 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

In the U.S.S.R. the health of the individual is the concern of the state, and from the evidence presented in this book it appears that Russia is nearer to the goal of an ideal medical service than any other civilized nation. Although the quality of medical care is still inferior to that of other European countries and of the United States on account of the shortage of physicians and their still inadequate training, this is balanced by a superb organization that makes such care as there is available to all at no cost (except in limited cases, as abortions). The facilities for convalescent care, rest homes and sanatoria are unequaled anywhere except for limited availability to the wealthy in other countries. Certain weak points are apparent to the authors and to Soviet health officials, but definite programs have been formulated to correct them. Sir Arthur and Mr. Kingsbury are authorities on public health in Great Britain and the United States, respectively, the latter being secretary of the Milbank Memorial Fund. Both are actively engaged in presenting to

Continued in back advertising section, page x

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BITTER UNREST SWEEPS THE NATION

BY JOHN L. SPIVAK

I HAVE just returned from an extensive tour of the chief industrial and agricultural centers of the United States. What I saw did not make me optimistic about the future of our country.

A group of farmers, their shoes caked with the red dust of Mississippi roads, were on the sidewalk in front of the Red Cross office in the small farming town of Brookhaven when I walked by. They had come to town hoping to get a sack of flour from the relief office. The blue denim overalls they wore were all the clothes they had. All had a worried look.

"Them Bahlsheviks was right," one farmer was saying. "They had the right idea. Why, do you know what they do over there? Everything that's made or grown is put in a government warehouse, and if you need something you just go and get it. If I got two children I get one sack of flour. If you got four children and need more, you get two sacks of flour. The government owns everything and gives it to them that needs it. There ain't no millionaires there. If you got a lot of money the government takes it away from you and gives it to the poor."

"Hell, ain't we living under a Socialist government now?" asked another farmer, cutting a wide swath with a mouthful of tobacco juice. "Ain't the government tellin' us how much we can plant and what we can sell it for? The only trouble is that the government is still being run for the millionaires. You know what Huey Long says? The wealth of this country is in the hands of about a dozen men. Now that ain't right—that they should have all them millions and we ain't got a sack of flour."

"What would have happened if the government had not given you relief?" I asked.

"We'd a-done something. We was just about ready for a revolution," one said grimly. The others nodded their heads in approval.

"Them millionaires up East—they're to blame for these conditions. Everything's goin' to them. The banks is bustin' with money and we're starvin'. Them fellers like Rockefeller an' Ford and—and—what's that feller's name that Huey Long said was the real President of the United States? Not Hoover——"

"Mellon—Andrew Mellon," a farmer helped him out.

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"Yes, sir. Andrew Mellon. He's a big millionaire, ain't he? He just about controls everything. Huey Long says he used to tell Hoover what to do and by God! the President did it! I bet he's got somethin' to do with why we're starving."

This bitterness against millionaires is one of the most pronounced sentiments in the farming areas in the South. The Louisiana demagogue's cries to "limit the hours of toil—limit the size of fortunes" have found sympathetic ears in the Southern farmer.

"You men talk of starting a revolution," I said. "I've heard it all through this area, in the towns and on the farms. Suppose you had one down here tomorrow—like the Bolsheviks. What would you do?"

They looked at one another; several smiled, the sort of smile a kid gives when he's caught in the pantry eating jam. They were at a loss.

"We ain't smart enough to know what to do," one finally said. "You got to have a leader to tell you. Trouble with us is we ain't got no leader."

"Well, suppose you yourselves started a revolution. What do you want? What would be the first thing you would do?"

They remained silent. Then one said: "I'll tell you what I'd do. There's two things I'd do. First, I'd pass a law so no man in this country could make more than a million dollars. Everything else he'd make he'd give back to the poor—them as needs it. And second, I'd pass a law so that no man who held public office would have the power to vote; that would break up the political machine. It's the political machine that's makin' it possible for all them millionaires to get their money at our expense. It's the political machine that sends legislators to Congress and to Jackson an' they're not workin' for the poor man—they're workin' for the trusts and the big business men, them millionaires."

Here, in the oil fields, in the Northwest woods, on lonely mid-West farms and on the forlorn wastes of the Minnesota iron range—wherever the poor and miserable talked of "revolution" it was clear that they did not know what a revolution was. What they want is a vague change of the present economic system.

The American worker, like workers the world over, is incapable of thinking in abstract terms. He can understand "millionaire" but not "economic system," "politician" but not "political science." The worker—and by the term "worker" I include even industrialists and bankers—seldom has a view of his own. He accepts a phrase uttered by some prominent person and clings to it as his philosophy. But since these phrases do not explain their bewilderment or solve their problems, they seethe with a deep unrest, a resentment which finds its expression in the South in bitterness against "millionaires" and throughout the rest of the country against banks, bankers, power trusts, politicians—some entity which hurt them and has thus become to them a symbol of oppression.

II

I found the American worker essentially a quiet person imbued with the belief that he is as good as King George, President Roosevelt, Rockefeller and his immediate boss. The only difference, he feels, is that they have money and power which he, too, vaguely hopes to achieve; especially is this true of the small business man and the white collar worker who always considered themselves above the manual laborer.

When a people of this peaceful and am-

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bitious nature talk of seizing food and defending their homes with shot guns, the question arises why such rebellious talk developed *after* the government's efforts to "end the depression." I asked innumerable people, and everywhere the answer lay in what the N. R. A. had really done to them.

I asked a bright-eyed youngster in a cotton mill on the outskirts of Charlotte, N. C., how things were now that mill wages were raised and working hours reduced.

"All right," she said without looking at me. Her eyes were glued to the turning spindles. I walked alongside, for she had no time to stop and talk.

"How much do you make?"

"Twelve-fifty."

"How many hours?"

"Eight. We used to work twelve."

"Less hours and more pay, eh? N. R. A. do that?

"Yeah. But we got doubled up."

"What's that?"

"Doubled up. Stretched out. We used to get six dollars a week. The government give us a twelve dollar minimum, so the mill makes us do twice as much work. So it's all the same as before. We get exactly what we got before."

"But you got four hours off a day, didn't you?"

"Yeah. But what good's that? I got to work still faster to make that up, too, or get fired. And when the shift's over I'm too tired to go out, so what good's them four hours to me?"

In cotton mills and steel mills, in packing houses, coal mines, lumber camps, oil fields, stores, restaurants, offices—everywhere I heard the same story. Where wages before the N. R. A. had been below the minimum established by the code for this or that industry, the wage was increased but the work speeded up to balance the increased pay and loss in working hours. The amount of work got from the worker now is equivalent to the old wage scale and old hours. That the speed-up is prohibited by codes "don't mean a thing," to use the workers' own phrase, for complaints to N. R. A. compliance boards are ignored.

Whatever the motives were back of the N. R. A. measures the results have been beneficial only to big business. For the worker it meant a general wage reduction (the minimum wage scale becoming the maximum); rising living costs as wages went down; and the killing speed-up. Countless thousands who had clung to their homes during the depression have lost them because of inability to meet mortgage and interest payments as a result of their decreased incomes, and infinitely more thousands have broken up their rented homes to save on rent. Families moved in with relatives or friends; "doubling up," it is called.

In their despairing efforts to keep their homes from disintegrating, an incalculable number of middle-aged housewives have swarmed upon the labor market. So tremendous has this influx been that some chambers of commerce, as in Brockton, Mass., for instance, invite manufacturers with these inducements:

"Labor is cheap; skilled labor is abundant; female labor is plentiful."

Since any person who wants a job and cannot find one is unemployed, this influx of female labor necessitates altering all calculations as to the number of unemployed. In every city I visited the number of unemployed who had been put to work through government work projects are fewer than the number of housewives, who had never worked, who are now trying to get jobs. The difference adds to

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the number of unemployed. Since I found this condition prevalent everywhere, I am forced to the conclusion that we have more unemployed today, even if we deduct the maximum 4,000,000 the government says it has put to work, than we had before the N. R. A. brought the widespread wage cuts. Neither the government, with its unemployment figures placed at 10,000,000, nor the Labor Research Association, with its estimate of 16,000,000 has taken into consideration the staggering number of women thrown on the labor market "because there is no way of accurately checking this number." My conviction that we have more unemployed today than ever before seems to be supported by the terrific rise over what it was before the N. R. A., in the number of charity applicants in every area I visited.

The government's figures on unemployment are as unreliable, I found, as its figures on union wage scales. With competition for what little work is available tremendous, union men were glad to accept any wage. Union wage scales became paper wage scales, and this condition, in the main, still exists. The building trades, for instance, are frequently used as a base for comparisons between income and commodity prices, and I made inquiries as to union wage scales in the building trades everywhere I went. The answers varied but slightly from those given me in New Orleans by the editor of the *State Federationist.*

I asked him the union wage scale for carpenters.

"One dollar an hour," he said glibly.

This was the figure the government gave.

"How many are actually getting a dollar an hour?" I asked.

"Very few. But that's the union scale. You see, they can't get it because of conditions. So they have to work for whatever they can get."

"What is the carpenters' union doing about it?"

"Nothing. It isn't practicable for the union to do anything about it. Things are in a bad way and if a man can't get a dollar an hour, then the union lets him get what he can."

"Then the union is useless?"

"I wouldn't say that. That is the union scale, but they can't get it, see? So they get less."

With wage cuts for those who are working, instead of jobs for those who are not, the tremendous faith in Roosevelt's original plans is giving way to a sense of helplessness or bitterness, depending upon the area and the class of workers. In the industrial areas they are turning to organization, chiefly the A. F. of L., in hopes of ending wage cuts and the speed-up, but the A. F. of L. conservatively pleads with the workers to wait whenever they want to use the strike as their only weapon against abuses.

This conservatism by the Federation leaders is creating a great deal of unrest, and in the end it will cause the disintegration of the A. F. of L. itself.

The only militant union workers can turn to is the Trade Union Unity League, the secretary of which is William Z. Foster, and the American worker, though restless within the A. F. of L., will, in the main, have little to do with a union led by Communists, chiefly because the word "Communist" is, to him, synonymous with overthrowing the government.

"Conditions are mighty bad," I heard them say repeatedly. "But folks here are good, patriotic citizens. We're loyal to the government. We want the government to continue."

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III

Mrs. Kate M. Hardy is a tired, worn woman in charge of Red Cross relief in Lincoln County, Miss.

"I just don't know what we'll do," she said excitedly when I called on her. "We have no more money, no more flour, no more clothes, and—" she bent forward and pointed secretively to a large packing box in a corner of the room—"this box is all that's left and there are hundreds coming in for relief. I don't tell them about this box, because they'll just take it away. I'm saving it for the utmost emergency cases.

"All Red Cross supplies are gone. I haven't another sack of flour. We've had $40,000 worth of supplies we got from the government which was portioned out by the National Red Cross as our share."

"Does the Red Cross here raise its own supplies?" I asked.

"Oh, my," she said wailingly, "we raise some money here, but everybody's so poor. Last year all we were able to raise was $1,000."

She reverted to the box she was keeping secret.

"I'm keeping a few children's things in there so that they can go to school. So many of them stay away from school because they have no clothes, no shoes. It's terrible what a pass we've come to. The local chapter of the Red Cross has already supplied clothes to about 3,000 families, and especially their children—and that's most everybody.

"Besides the children's clothes I've simply got to put away sheets and bedding in case some of these poor women become confined. They have no sheets or bedding in their homes, you know. They used to have, but since the depression seemed just never to end, things just wore out—sheets and bedding and towels as well as clothes. Of course, if a family is well, it can get along without sheets and blankets—well, they can somehow patch up the old blankets, you know. But in case of sickness I've just simply got to have sacks of flour to make them a little bread when they're confined. And they're always getting confined, especially now that they haven't anything else to do!"

She laughed a little hysterically.

Lincoln County has since managed to get its destitute some more flour; and other counties and cities which were utterly destitute have managed to get additional food supplies from the government, which by now has figured out to the penny just how much food is necessary to keep a grown man and woman alive, and how much for children of varying ages.

Just how many persons in this country are depending upon charity for their daily crust of bread no one really knows. The government knows how many it is feeding through relief work and direct food distribution. In the cities, records of relief distribution are kept in so many different ways that heads of charities could not always tell me the total number of destitute in their own community. No record at all is available for the countless thousands, perhaps millions, throughout the country, who have not yet applied for direct aid—that vast army living off relatives and friends who still have jobs.

The increase in charity everywhere is staggering; complete figures wherever I went were not available but those that were, though incomplete, give one an idea of the tremendous proportion of our people who have become dependents. The very type of person applying for charity has changed. To the lowest class of manual worker, who, before the depression,

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became a charity applicant the moment he lost his job, have now been added great numbers of the white collar class, the clerk and stenographer, office worker and school teacher, engineer, salesman and office executive in cities, and the small independent farmer in the agricultural areas. Men and women who had always been self-supporting, who had private homes, money in the bank, and servants, are now living on charity.

But though the people are dazed and bewildered by what has happened, though they keep turning around in a ceaseless whirl, waiting for something, with no one knowing just what, with no one knowing or understanding what happened or is happening even in their own areas, there is a universal determination that no matter what happens, they intend to eat.

In Brockton, Mass., I talked with several women who were waiting to plead for a little food.

"How long can this last?" I asked, "this pleading for charity?"

"I don't know," one of the women said tonelessly.

"What will you do if you can't get charity any more—if things don't pick up?"

"Starve to death, I guess," another said.

"And your children?"

A light appeared in her eyes. It was the only sign of emotion she showed.

"They ain't goin' to starve to death," she said tensely. "I don't know what I'll do, but they ain't goin' to starve to death."

And in the South where the Negro has felt the depression even more keenly than the white, where he is discriminated against in the distribution and pay of relief jobs, and in food relief, a colored man in the Piedmont industrial area told me resentfully:

"It costs a nigger as much to eat as a white man. Dey ain't no diff'runce in de size o' de bellies. Niggers got big bellies and little bellies—jes' like white folks. An' when we cain' fill 'em we's hongry and when we's hongry we's hongry!"

And another Negro two hundred miles away told me: "I've got a right to eat an' so's my family. I ain't goin' to starve. I'm willin' to work—work hard, too, but I ain't goin' to starve."

He emphasized it with a determined nod of his head.

"What'll you do?" I asked.

"I don't know what I'll do, but I ain't goin' to starve."

IV

Except in industrial centers where large numbers of organized and unorganized workers have rebelled against the effects of the N. R. A., the violence which bubbles up from the seething unrest frequently begins, not with the unemployed or workers subjected to wage cuts, but with the middle class, those who had had a little property and lost it or are about to lose it.

What happened in Tulsa, Okla., for instance, has happened in other sections of the country. There, property owners, seeing their homes auctioned off, marched on the court house, peacefully at first and later threateningly. They were finally quieted; but immediately after, the jobless, unable to get work or food, and realizing what mass action had brought the middle class, started to talk in no uncertain terms of seizing warehouses, food and clothing stores, unless they were fed. It was talk at first, but it quickly developed into carefully laid plans, which terrified the business, financial and political powers in the city. A group of leading

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citizens appealed to Wildcat Williams, at present A. F. of L. organizer, to "stop the unemployed." Wildcat "kept them down," to use his own phrase, by appeals to their patriotism.

The American worker is afraid of being called "unpatriotic" or accused of being "radical," and the A. F. of L., even more than the American Legion, is forever hurling these epithets at querulous workers. When a worker vigorously attacks the union for doing nothing about abuses, he is accused of being a "red," a "radical," and "unpatriotic." Usually, sentiment among union members turns against one who is dubbed a "radical," though in many cases complaining workers are coming to resent the imputation, and it is consequently losing its effectiveness.

"I ain't no Communist," one red-faced, leathery-skinned oil worker said to me. "The organizers just throw that around whenever we ask that the union do something. What the hell have we got a union for anyway?"

"Suppose the union doesn't do anything?" I asked.

"Then we'll do something," he said grimly. "I'm getting tired of the patriotism bunk. We're plenty patriotic but we got a right to get what the President says we're supposed to get. All they're doing is collecting dues and telling us to be patient."

"If they're not doing anything, isn't there some other oil workers' union that wants to do something?"

"Yes, there's a fighting bunch of Communists in Seminole but I don't want to hook up with them. They want to start trouble and overthrow the government."

"You were ready to start something yourself before Federal aid came, weren't you? You were among those who did a lot of talking about seizing food warehouses."

"Yeah, but that wasn't overthrowing the government. That was just getting something to eat when the government wouldn't do nothing for us."

And in Longview, Wash., in the heart of the Northwest woods, a group of strapping lumber men who had joined the A. F. of L. union, told me grimly:

"We're not doing anything yet. We damn near did before Roosevelt started to make his promises. But we're not going to make the same mistake the I. W. W. made and got everybody turned against them because they were causing trouble. We're going to wait and see; how long we can wait I don't know. But when we start, no one will be able to say we didn't give the President all the chances he wanted. And when we start we'll go through with it."

"Through with what?" I asked.

"Through with everything. We cut the timber, we do the mill work, we ship it. We do everything there is to be done except get the profits."

And in the Mesaba iron range hungry miners, barely able to keep alive on the food given them by charity, told me that they were tired of listening to speeches about supporting the government.

"We'll support the government if the government supports us," they said quietly. "We've shown we support the government but what we want is food and if we can't get it by working or relief then we'll take it."

They said it simply. It was said in the tone of one who had definitely made up his mind and was no longer uncertain as to his next step.

The fear of the words "Red" and "Communist" is most pronounced in the country's industrial cities and is obviously due to the years of anti-red propaganda. Where this propaganda was not so intense, as in

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the deep South (before the Scottsboro case), the farming and mining regions in the Mid-West, and in the West Coast States, I found that radical organizing activity was not much hindered by the cry of "Red." Workers in those areas do not care whether those trying to help them are Reds or Hottentots. They want food, and if the Reds help them get it, then they side with the Reds. Many of them do not even know that those working to organize them are the dreaded "Reds."

Last year in California, Communists won seventeen out of twenty-two strikes, with some 65,000 of the 100,000 migratory workers in the State involved. The migratory workers know nothing about Communism or Communists. They know only that "red agitators" organize strikes and win better wages. There is a charming incident I heard which illustrates the point.

An organizer, who had been active in the San José fields, approached a group of Mexican migratory workers and talked union to them till the sweat dripped from his face. The workers listened apathetically.

"Got to be organized," they finally told him.

"That's right," he said hopefully. "I'm an organizer from the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Union, part of the T.U.U.L.—"

"No," they snapped.

The organizer argued more but could not budge them.

"You want to be organized, don't you?" he finally asked desperately.

"Yes. Sure."

"That's what I'm trying to do."

"No good. No want Agricultural union. Want organizer from San José union."

They did not know that this organizer had organized the San José union. They did not know that the San José union was part of the Agricultural Workers Union. They did not know that it was Communist led. They knew only that the San José union had been well organized and had won an increase, and that was what they wanted.

V

After talking to all classes of people throughout the country, I am convinced that the American worker does not want to overthrow the government. All he wants is food. But if the government will not make it possible for him to earn it or will not give it to him, then he will overthrow the government, without realizing that he is doing so.

Politically, he is already disillusioned. I believe he would desert both Democrats and Republicans overnight if there were any but a radical party available, but since there is none and he still fears the term "radical," he continues to place his hopes in some "strong" individual.

With conditions as they are and the people feeling as they do, what, then, may we look forward to in the immediate future?

Under the present economic system it is impossible for our farms and factories ever to absorb all the millions of unemployed. The tendency, since the curtailment of the working hours, has been for manufacturers to mechanize their plants more highly in order to make up for the reduced working hours where they cannot be made up by the "speed-up" system. Thus for years millions will be permanently on relief rolls, which the government will have to support, since private charity can no longer do it.

Where will the government get the money? It can raise taxes, pass an unemployment insurance bill, or inflate the currency. Since the very purpose of our economic system is profit, employers may be expected to oppose anything that tends to

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cut into their profits, such as higher taxes; in the event of unemployment insurance, we may expect that the sum to be set aside for this purpose will be taken out of the workers' pay envelope, thus adding to the irritation of an already irritable people.

We already have a modified form of inflation in the 59 cent dollar and the embargo on gold. The use of silver is yet to come. When silver as an inflationary measure is exhausted, then the printing of paper money is inevitable.

Historically, there has never been a period of inflation where wages were able to keep up with the rise in the cost of living; hence we may expect additional misery for the great masses of people. More will be driven to the relief rolls.

Feeding the people is a concession to the hungry made by capitalism, which the government represents. The C. W. A., for instance, was a realization by political leaders that the restlessness of the hungry had reached the danger point of open revolt. When this danger passed, the government liquidated the C. W. A., and set up in its stead enough distribution to quiet the most hungry. The vast sums required to feed the unemployed cannot be spent indefinitely without bringing on the next inflationary step, and this the government wishes to avoid until after the fall elections.

A restless people, already angry at what the N. R. A. has done to them, is about to vote and politicians must be in a position to offer something to bolster up the waning faith in them. If, immediately before the election, the President were to address the people again and tell them of some new work relief scheme, it would be a shrewd political move for returning the Democrats to Congress.

Politically, the function of both Democratic and Republican parties is the preservation of the profit system. The Socialist party is taking little aggressive part in struggles for the people, and actually seems to be a reef to break the rising sea of unrest washing towards the capitalist shores. The Communist party membership is small. As for Fascism and a dictator, there is no sign of one capable of wresting power from the government at this period in our history.

The very fact that there is no sign of a strong dictator and that the one militant party seeking to gain control of the country is numerically weak, is in itself evidence that the capitalist system in this country still has some distance to go before it falls. There are still many more concessions which a capitalist government can grant its workers, and these will be granted more and more in proportion to the depths of misery and hunger into which the people fall. When the government can grant no more concessions to appease its hungry, then revolt on a national scale will be inevitable, with its ensuing chaos, during which some group, knowing what it wants to do, will seize control. At present the only political party which seems to know what it wants is the Communist party.

Hence, we may expect a period of more and more concessions along with the increasing misery brought on by the crumbling of an economic system. Revolts by small property owners and by hungry unemployed, which the government will try to suppress, will result in riots; and these will occur, as they have already occurred, in areas where politicians are not sufficiently alert to gauge the temper of the people and grant concessions before the seething unrest breaks out in overt acts.

All in all, I have returned from my survey convinced that we are in for a period of great unrest, organized and unorganized revolts and bloodshed; a period, I think, which will continue until the present economic system has been completely changed.

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KALCHAS[1]

BY ANTON CHEKHOV

VASSILII VASSILIEVICH SVETLOVIDOV, the comic, a corpulent, sturdy old man of fifty-eight, awoke and looked about him in bewilderment. In front of him two stearin candles—one on either side of a small mirror—were guttering out. Their unwavering, languid flames dimly lit up a cubby-hole of a room with walls of painted deal, and filled with tobacco fumes and dusky shadows. All about him was the evidence of a recent meeting between Bacchos and Melpomene—a meeting clandestine but tempestuous and hideous, like vice. The chairs and the floor were strewn with coats, trousers, newspaper sheets, an overcoat with a loud lining, and an opera hat. A queer, chaotic disorder reigned on the table: here were crowded and jumbled empty bottles, tumblers, three wreaths, a gold-filled cigar-case, and a tray; a lottery coupon of the Second Loan (with one corner damp), and a scarfpin in its case. All this hodge-podge was generously besprinkled with fag-ends of cigars and cigarettes, with ashes, and with the small scraps of a torn letter. Svetlovidov himself was seated in a chair and was in the costume of Kalchas, the legendary soothsayer at the siege of Troy.

"Oh, my sainted aunt! I'm still in the dressing-room,—" the comic let drop, looking about him. "There's a how-d'ye-do! Whenever did I manage to doze off?"

He cocked his ears. All around him was a silence as of the grave. The cigar-case and the lottery coupon reminded him that this had been the day of his benefit, that he had scored a hit, and that he had drunk a great deal of cognac and red wine at every intermission together with his admirers, who had repeatedly taken his dressing-room by storm.

"Whenever did I manage to doze off?" he repeated. "Oh, you old curmudgeon,—you old curmudgeon! You're an old dog! That means you got so swizzled that you simply dozed off in your chair . . . I commend you!"

Then he fell into a gay mood. He burst into drunken, wheezing laughter, took one of the candles, and walked out of his dressing-room. The stage was deserted and in darkness. A light but perceptible wind was blowing from the back of the stage, as well as from the wings and the auditorium. Breezes, like spirits, wandered freely over the stage, colliding with one another, circling, and sporting with the flame of his candle. The light wavered, twisted in all directions, and cast its feeble illumination now on the rows of doors leading into the dressing-rooms, now on a red wing with a fire-bucket standing near it, now on a large flat sprawling in the centre of the stage. "Egorka!" the comic called out. "Egorka, you devil! Petrushka! They've fallen asleep, damn their hides! Egorka!"

[1] Translated from the Russian by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Authorities on Slavonic literature in the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library and elsewhere, concur with Mr. Guerney's opinion that his is the first translation of this recently found story into English.

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A-a-a! the echo responded.

The comic recalled that Egorka and Petrushka had got three roubles apiece from him, because of his benefit, to drink his health with. After such gratuities it was hardly probable that they would remain in the theatre for the night. He grunted, slumped upon a tabouret, and placed his candle on the floor. His head was heavy and filled with drink; all the mess of the beer, wine and cognac he had drunk was merely beginning to "rectify," while from sleeping in a sitting position he had grown weak and had the jitters.

"There's a whole squadron bivouacking in my mouth, the way I feel,—" he grumbled, and spat. "Eh, you old fool, you oughtn't to be drinking! You oughtn't! The small of your back is aching, and the old bean is splitting, and you're all chills-and-fever . . . It's old age."

He looked in front of him.—He could barely distinguish the prompter's booth, the private boxes, and the music-stands in the musicians' pit; as for the entire auditorium, it seemed a black, bottomless pit, a gaping maw, out of which a chill, harsh darkness was staring.— Ordinarily unassuming and cozy, the auditorium now, at night, seemed boundlessly deep, as deserted as the grave, and soulless.—The comic looked a while at the darkness, then at the candle, and went on with his grumbling:

"Yes,—it's old age . . . No matter how you twist and turn, how brave a front you put on, and how much you play the tomfool, there are still fifty-eight years gone up the flue! As far as life goes, it's just a case of 'So-long!' Yes siree, Vassinka! However, here I've been working on the stage for thirty-five years, and yet, apparently, I'm seeing a theatre late at night for the first time. A curious matter, by God! Yes, for the first time. A weird sensation, the Devil take it. Egorka!" he called out, rising.

A . . . a . . . a! . . . the echo responded.

And, coinciding with the echo, somewhere afar off, just as if issuing from the very depths of the gaping maw, a bell began to peal for matins. Kalchas crossed himself.

"Petrushka!" he called out. "Where are you all, you devils? Good Lord, why am I naming the Foul One? Drop such talk,—drop drinking; for you're already old,—it's time for you to croak. At fifty-eight men go to matins, and prepare themselves for death, whereas you . . . Oh, Lord! . . . Lord have mercy upon me,—how weird all this is!" he grumbled. "Why, if a fellow were to sit here like this all night through he'd be like to die of fear. If this isn't the most fitting place to evoke the spirits! . . ."

At the word *spirits* he had a still greater access of fear.— The vagrant drafts and the shifting of the patches of light aroused and egged-on the imagination to the last degree . . . The comic, somehow, shrank into himself, slumped over, and, bending down to retrieve the candle, cast, for the last time, with a childish fear, a sidelong glance at the dark void. His face, disfigured by make-up, was stolid, almost inane. But, hardly had he put out his hand toward the candle, when he suddenly leapt up and began to stare fixedly into the darkness. He stood thus for half a minute; then, seized by an extraordinary horror, clutched his head and began stamping his feet . . .

"Who are you?" he cried out in a piercing voice that was not his own.

In one of the private boxes stood a human figure, all in white. Whenever the light fell in its direction one could distinguish its arms, head, and even a snowy beard.

"Who are you?" the comic repeated, in a voice of utter despair.

The white figure flung one foot over the barrier of the box and leapt down into the orchestra; then, noiselessly, like a shade, it moved in the direction of the footlights.

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"It's me," it uttered, clambering upon the stage.

"Who is it?" cried out Kalchas, backing away.

"It's me . . . me,—Nikita Ivannich . . . the prompter, now . . . Please don't be alarmed."

The comic, trembling, and frightened out of his wits, sank back on the tabouret in utter exhaustion and let his head drop.

"It's me!" the tall, sinewy man was saying, approaching the actor. The newcomer was bald and had a long, hoary beard; all he had on was his underwear, and he was bare-footed. "It's me, now, the prompter—see?"

"My God—it's you . . . ," the comic managed to get out, passing his palm over his forehead and breathing heavily. "Is it you, Nikitushka? Why—why are you here?"

"I'm sleepin' in the box, now. There's no place else for me to sleep. Only don't you say anythin' to the manager, please."

"So it's you, Nikitushka . . . ," the fagged-out Kalchas was muttering, putting out a trembling hand toward the prompter. "My God, my God . . . Sixteen curtain-calls, three wreaths over the footlights, and many other things. They were all enraptured,—but nary a soul out of the whole lot went to the trouble of waking up an old fellow and taking him home. I'm an old fellow, Nikitushka. I'm fifty-eight. I'm ill! My feeble spirit is a-weary . . ."

Kalchas, all trembling, stretched himself toward the prompter and clutched at his hand. "Don't go 'way, Nikitushka," he mumbled, as if in delirium. "I'm old, and weak, and helpless,—death is coming . . . It's a frightful thing!"

"It's time for you to be goin' home, now, Vassilii Vassilich," Nikitushka put in tenderly.

"I won't go! I have no home. . . I haven't, —I haven't!"

"Lord Jesus! Can you really have forgot where you live?"

"I don't want to go there,—I don't want to! . . . ," the comic muttered, in some sort of frenzy. "I'm all alone there. . . I haven't a soul, Nikitushka,—no kin, no old woman, nor any little ones. . . I'm all alone,—as free as a wind a-roaming the fields. . . I'll die, and there'll be never a soul to remember me."

The comic's trepidation was being imparted to Nikitushka as well. The drunken, agitated old man hung on to the prompter's hand, squeezing it convulsively and soiling it with a mixture of make-up and tears. Nikitushka was shrinking from the cold and hunching his shoulders.

"I feel frightened when I'm alone!" Kalchas was muttering. "There's never a soul to say a kind word to me, to comfort me, to put me to bed when I'm drunk. Whom do I belong to? Who needs me? Nobody loves me, Nikitushka!"

"The public loves you, Vassilii Vassilich!"

"The public's gone home, and to bed. . . Nobody needs me,—nobody loves me. No wife have I, and no children."

"Oh, come, now,—you've found something to grieve about!"

"Well, I'm a living human being. . . I'm noble, Nikitushka,—of a good old family. Until I had stumbled into this hole I was of the military,—I served in the artillery. What a fine fellow I was,—good-looking, brave. After that, what an actor I was,—my God! And wherever did all this go to,—where are those times?"

Holding on to the prompter's hand the comic got up and took to blinking his eyes, as if he had stepped out of darkness into a well-lit room. Great tears, leaving streaky tracks on his make-up, coursed down his cheeks.

"What times those were!" he went on, as if delirious. "I looked at that hole in the

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ground a while back, and recalled everything,—everything! This hole has eaten up thirty-five years out of my life,—and what a life, Nikitushka! I'm looking at it now, and I see everything, down to the least bit of a stroke, as plainly as I see your face!—I remember, when I was just a young actor,—when I was just beginning to get into the ardor of it all,—a certain woman fell in love with me for my playing. . . . Exquisite, graceful as a poplar, young, she was,—innocent, clever, flaming, like a summer dawn! I believed that, were there no sun, there would still be light upon this earth, since no night would have been able to hold its own before her beauty!"

Kalchas was speaking vehemently, tossing his head and brandishing his free arm. Nikitushka was standing before him and listening,—bare-footed and in nothing but his underwear. Both were enveloped in the dusky shadows, feebly repelled by the impotent candle. A strange, out-of-the-ordinary scene, this, the like of which was unknown to any theatre in the world, and its sole spectator was the soulless black hole. . .

"She loved me," Kalchas went on, gasping. "And what was the upshot? I remember standing before her, even as I am standing before you now. . . She was more beautiful then than ever before; she looked at me in such a way that I shan't forget those eyes of hers in my very grave! They held a caress,—a velvetiness; they had the brilliance of youth,—they had profundity! Intoxicated, happy, I fell down on my knees before her, imploring happiness."

The comic paused to draw a long breath and, sinking his voice, went on:

"But she says: 'Leave the stage!' D'you understand? She could love an actor,—but to be his wife? Never! I remember I had to play that day. . . . My part was a vile, buffoonish one. . . . I played,—but snakes and tigers were fighting in my heart. . . . I did not drop the stage,—no; but, right there and then, my eyes were opened! . . . I fathomed that I am but a slave, a toy for the idle pastime of others, that there is no such thing as 'the sacredness of art,' that everything is but delirium and delusion. I saw through the public! Since that time I've had no faith in plaudits or wreaths, or raptures! Yes, brother,—Mr. Public applauds me; he buys my photograph—for as much as a whole rouble!—but, nevertheless, I am a stranger to him: to him I am filth,—well-nigh a cocotte! For the sake of vanity he seeks my acquaintance,—but he would never lower himself so far as to give me his sister's hand in marriage, or his daughter's! I trust him not,—I hate him,—and he is a stranger to me!"

"It's time for you to be goin' home. . . ," the prompter remarked hesitatingly.

"I see through the public only too well!" Kalchas cried out, threatening the black void with his fist. "It was even then that I came to see through it. . . . While I was still young I saw the light and perceived the truth. . . . And this enlightenment cost me dear, Nikitushka. After that incident I began to. After that young lady I took to drifting, without rhyme or reason,—to living aimlessly, without looking ahead. . . I played buffoons,—I grinned through a horse-collar,—I perverted minds. . . I made my speech vulgar and broken,—I lost the image and the likeness of man. *Ehhh!* . . This hole has devoured me! I did not feel it before, but today . . . when I woke up and looked back,—there were fifty-eight years in back of me! Old age has come just now! My song is sung!"

Kalchas was still trembling and gasping.—When, somewhat later, Nikitushka led him off to his dressing-room and began taking his things off, the comic slumped altogether and went all to pieces, but did not cease to mumble and weep.

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FRANCES PERKINS: LIBERAL POLITICIAN

BY MARGUERITE YOUNG

At the end of the ghastly nineties, while American imperialism was stretching its legs in the Caribbean and American labor stiffened at the memory of Haymarket and Homestead, Frances Cora Perkins strolled under the gentle elms at Mount Holyoke College, studying sociology.

Fanny Cora, as they called her, was graduated in 1902, the year of the anthracite strike, which politicalized the word *sociologist*. President Theodore Roosevelt called for arbitration. Operators balked at including a labor representative among the arbiters. For at this time the higher strategy of conciliation was new. Samuel Gompers had yet to denounce Socialists in the American Federation of Labor with his celebrated remark, "Economically, you are unsound; socially, you are wrong; industrially, you are impossible!" Top A. F. of L. officials, in fact, still acted on the principle that, as the preamble of their constitution declares, "A struggle is going on in all the nations of the civilized world between the oppressors and the oppressed . . . , a struggle between the capitalist and the laborer, which grows in intensity from year to year, and will work disastrous results to the toiling millions if they are not combined for mutual protection and benefits."

So on the arbitration board that was to end the anthracite strike Theodore Roosevelt placed, instead of a labor representative, "a sociologist—a man who has thought and studied deeply on social questions, and has practically applied his knowledge."

The Fanny Cora of that day was only a girl of twenty. She would devote some time to slumming and carrying baskets to the poor before becoming a full-fledged sociologist. She returned to Worcester, Massachusetts, and spent several years with her family, doing Episcopal Church work and organizing classes of factory workers. Then to Chicago to teach in a private girls' school. She visited Chicago Commons, met Jane Addams, and read Shaw's "Man and Superman" and Vida Scudder's "A Listener in Babel." She was greatly impressed by all four. Then she studied economics at the University of Pennsylvania while working for a Philadelphia social welfare agency, finding jobs for poor little immigrant girls.

A few weeks ago some forty needle trades workers, daughters of immigrant girls such as those for whom Fanny Cora used to find jobs, sat before the Secretary of Labor in a hearing room of the Department in Washington. The refined cruelty of the social worker still clung to her, as she, now middle-aged and heavy, mounted the dais high above the women's heads.

A metallic smile prefaced the opening remarks. "We shall have to be brief . . . I'm sorry this platform is so high. When we get into our new building we shall have a platform more—human!"

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The girls and women looked at one another. Two hundred and fifty miles in a punishing bus to hear the familiar hogwash, "human"! But there was no despair here—and these hands weren't stretched out to the lady.

"We are the Needle Trades Women's Committee of Action of New York," the diminutive spokeswoman began. Barely five feet tall, she tiptoed forward to send her voice up to the Secretary. "We have come to protest against the attacks upon us and upon our union by police, gangsters, A. F. of L. officials, the Joint Council of fur bosses and your own Assistant Secretary of Labor, Edward F. McGrady."

"Will you be quite specific?" asked Madame Secretary. The smile slow-motioned into an indulgent grimace.

"I can. I'm Ida Langer," a seated member of the delegation volunteered. "I'm the widow of Morris Langer, an organizer for our Fur Workers Industrial Union. He was followed home by gangsters and murdered last March. We have definite information that the gangsters were hired by the officials of the A. F. of L. union and the Joint Council of the bosses. I identified the business manager of the A. F. of L. local with them. No one has been prosecuted. I have two children to support. My boss told me to join the A. F. of L. to keep my job. I refused. I'm locked out."

"Hundreds of us are locked out for the same reason," another added. "What will you do, Miss Perkins? We came to you because we've heard you talk so sympathetic about women over the radio. We're women and we're workers, Miss Perkins."

A third woman: "Are we to walk the streets selling ourselves for a piece of bread? Do you know that after we're locked out, we go to look for work in terror of our lives, because gangsters and thugs slug us on the street? Because, when we ask the police to protect us, they sneer? Are we not entitled even to look for work?"

"We must have definite information," answered the Secretary in her pulse-taking manner. "Give me the individual cases." The smile shortened perceptibly. These class-conscious immigrants' daughters *demanded* things! It seemed to confuse and anger Miss Perkins.

"I'm Sarah Appel. I was beaten up myself last Saturday morning at Twenty-eighth Street and Fourth Avenue. We asked the cops to arrest the sluggers. They laughed in our faces. Shall I show you the bruises, Miss Perkins?"

"Take the name." The Secretary's smooth white hand lifted her eye-glasses and waved them, lorgnette-like, toward her assistant.

"I've been in the trade twenty-one years, Miss Perkins." The hair of the new speaker is white. "The hours . . . the piece work. . . ."

"Ah yes, it's the contracting system that causes trouble. How long has it existed?"

"Off and on for years," a girl offered, "but when our militant union, the Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union, is in control, it disappears. Your Mr. McGrady sent our beloved leader, Ben Gold, to jail and your immigration officers threatened one of our ablest organizers, Jack Schneider, with deportation. Why does the Federal government, why do you Department of Labor officials, join the campaign against our union?"

"Take the name," the Secretary interjects rising. "I shall have to be going now. Will you leave a list of the names of shops, etc.?"

"Yes, we have it all written——"

"But, Miss Perkins, what will you do? We want to hear from you. That's why we've been saving pennies for this trip for

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months. That's why we spent all last night without sleep on a bus."

"It's very kind of you to want to hear from me," the Secretary smiles with effusive complacency. Then comes the case-hardened gibberish of capitalism's social worker: "I shall have to make a study. These assaults have occurred in a city where the police are supposed to give protection. I shall have to see what they have done and what they propose to do. In so far as the hours are concerned, New York has a maximum hours law; if there are violations, you can take them up with the board. The same is true about wages, though I suppose your wages would not be as low as the minima set by law, for those are real minima. In so far as violations of union agreements are concerned, of course no one will give you any protection: the courts are supposed to protect contractual relations. We will look into all these cases, however; if we find violations, I will report them. Now I really must go——"

"But the main thing, Miss Perkins? What about Mr. McGrady, your own Assistant Secretary? Can you not make a public statement? Can you not, when the National Labor Board has promised to hold an election to determine which union represents the workers? Can——"

The Secretary was gone! She had slid down from the high platform and shaken the room full of figures from her as if lifting her skirt free of dirt. Two weeks later she was still "studying" the needle trades situation.

This was not the first time Miss Perkins had heard of McGrady's activities against militant labor. As far back as last January they were brought to her attention by the liberal American Civil Liberties Union. An old time A. F. of L. organizer, long in the forefront of reactionaries' campaigns to crush trade-union militancy, McGrady once boasted at a public meeting, "We have the fullest coöperation of the New York police in our work of cleaning up the Furriers' Union." (The Fur Workers Industrial Union split from the A. F. of L. union.) It was largely on the strength of a letter from McGrady to a Wilmington, Delaware, judge, describing Ben Gold as "a menace to society," that the latter was jailed on a long-suspended charge of "rioting" in the 1932 hunger march. The Civil Liberties Union wrote Miss Perkins that McGrady's efforts to thwart the militant furriers' union were "paralleled by similar activities reported to us in connection with the strike of the left wing National Miners Union in Gallup, New Mexico." When asked what she would do about these complaints, Secretary Perkins replied blandly that she had turned the letter over to Mr. McGrady, and supposed he would return it "some fine day."

II

All this fits into the scheme of things which Secretary Perkins prophetically endorsed when, before the assembled diamond-ringed tonnage of the last A. F. of L. convention, she espoused "the integration of labor with the modern state," and clasped McGrady to her official bosom. That is of the essence of the New Deal—and of Adolf Hitler's New Germany.

On the eve of the N. R. A. hearing on the steel code, Secretary Perkins journeyed to the rolling mills to quench her thirst for labor facts. In one of them, as the press noted approvingly, she "ate lunch in the men's cafeteria" and "matched coppers with one of the bosses to see who should pay the check." In best feudal style, Bethlehem Steel's Town Burgess Cavanaugh pre-

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vented her from speaking in a public square. He knew who his real boss was. So she took refuge on Federal property—something bayonet-driven picketeers probably would do also, except that they have no property, Federal or otherwise. Safe again in Washington, Miss Perkins ignored the responsibility of Bethlehem in the incident, attributing all her trouble to the "nervous Burgess." And when it came to testifying on the labor provisions of the code Miss Perkins hazarded only this rubbish: "Espionage, overspeeding and irregularity of hours and employment are sources of the major complaints that have come to me. *Whether the complaints are justified or not,* these are the unfair practices that the working people are concerned with." (My emphasis.) That's all that Miss Perkins learned about the steel hearths! Well, she will learn a lot more when she is confronted by a national steel strike.

Anyway, visiting is one of the things she does best. She went last July to Bethlehem Steel's vast plant at Sparrows Point, Maryland, to obtain "reactions to the company union plan." By October, when "espionage, overspeeding and irregularity of hours" were so intense under the company-union plan that a delegation of desperate wives and mothers of Sparrows Point laborers came and laid some more "reactions to the company union" in the lap of the Secretary, she threw up her hands and said: "What can I do?"

The fine white hand of the Secretary rests heavy upon the agricultural workers of Imperial Valley, California—sugar-beet diggers, raspberry, grape and other fruit pickers, vegetable and cotton pickers. Five thousand of these, chiefly Mexican, Japanese and Filipino workers, who were drawn into this desert inferno by ranchers seeking "cheap labor," struck last winter. Their demands—such pitiable ones as a wage of 35 cents an hour, clean drinking water instead of the ditch-poison provided—were answered by a reign of terror so notorious that even President Roosevelt remarked that the Imperial Valley situation "sticks out like a sore thumb." Four lawyers and the wife of one, asserting the right of the workers to the most elemental civil liberties, were kidnapped from a Brawley hotel! Misled American Legionaires, State police and county officials violently broke up peaceful picket lines, hurling bombs into meetings. Vigilante rule was officially reported to the National Labor Board. Finally, Secretary Perkins joined in selecting a mediator to decide the issues. And whom did she pick? None other than Brigadier General Pelham D. Glassford, who since last fall himself has been a ranch operator!

Recently the Civil Liberties Union sent Miss Perkins quotations from the general's statements describing the union's leaders. He said that they had "no interest in the welfare of the workers. Their only objective is to create dissension, destroy private property and foment a strike. Do not follow the advice of these vile agitators." He was also quoted as saying: "President Roosevelt has gone too far in encouraging union labor . . . I wouldn't hire a union man if I were an employer . . . I don't believe people like Hancock [an organizer] have any civil rights. These fellows are skunks and do not deserve to be protected by decent citizens." But to Miss Perkins these words seemed to matter very little. She was asked about them. She replied testily: "General Glassford denies making any such statements . . . Yes, he has been operating a ranch owned by his mother and brother since last fall. They have a small acreage—300 to 400 acres seem like a small acreage out there—but that is no reason why he should be disqualified."

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Madame Secretary by no means confines her sociological endeavors to curbing militant workers. Her entire division of "conciliation" has been working overtime ever since she arrived in Washington. During the year ending March 1, they "settled" 934 "strikes and lockouts," most of which were strikes. Sometimes it was necessary for McGrady personally to do it by trickery, such as by enticing the Pennsylvania miners back to work upon the blandishment of the now threadbare slogan, "Rely on the word of the President." Often the technique was bald strike-breaking, something which was reported occasionally even in the sleazy columns of the New York *Times*. I quote the *Times's* story telling how 2,000 strikers in the Textile Dyeing and Printing Company of America decided to go back to work last July:

> It is believed the workers also were actuated by reports from a private meeting yesterday, where John A. Moffitt of the United States Department of Labor, as conciliator, is said to have informed strike representatives that their actions could not be considered in a patriotic light and that continuance of the strike would defeat the purposes of the Recovery Act. He indicated that if the strike were continued the government would give the textile company whatever assistance and protection was necessary to permit the reopening of the plant on Monday with new help.

The "new help" obviously would be strike-breakers.

III

One of Secretary Perkins's first official acts was to abolish the squad of undercover men which had been maintained by the rabid Secretary Doak to enforce the immigration laws by terrorism. These detectives were a notorious brigade. Their work of seeking out foreign-born strike leaders goes on, however, partly in the Department of Labor, partly in the Department of Justice. The extinction of the undercover squad didn't prevent the seizure of Frank Borich, Secretary of the National Miners' Union, at the height of the Fayette County, Pennsylvania, strike. He was threatened with deportation to Fascist Yugo-Slavia, and was released by Miss Perkins only after strenuous and widespread protests. Madame Secretary has not raised her voice against the activities of confidential Department of Justice agents in strikes; no word escaped Miss Perkins when Minneapolis truck drivers were threatened openly with having the Department of Justice brought in to halt their strike.

Miss Perkins admitted to the United States Tom Mann and Henri Babusse, Communists, and Emma Goldman, anarchist, the first to enter the country in some years. But following the same Liberal precepts, the Secretary loftily declined to move toward deporting Hans Spanknoebel, the Nazi agent, without "affidavits." She never seemed to know anything about what "affidavits" were submitted in the Borich case. The latter was "an old case we inherited." Which didn't quite explain the timing of the issuance of the deportation warrant in the midst of the strike.

She has applied her vaunted scientific technique to the Department of Labor's statistics-gathering machinery, surrounding herself with some of the ablest experts in the United States. But the labor statistics she issues are not much less misleading than were Hoover's.

Long before she made the classic remark that "There isn't a first clawss strike in America," at a moment when masses were out in many industries, Miss Perkins gave the press a carefully planned handout. It pointed to "indications" that "there is no

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need for the public to become alarmed over present industrial disputes." The basis of this bright saying was that "industrial disputes have been fewer and less severe in the six months ending with September than in the corresponding period of 1921, when the country was emerging from a comparatively mild depression." Unfortunately, this was not the whole truth. The New York *Times Annalist* cited it as an arch example of the Roosevelt Administration's sunshine-statistics policy: "While Miss Perkins's statement is technically correct, it omits entirely the fact that whereas in the recovery years 1921 and 1922, the number of industrial disputes steadily diminished, this year the number has steadily risen."

Miss Perkins described her purpose in reorganizing the statistics machinery of the Department as that of presenting "a true, rather than a politically favorable, reflection of conditions." As Industrial Commissioner of New York state, she had often done that to the chagrin of the Federal government. Particularly she persisted in showing the dismal trend of real wages by comparing employment and payroll with cost of living figures. But when the shoe is on the other foot, curious things occur. Miss Perkins recently announced with some fanfare that the payrolls index advanced 2.5 and employment rose 1.5 from March to April. But she did not mention the increase in prices during the same period, nor did she note that, as the Department of Commerce had reported just the day before, representative chain stores during the same time showed "a decrease of 3%" in sales, prices having increased 19% during the year and having brought about a decrease in the physical volume of chain grocery sales. When reporters rudely besought comparative figures, Miss Perkins wafted her lorgnette toward Dr. Isidor Lubin, the statistician who customarily flanks her in press conferences. He declared that the cost of living had increased "less than 20%" while per capita earnings had increased 27.7%. Which sounded "politically favorable"—until someone recalled that the "true reflection" last reported by the A. F. of L.'s cautious bulletin was that per capita earnings had increased only 9.7%.

Without dilating upon statistics, some indication of the effect of the ministrations of Miss Perkins and her New Deal fellows upon American labor must be recorded here. The simple fact is, as even William Green admits, that the living standard of the overwhelming majority of workers has been lowered systematically and by fiat: through the National Recovery codes and the inflation promulgated by the President.

Just before Miss Perkins came away from New York to take her place in the Cabinet, I asked her in an interview whether she had anything in mind to recommend to Congress.

"I have no intention of becoming a schoolmarm to Congress," she admonished.

But that is exactly what she did become. She has lectured Congressional Committees on much of the New Deal legislation.

First it was the President's plan for the project which became the Civilian Conservation Corps; Miss Perkins wholeheartedly endorsed the program under which hundreds of lives have been taken and thousands of injuries inflicted in the noble purpose of conserving forests and militarizing youth drafted from public unemployment relief rolls.

She has done yeoman's service in endorsing every other measure sponsored by the Administration in the field of labor regulation and supervision. She was not so

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enthusiastic, at the beginning, about the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill, although she called it probably "the most important bill in a decade, comparable to the N. I. R. A." She demanded, however, that all "conciliation" work of the National Labor Board be placed in the hands of the Department of Labor. When the open-shop giants of industry opposed the bill because of its illusion-sowing potentialities and because they felt that the auto-strike formula rendered it possible for them to proceed on the avowed policy of shooting it out in their own factory yards in the style of R. B. Mellon—"You can't run a coal mine without machine guns"—Miss Perkins did nothing. But when the new strike wave again made it necessary to seek some new strike antidote, Miss Perkins joined Senator Wagner in concocting the Industrial Adjustments Bill. Although she is on record as being still unconvinced, late in May, of the approach of a strike epidemic, it's my suspicion she had this in mind when she helped to redraft the bill. What she said about the approaching strike wave was that she didn't know anything about it because "I don't receive notice of strikes in advance."

IV

On two other subjects vital to labor, the immigration laws and unemployment relief, Secretary Perkins has made legislative gestures. She would "humanize" immigration restriction. Which would be of great significance to the foreign-born majority of the workers in basic industries, if executed literally. The purpose of the Perkins proposals, however, is to allow her to exercise discretion in applying the deportation laws so as to direct them against "criminal or actually undesirable aliens." Liberals hail the promise that Anarchists and Communists no longer would be deported for "mere belief." But the bills specifically would exclude from the dubious mercy of the Secretary's discretion anyone who participated in "subversive political" activities and those having any of several categories of "criminal" records. With attacks by police upon peaceful picket lines and demonstrations regularly being transmuted into "riots," and with strike-leaders as regularly arrested thereafter and charged with "rioting," vagrancy, loitering, *et al.*, not to mention framings, it is obvious that Miss Perkins's "humanizing" might easily become not only a matter of small avail, but actually a bane to any foreign-born worker who showed the slightest disposition to struggle for better conditions.

Miss Perkins's legislative *chef-d'œuvre* is unemployment "insurance," which she invariably hastens to interchange with unemployment "reserves." There is a vast difference. Class-conscious workers of the United States have been fighting for insurance for years, but reformers have always insisted on reserves. Wise capitalists also endorse reserves, particularly during the crisis. It is noteworthy that the Wagner-Lewis bill, which Miss Perkins specifically approves, received serious consideration only after the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill, put forward by the Communist Party and the Trade Union Unity League and endorsed by more than 2,000 separate local A. F. of L. unions and five State Federations of Labor, despite bitter opposition from national officials, was pigeonholed by the House Labor Committee, and started along the road toward being petitioned out to a vote by continuous mass pressure. The Workers' bill would provide benefits to every worker jobless now or in the future through no fault of his own; it establishes social responsibility for unem-

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ployment. Miss Perkins prefers the Wagner-Lewis bill, which would merely place a tax on industrial payrolls and direct the proceeds into State reserves funds, promising nothing to workers now unemployed, and a maximum of ten-weeks-per-year benefits to the employed, with multiple discriminations. The bill, in other words, simply begs the question of genuine unemployment insurance.

Secretary Perkins's approach to the question of unemployment insurance is highly characteristic. With the rest of capitalism's "scientific salesmen" economists and sociologists, she has advocated unemployment insurance relief for years, but she has been able to get at the root of the problem even less than others of her class. While others frankly admitted that permanent mass unemployment is a challenge to the whole system, Miss Perkins blithely reported in 1930 that "It is only a question of time—and I think we may hope a comparatively short time—until unemployment may be made to disappear as surely as smallpox and yellow fever vanished when earnest minds set about to eradicate them." This Pollyanna conclusion, however, was based upon her admitted ability to see only "a vaguely general agreement" as to the causes of unemployment. She named them—a seriatum not of causes but of symptoms. For a long time she made no suggestion as to any fundamental cure. Finally, she has produced the abracadabra —the "balance" of the economic system, which she at last realizes is awry because the "greatest" market, that of wage-earners, has shrunk.

But her proposals for attaining this marvelous balance are trivial and reactionary. To get at a fundamental cure she would have to make a fundamental diagnosis—which would mean recognizing that the only way that capitalism can eliminate the unemployed is to murder them in war. So Miss Perkins says we must have greater understanding by business men of the "human" problems; unemployment "insurance"; old age pensions, public employment agencies and vocational guidance; the "conference method" in industrial disputes; high wages, short hours and collective bargaining; all pressed down upon the witless workers by all-wise business men and sociologists; and an "intelligent, educative relationship between government and industry." How these reforms are to be made profitable she does not make bold to explain.

As a matter of fact, these same verbal sops have been thrown out by progressive capitalists for years. Theodore Roosevelt was snorting, "Keep up the wages of labor . . . [Enact laws] for old age pensions and accident and involuntary unemployment insurance" fifteen years ago. A la Edward A. Filene, the rich Boston merchant.

Since these ideological founts of the Perkins program were originated, however, American capitalism has encountered new conditions. The natural resources have been expropriated; the Cubans and Filipinos and other colonials have got the troublesome idea of freedom too, and the yoke of imperialist plunder rests uncertainly upon them; crises have become chronic, the "recovery" of profits promising no road back to boomland. So what? More costly reforms? Indeed, Miss Perkins's task is rather to attempt to take back some of the gains made by the workers under reactionary Calvin Coolidge and Warren Harding. It was the blundering of the obvious, the incredibly obvious Hoover and Doak, in doing this that induced the Baruchs and Astors and Morgans to kick them out and put the subtle, the seeming infinitely subtle Roosevelt and Perkins in their places. Therefore the most trivial of all the trivia,

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such as national employment agencies and "human" enforcement of immigration laws (now that the influx is only a handful anyway) to gull those guys who insist upon getting together and crashing grocery stores even in Arkansas.

Of course, real unemployment insurance and real recognition of the right to bargain collectively will not come unless and until they are wrested from the oppressors by a united working class—a working class seeking not what Frances Perkins finds the business men can afford to hand down, but the immediate real gains which press it forward along the revolutionary road to genuine and complete emancipation.

V

John Strachey has said: "The oratorical Socialism [In America, it is liberalism.] of the labor politicians will become more pronounced in nice proportion as they are driven by the exigencies of capitalist decline to make their actions more reactionary." This remark just fits Miss Perkins.

The rôle is a natural—or was during the year of the first act. Secretary Perkins had but to project upon the national screen the personality that developed naturally in the course of a career to which the Secretaryship was the natural crown.

From finding jobs for immigrant girls, Fanny Cora Perkins progressed to ferreting out "cellar bakeries," the bad little unhealthful bakeries, and excluding them from the "white list" of the Consumers' League. And so to the New York State capital to lobby for a 54-hour-week and later for a 48-hour-week. However little the legislation brought the factory workers, it was the occasion of Frances Perkins's making two important acquaintances. It was about this time, according to Russell Lord in the *New Yorker*, that Miss Perkins met two persons "whose varying precepts she follows in a measure still." One was Florence Kelley, the late Consumers' crusader, whose son, Nicholas, became both a leader of the Socialist-led League for Industrial Democracy, and a lawyer who served Walter Chrysler, auto magnate, in the White House negotiation of the auto-strike sell-out. The other was that titan of old-time Tammany, "Big Tim" Sullivan of the Bowery, who could rake in the graft with the right and with the left perform the social service of distributing Christmas dinners to the poor. The reason Fanny Cora liked "Big Tim," Mr. Lord tells us, was that "He was real. You didn't have to show him statistics on the incidence of fatigue poisoning to make him understand that a girl's back aches if she works too long." He approved of her because, as he told her, "You can look right at a man and know he is lying and never show it."

It was Fanny Cora's luck to be sipping tea with friends on Washington Square when the Triangle fire broke out. She watched, horrified, while the 146 working girls burned. As she related in an interview on the eve of coming to Washington:

> Soon after the Triangle fire, a Citizens' Committee held a meeting in Madison Square Garden. Robert Fulton Cutting gave $10,000 to form a Committee of Safety. They gave me a job on this committee. This was after I helped to put over the 54-hour law in Albany.
>
> Well, the thrill of that offer was the biggest thing in my life. I couldn't begin to compare it with anything, even a cabinet appointment! Remember, I was just a girl who didn't know exactly what she could do, and all these important men came along and offered her this important position! It was here that the men of New York came to my rescue, engineers, architects, business men. They knew what was needed in the way of factory inspection, and they taught me all they knew.

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And so all "they" knew about factory inspection was written into a code of "civilized" factory laws under the beneficent impetus of Fanny Cora's lobbying. Again she met the right people—Robert F. Wagner, Alfred E. Smith, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. And so, in 1923, to the State Department of Labor, by appointment of Governor Smith. And so, in 1929, to the head of the class—Industrial Commissioner—by appointment of Governor Roosevelt. And so to Washington—

She lives with Mary Harriman Rumsey, liberal heiress of the railroad tycoon and New Dealer champion of the interests of "consumers" such as herself. Miss Perkins's own residence is still in Manhattan, but she has a week-end place in Connecticut and a vacation spot in Maine. Her daughter is preparing, in private schools, for Bryn Mawr. And ever untrammelled proceeds her great, profound, sympathetic understanding of the "mawsses" with a "clawss" unequalled by any previous "Secret'ry of Laboh."

Liberal and conservative America were lyric when her appointment was announced. Oswald Garrison Villard, startled to full consciousness at this vision among Cabinet designatees, exclaimed that she would be "an angel at the Cabinet table." The *Review of Reviews* remarked her ingenuity, power of conciliation, patience, tact, fearlessness, cleverness, and (the real point): "She is the friend of organized labor and of unorganized labor; of wage-earner and employer."

Yet there are trials in Washington. The press has such a way of recording every little thing! Such as a remark that the automobile industry should "stabilize" by doing away with styles. (She said this soon after the streamline model appeared as the proudest triumph of the art of artificial stimulation of markets.) The reporters seem to resent, also, Miss Perkins's Lindberghian habit of resenting intrusion upon her personal life, and yet continually getting into personal situations, such as forgetting to register to vote. They weary of her social-worker patter. Perhaps it is such small things that have put Miss Perkins into the attitude of seeming to be continually on the defensive. It is when this happens, when the flushed neck and fluttering hand betray a touching nervousness, that she makes the banal and revealing remarks that put her, for the time at least, in a class with the late Willie Woodin.

Miss Perkins's real bane, however, is not her relations with the few in Washington, but her trials over the impending walkouts from the hearths in the rolling mills, from the waterfront, from the dye vats and the roundhouses. For the millions are finding out that the "intelligent, educative relation between government and industry," which Miss Perkins postulates for the future "social justice," is something which already exists—something which already has cut down the food and clothes the worker gets, and leads him toward the abyss of war and Fascism. This much labor has already told Miss Perkins on the picket lines throughout the country.

When the Fascist force of private armies, police and national troops already had been mustered against the new strike wave, when a dozen or more workers lay dead, and many score were injured, Miss Perkins was asked to comment upon the thrust of violence against labor. The inspiration of more than twenty years of practising Theodore Roosevelt's brand of sociology came to her aid. She replied with the Olympian impartiality of a Scottsboro jury. She said: "Sometimes violence comes from one side and sometimes from the other."

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THE PRIZE-FIGHTING RACKET

BY ARTHUR MANN

THROUGHOUT all better known civilizations the popularity of boxing has depended upon the degree of pain and brutality the combat could produce. The term, defensive skill, mentioned from time to time in connection with boxing, is a form of decoy. The real lure of boxing matches is the prospect of viewing a bruised and beaten human, battered into insensibility.

During the Grecian period Theseus, King of Athens, sponsored the sport as the Tex Rickard of his day. To guarantee pain and brutality in the battles, the fighters were obliged to wear a pair of reinforced brass knuckles, called the cestus. And the good King Theseus decreed that all warriors who couldn't "take it" be tossed to the lions as fodder.

Late in the Eighteenth Century Jack Broughton sought to introduce gloves into boxing. But England laughed at Broughton's "mufflers", and bare knuckles remained the vogue for another hundred years. Skin-tight gloves came into the picture, along with the Marquis of Queensberry rules, which supplanted the London Prize Ring Rules. Later the six- and eight-ounce gloves came into use, and they are still used today. They are dyed blood color for obvious reasons.

Decent society blacklisted all forms of pugilism up until twenty-five years ago. Virtually everyone connected with the sport of prize-fighting was held in low esteem. For more than 200 years the majority of boxing matches had to be staged in dives, or under the protection of bribed politicians and police. Promoters and prize-fighters were always a jump ahead of honest sheriffs. As late as 1910 a heavyweight championship fight was chased out of California by the Governor at the last minute.

And then, for some inexplicable reason, the attitude of the State and municipal dignitaries changed. Perhaps they were influenced by President Theodore Roosevelt's enthusiasm for boxing in the White House, although even he was half-blinded by a punch.

At any rate, after being outlawed for centuries, the art of punching the daylights out of another person was suddenly heralded as a boon to mankind. It was actually fostered by the same people who previously had denounced it. During the past twenty-five years hundreds of different books have been published, attempting to justify boxing's claim to a place in the realm of beneficial sports.

As a body developer, boxing probably has no equal. But as a destroyer of bodies, it also has no equal, for, while one body is being built up by delivering punches, the other is being broken down by receiving them.

One black eye may well be regarded as harmless by a proud father, because nobody has ever died from a "shiner." People get dozens of them and live. But it is obvious that repeated black eyes are harm-

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ful, even though the discoloration disappears. The tissues around the eyes are broken down. Circulation is impaired. Optic nerves weaken. Bad eyesight follows, and frequently eventual blindness.

It is quite the same with a blow to the head, or to the heart, or to the kidneys. One punch may seem harmless enough. There is no thought of danger until the bad effects come to the surface.

The damage from years of boxing is subtle, so subtle that it has defied and actually hoodwinked many of the medical profession. And yet more than half of all boxers who have had fifty or sixty hard fights share the same general fate—brain lesions and cranial pressure that never ceases.

The number of punched-out hulks of ex-manhood in boxing history is so great that the growth of the sport today depends upon discussion of the Dempseys, Tunneys, Leonards and Sharkeys to divert attention from the pitiable figures shuffling in the background.

Little or no mention ever is made of the celebrities who could more graphically illustrate the inescapable heritage of prolonged fistic competition. Here are just a few of the victims:

Killed in the Ring

Simon Byrne, Frankie Campbell, Con Coughlin, Frankie Jerome, Jack Jones, Luther McCarthy, Ernie Schaaf, Harry Tenney, Mike Ward, Bull Young.

Blind or Partially Blind

Monte Attell, Pete Herman, Jamaica Kid, Fidel LaBarba, Sam Langford, Elwood McCloskey, Kid Murphy, Young Shugrue, Ad Stone.

Mental Wrecks

Bob Martin, Charlie Seiger, Ad Wolgast, Joe Grim.

These are only the extreme cases, and by no means all of them. The history of professional boxing for the past fifty years reveals dozens of broken and worthless victims for every fighter who is successful, or even a rational citizen, after ten years of competition. And this includes the champions and top-notchers.

II

The disintegration, mental and physical, is gradual. Only a fine, quick brain like Gene Tunney's, or Eddie Eagan's can grasp the significance of what is taking place. The next punch may be the one that does the irreparable damage. The fighter may ultimately be left in a condition known only as punch drunk. Search through the billions of words about boxing, written by sports writers, authors and boxers themselves, and precious few words will you find in explanation of the punch drunk fighter. The term seldom breaks into serious print. It is left for the cartoonists and humorists. Nor are the names of the prominent and obscure fighters so afflicted ever made known.

The punch drunk prize-fighter is becoming a common sight. The number of recognized cases is mounting in direct proportion as the sport develops. It is unfortunate that the finances of professional boxing are so distributed among the non-combatants that only a very few fighters get enough money to be able to retire before their heads and bodies are punched into a state of uselessness.

Discussion of the victims of punch drunkenness is delicately avoided for the simple reason that you cannot prove a fighter so afflicted, except by a *post mortem* examination of his brain. Even the boxing commissions are stumped. They can only bar certain fistic incompetents as "temporarily unavailable." They give such fighters a rest in the hope that they will get better

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or quit the ring. Frequently they do neither.

Punch drunkenness is not a disease. It is merely a condition in a fighter, a sign that all is not well. It may manifest itself in one or several ways. But once it appears, it never leaves. It is incurable.

The first signs of punch drunkenness appear in the legs of a fighter. There is usually a very slight flopping of one foot or leg in walking. It is not a regular fault. It is a slight uncertainty, an occasional unsteadiness. This, of course, is hardly enough to justify barring a fighter from the ring. Only an examination of his brain would show the pedal inconsistency to be serious.

The effects of recurrent punchings are varied and frequently slow in making their appearance. Sometimes the fighter will suffer a series of unexpected knockdowns or knockouts, a sure sign that all is not well. But he generally ignores such signs. His manager fashions a specific alibi to meet each reversal of form.

It is during this intermediate period that a fighter, known as a light-hitting boxer, will suddenly blossom as a knockout artist with a lethal wallop. This is traceable to the fact that his nerves are becoming immune to the pain of punches. Pain is behind all fear, and having little pain, he has little fear. He is thus able to sail into rivals with little or no regard for the consequences.

A severe case of punch drunkenness is not a pleasant sight. It is especially unpleasant when you have memory of this same fighter when he was a smiling, skilled and healthy fighting machine. There comes a peculiar tilting of the head. He drags one or both legs in a staggering, propulsive gait. His features may grimace spasmodically from what the medical profession calls the "parkinsonian syndrome," a muscular twitch. He frequently has a backward swaying of the body, vertigo, tremors and deafness. Finally, the disintegration becomes acute. He collapses and is taken to hospital as a public charge, or a life-long drain on the resources of his bewildered relatives.

The various stages of punch drunkenness are caused by pressure within the fighter's brain. The pressure is caused by tiny hemorrhages, the result of repeated blows to the head. The same result can be obtained by hitting yourself on the head with a hammer, or, to cite a more popular practice, plunging headlong into a football line for four, eight or twelve years.

Specifically, the damage is in the perivascular space which surrounds the blood vessels extending inward from the surface of the brain. These tiny hemorrhages later develop into tumors or lesions or both, and they are as permanent as the fighter's cauliflower ear. The lesions, however, are degeneratively progressive.

One punch or a series of punches may bring about these little ring-shaped hemorrhages in the upper half of the brain. There is territorial limitation, but the resultant cranial pressure extends sufficiently to affect the speech, eyesight, facial muscles, motor centers or even the heart.

The symptoms of punch drunkenness are quite the same as those of encephalitis, paralysis and other forms of brain injury. The fact that 50% of prize-fighters show these symptoms sooner or later moved one inquisitive member of the medical profession to investigate the whole business. Dr. Harrison S. Martland is the only authority who has come forward with a technical explanation of what happens in punch drunkenness. In a paper read before the New York Pathological Society, and reprinted in the *Journal of the American*

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Medical Association, he said: "In punch drunk there is a very definite brain injury due to single or repeated blows on the head which cause multiple concussion hemorrhages in the deeper portions of the cerebrum . . . These hemorrhages are later replaced by gliosis [tumor] or degenerative progressive lesions in the areas involved."

Dr. Martland's curiosity led him into the boxing game itself. From a reliable source, a fight promoter who should know, he obtained the names of twenty-three fighters who were definitely known as punch drunk. He examined five of them thoroughly. He found more than enough evidence to support his contention that "punch drunk bears the same relation to multiple concussion hemorrhages as do many of the post-concussion neuroses and psychoses that follow blows or falls on the head."

His conclusions were formed after 309 consecutive autopsies of traumatic cerebral hemorrhage over a period of two years. All were normal brain injuries, giving him a pretty good idea of what happens when the head sustains blows or punches.

III

The New York State Athletic Commission offices present material and cases of punch drunkenness that may be less scientific, though hardly less convincing. The fighters must go to the commission for their licenses and to weigh in for bouts. Some 5,000 professional boxers have been licensed since the Walker Law went into effect thirteen years ago. About 1,000 managers have been granted permission to live on the earnings of the fighters.

The licensing of the fight gentry is only part of the commission's work. The governing body, through its staff of deputies, performs the important chore of trying to keep certain helpless hulks of humanity from taking additional punishment in the ring. The deputies make the rounds of all the fight clubs. They keep track of the incompetents. They even scout the training gymnasiums in their search for signs of progressive incompetence, or downright helplessness.

But the task doesn't end there. Most of the punch drunk victims are penniless. They have no other way of gaining a livelihood. It is too late. They are in no condition, mentally or physically, to learn anything else. They stand before the convening members of the commission, nervously twisting a tattered cap, and tearfully plead for another chance.

"I wasn't right th' las' time. I et somethin'," is a common alibi.

One little fellow with a bashed-in face and a peculiar shuffle made a desperate plea. He claimed that he was as good as ever. But, more than that, he had a wife and three children. They were about to be dispossessed from their home. And he had an offer of a preliminary fight at one of the smaller clubs.

They relented and gave him the requested "one more chance." The little fellow was knocked cold in the first round and was rewarded with five dollars from the fight club!

The late William Muldoon—God bless his kindly soul—took an interest in a punch drunk fighter, a former British champion. He got the young man a newsstand permit at an advantageous spot near the Grand Central Terminal in New York City. But the fighter was too far gone to know he was well off. At regular intervals he would show up at the commission offices. He would insist that he was as good as ever, and demand a license to fight.

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Hundreds of these incompetents have been put on the "unavailable" list as part of the New York Commission's humane work. But they usually come back a week later, clamoring for a license to fight. And the demand is based on the universal claim, "I'm as good as I ever was."

There are many who never get beyond the preliminary bouts, such as Sal Paulino, Ace (Six-finger) Clark, Sammy Butz with the stiff hand, Charlie Arthurs with only two fingers on one hand, and Knobby Joe Gans who got his name by coupling the name of a great lightweight with the fact that he himself has a handless left arm.

More difficult than these obscure battlers, however, is the handling of the great fighters who have reached the end of their careers without money. They pack a sentimental weapon that is difficult to combat.

The commission has had its hands full in keeping Paul Berlenbach, a former champion, out of the ring from the time he was thirty. Johnny Dundee, Phil McGraw, Freddie Jacks, Soldier Bartfield, Panama Joe Gans, Willie Jackson and many others who were champions or headliners, would reënter the ring and risk their lives. But the commission remains firm. These notables are among many who are barred from performing. If they do fight, it is beyond New York jurisdiction.

A well-known fighter, who still may be able to swing some votes among his following, will frequently use political pull, or enlist the sympathy of boxing writers to bring pressure to bear in his favor. If the commission still refuses, the fighter will go to some neighboring State where his name still carries some of its former magic. An unthinking promoter will match him with a pink and healthy product of the town. The veteran fights for a pittance, although the hall or armory may be crowded because of his presence on the program. But the result is invariably the same. He takes one more beating that sends him farther down the road to mental and physical oblivion. Such a fighter, of course, has no manager. He is battling it out alone. His manager has long since deserted him to devote his time to a younger and more profitable scrapper.

The New York Athletic Commission is making a courageous, uphill fight against this type of boxer. He cannot be branded as punch drunk and flatly refused a license. There is no way of proving him punch drunk. The commission does not gauge the various and subtle stages of fistic incompetence. The fighter can pass all the physical examinations devised by the commission's board of physicians. Actually he could sue for a license on a claim of discrimination, although he could hardly gain anything but the license, even if he won.

Unfortunately, there are no mental or psychological tests for the punch drunk fighter. Were such a test part of the fighter's examination, at least half of the current crop of boxers would be barred.

IV

The average boy who enters the professional ranks for money is inspired by Gene Tunney's humble start and his rise to the millionaire class. He hears that Paul Berlenbach earned a half-million dollars in the ring, and that Tommy Loughran made a quarter of a million. All were champions, and all were rich.

He does not read Tunney's statement, made after his retirement: "I quit the game that had threatened my sanity before I met with an accident in a real fight with six-ounce gloves that would permanently hurt my brain."

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He does not read how Paul Berlenbach advertised in the papers for a job in order to keep from starving; that he had to appeal to the courts to get back a trust fund of depreciated securities; and that the New York State Athletic Commission had barred him from further competition in order to spare him severe injury.

Nor does he know that Tommy Loughran lost his fortune through unwise investments, and is risking his health by reëntering the ring against opponents he could have outclassed in his prime.

He reads only about the fabulous purses paid to a few, because that is all the newspapers play up. The commission does not make public its lists of fistic incompetents, the fighters who have been beaten out. Nor is anything written about the small fry who wade through preliminary fights year after year for coffee-and-cake money. The actual figures on finance find no place in the sports pages. Well, here are a few samples.

Approximately $2,000,000 was taken in by the boxing clubs in New York State during 1932. New York is the center of the business. About $1,500,000 of this went to 945 licensed boxers, making an average income of about $1,500 a boxer in New York State for the year.

But each boxer didn't make that much in New York State, because 100 headliners of the ring divided $1,000,000. There were purses to Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling and other big shots. Thus there was left $500,000 to be divided among 845, or less than $10 a week!

Such are the cold financial facts of the boxing situation. But the beginner does not take them into consideration. He sees only a picture of Jack Sharkey's home in the Boston suburbs, with a special view of the rock gardens.

The beginner enters the fight racket at the bottom. He receives $5 a round for his first fight, providing he gets into a good club. A few of the smaller clubs, after a loud cry of poverty, have been allowed to pay preliminary boys as low as $3 a round.

If the beginner gets knocked out in the opening round of a four-round fight, he is paid for that round only—value received. The winner gets paid as though all four rounds were fought.

In order to be at his physical best the fighter, big and little, must train regularly, for notice of an engagement may come without warning. This important item eats up the half-dollars fast. There are several well-known gymnasiums in New York City where the regiment of licensed fighters train regularly. They form a graphic chapter of the boxing industry.

These places are in the main the breeding ground for anything and everything in the way of irregularities, and they always have been. The gymnasiums charge admission to the public to watch impromptu training battles. The fighter receives no part of this money, although he frequently is given the use of the gymnasium facilities for the crowd he can draw.

Although they are not desperate battles, these training brawls contribute as much to the fighter's punch-drunk state as the real encounters. He receives a succession of jarring blows to the head, and therein lies the cause of the damage. The foregoing quotation from Gene Tunney concerned a head injury received during a training bout.

A most interesting subtlety of the boxing racket is the drying-out process at the end of a training grind. In drying out the fighter denies his system liquid, and thus enters the ring devoid of all excess flesh. A certain weight has been stipulated in his contract.

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But the weight angle of drying out is 50% camouflage. The real reason is to deaden the sensitive pneumo-gastric nerves of the stomach. A fighter with such deadened nerves can take body punishment without flinching. And that's what a manager wants. What good is a fighter who backs up? And so the majority of fighters are brought to the end of their training grind a pound or two above the required weight so that the drying out process will be compulsory.

The numerous cases of tuberculosis which develop in fighters between thirty and forty years old are attributed to the drying out process. Joe Gans, one of the greatest of all lightweights, was obliged to make 133 pounds ringside for his bitter fight with Battling Nelson. The weighing-in took place immediately before the fight. They forced Gans to wear his trunks and shoes on the scales, but the Negro made the weight in spite of this handicap.

Drying out is also blamed for widespread kidney ailments among fighters. The process, by temporarily paralyzing normal sweat glands, places a strain upon the kidneys.

V

As soon as the preliminary fighter becomes fairly skillful, he is grabbed up by a manager. In fact, he will get nowhere without a manager, because a manager is like a seat on the stock exchange. You cannot get good fights without one under present conditions.

Should the fighter attempt to make his own deals, he would soon find himself hornswoggled by contract phraseology. Either that, or he would come up against the fight club's "spoilers" and be discredited before his following of fight fans. Most of the big clubs have a staff of spoilers. They are brutal, mauling battlers who can make the most skilled boxer look bad, even in victory.

There was a day when managers did much for fighters. They often went from year to year without a written agreement with their fighters. Men like Scotty Montieth, Billy Gibson, Doc Bagley, Eddie Meade and the late Silvey Burns, and many others, were the fulcrum around which the boxing game balanced.

But their places have been taken by a different type, a more parasitical type. The important fighter of today, although entitled to 66 2/3% of his earnings, rarely gets more than half of his purses, if he gets that much. The "managers"—and some fighters have six of these vipers—get the rest. There are, of course, occasional exceptions. Managers on a large scale have come into the picture since politics and racketeering entered the boxing game by the side door. When Jack Kearns—a truly able and conscientious manager—piloted Jack Dempsey into a couple of million-dollar gates, everybody's eyes were opened. The rush was general, but the politicians and racketeers naturally got in ahead of everybody.

Today it requires considerably more than signing a contract to get your heavyweight fighter into a good spot. The meeting of Max Baer and Primo Carnera involved about a dozen "managers."

It is a far cry from the bare knuckle days when the boys were dodging the police. The managers and hangers-on now get the money, and the boxers who earned it wind up in the booby hatch or on a pier shoving freight around. It's not a sport. It's a racket.

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WE SOVIET WIVES

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

On my recent lecture tour in America, chancing to dine at the home of an old acquaintance, I remarked towards the end of the meal that I had been for two years married in Moscow. There was a sudden, polite accession of interest, a turning towards me as if I had somehow become different. All the others present asked in tones of slight reproval: "Why didn't you tell us? And what is your new name?"

"I didn't tell you, because it had no connection with the discussion of the evening," I answered. "My name and work remain unchanged."

At this there were knowing smiles. "One of those Soviet marriages! Not permanently serious!" was the comment.

"Quite serious," was my rather annoyed rejoinder. "And gives every indication of permanence."

But beyond this I did not try to explain. What was the use?

The complete removal of property and religious encumbrances and of sex inequality from marriage has made our Soviet unions somehow different from that which counts as "proper wedlock" in most homes of the capitalist world. The enemies who charge us with frivolous promiscuity, and those would-be friends who hail us as the world's new Puritans, are almost equally annoying in their lack of comprehension. We ourselves feel that marriage with us has entered a new stage of development, foreshadowed by some of the friendlier companionships of America, but not widely attainable under capitalism.

In another American city a woman friend pried for some hours, with that cheerful indiscretion which so many American women use in talking of husbands, into what we in the Soviet Union would call my "personal life." I trust I answered politely, but I think she got little information. Later, in discussing a certain admirable human quality, I remarked that my husband possessed it in marked degree. "Why, I believe you 'like' your husband," she said in amazement, and I realized that what to me was normal reticence indicated to her an abyss too deep for discussion.

This time I was really annoyed. "Why on earth should I keep on living with him if I didn't like him?" I answered. But her comment set me to wondering why this woman continued to live with *her* husband. She made it so plain to casual strangers that she had only contempt for his essential quality—a non-grasping kindliness which hinders money-making under capitalism but which helps make an agreeable companion. To dine at her home was to be embarrassed by undisguised acrimony in table discussion, beginning with her injured attitude towards an unprofitable husband and extending to involve the time-and-cash-consuming children. What force of tradition, what economic pressure kept her enduring day after day those disagreeable dinners?

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If a Soviet family found itself cursed with continuously bitter table talk, so wearing to nerves and work, they would simply split up and have done with it. Life is too short and too interesting to waste with unpleasant companions. Sometimes one must endure them in a job for the sake of discipline and achievement. But why endure them in a home whose purpose is not discipline or achievement, but relaxation and renewed life?

In thus stating the purpose of home in what appears to us Soviet wives a rational manner, I know that I offer a gauntlet both to that ancient view of marriage as "discipline," held by the church, and that feudal-capitalist view of marriage as "achievement," with economic complications of risk or gain. The hostages-to-fortune-view expressed for prudent Englishmen by Bacon, the endure-it-for-the-children view, which has held endless mothers in lifelong torment, the good-provider view and wait-till-you-have-assured-income view, which thoughtful parents in capitalist lands must teach their children—all these views have simply evaporated from our Soviet marriage. So swiftly and completely have they gone that it is only when I visit my native America that I encounter them.

To Soviet wives marriage has no connection with religion, law, property rights or money. None of these things is important in our lives. Property rights are simple, for no one has much property; things owned before marriage remain individually owned, and those acquired after are jointly owned. Money exists for both husband and wife to earn as wages and to spend, but little of it is heaped up for the future. Religion exists for those who still require it; marriages in church still sometimes occur. Law exists; and a large proportion of marriages are duly "registered," but by no means all, and one never inquires of friends if they have done so.

The essence of marriage with us is enduring companionship, the rounding out of normal physical, mental and emotional life. How long enduring, only the future can say; we hope it will be for life, but we give no pledges. For those who choose, and this includes practically everyone, marriage is a mutual participation in the future through the rearing of children. No normal person wants to be childless. I recall not a single old maid in all my Soviet acquaintance. But marriage is only one of our many companionships; and children are only *one* of our keys to the future. Personal love itself is, with us, only one aria in an opera whose complex, crashing chords (reminiscent more of Wagner than of the early Italians) leave strictly limited time for mere arias.

If our marriages, so informal, without constraint or compulsion, registered so simply in an office and as often not registered at all, seem to people outside our borders no "proper wedlock," we on our part confess that the marriages of the capitalist world, as we meet them in novels and newspapers, seem either appalling or funny. British marriages are the worst; it appears from their novels that the very possibility of legal union may turn on reaching the church before the hour of noon, which to our unpunctual minds seems carrying the rule of clocks too far. The British fiction plot may hinge on whether the village maid who had a son by a noble lord some thirty years ago was able to get him to sign a register in church. This irrelevant action determines the fate of our hero, the son: will he get the estate from the haughty cousins or not, and thereby be able to marry the girl of his choice?

In our Soviet land the estate has passed

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through a dozen histories and is now a collective farm; and while we are the last to deny that our hero's life was much affected by whether his parents continued to live amicably together or separated after a brief fit of passion, it doesn't occur to us to connect these "facts of life" with an ancient book.

If you act married, you are married; if you don't, you're not. If a union exists *de facto*, we recognize it *de jure*!

Announcements of marriages in the press seem to us rather quaint. "A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place" is the approved British style—an amusing survival of the old "arranged marriage" with money settlements and joining of family properties for the children thus legally introduced. As for filling a whole "society page" with our marriages, as is done in America, with pictures of ourselves in voluminous white with flowers—we should be highly ashamed thus to flaunt our private emotions. We announce our marriage when we choose to our closest friends—more often after than before. Nor do any persons pry into our actions until we announce them; such prying would be considered by us far more immodest than laxness in legal formulation.

Not that we disdain publicity; we are not so inhuman. If we win honors in science or prove ourselves champion in tractor-driving on some collective farm, or win a production record in our factory, how proud we can be of our names and pictures in the paper! Perhaps, most thrilling of all, our photograph may some day be raised on a pole in the May-day procession, and our comrades in work will announce us to all the world as "champion." These are our public acts, to be blamed or praised. But marriage is our private affair, our personal business.

II

Not by her place as a wife may a Soviet woman win honor. Not even the wives of the greatest men live by reflected glory; official honor shown to their husbands is never shown to them. If diplomatic receptions are sometimes graced by their presence, it is but a concession to the foreign ways of diplomats. In all our internal affairs men go forth to congresses unaccompanied, and travel in private cars to open steel mills without benefit of wives. When Stalin's wife died, the black-bordered condolences in the newspapers gave her own name and work, and only secondarily mentioned that she was "the close companion and comrade" of Stalin. Kalenin's wife has won recognition by creating a state farm and center of culture in the Altai Mountains. Marriage in the Soviet Union may be a source of happiness; it is never the source of a career.

Careers, renown and honor we Russian women win as citizens, and not as wives. Home-making, which has become a real profession in America, with many magazines devoted to its intricacies, is with us a part-time task and very little honored. Our Soviet women are perhaps too careless of its details. The average Soviet home has its furniture stuck anywhere; color-schemes are non-existent; and the daily chores of the house are done by both wife and husband. Such color and art and music as we have (and we have much) are used to ornament our public buildings, our parks of culture and rest, our justly famous theaters, our factory clubs.

This is the aspect of our life that wears most heavily on those few American women who come to the USSR with their engineer or worker husbands to take part in our new industrial life. The man may find vivid interest in his labors, but the women

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grow rapidly homesick. The trade they have always clothed with sentimental honor —making a pleasant home for husband— gains no recognition here. It is a thankless task to construct a charming interior in a land which offers no choice in household draperies or paint; or to pamper a man's appetite where food is rationed and where half the items in a simple American récipé are not to be had. The industrial plant where her husband works often regards her as a nuisance. "These women who bother our offices and think they are 'somebody' because their husbands are useful men! Why, not even Stalin's wife is 'somebody'!" said the head of the Foreign Bureau in a big steel plant to me, adding: "Parasites, just parasites! Draining our food and goods and making no return for them. Just clogging the time of a valuable working man!" In the end such women either get jobs for themselves and become reasonably happy, or tearfully drag their husbands back to the "homes" of America.

If we lack all chance of honor as wives and home-makers, we have on the contrary every honor open to us that is open to any man, through our labor as citizens. You meet our women, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet land, presidents of villages and of collective farms, chairmen of shop committees, directors of factories, judges of people's courts, doctors and engineers. There is not the slightest trace of sex discrimination in work; schools and universities take women with equal readiness; they enter all jobs and professions, receiving equal pay for equal labor.

No less than one hundred women have won the Order of the Red Star, given for high attainment in the armed forces of the country. Many hundreds have won civilian honors, the Order of Lenin, the Order of the Red Banner. Six thousand women are presidents of collective farms, 100,000 are elected members of courts, 400,000 are members of local governing soviets. In the medical colleges 71.4% of the students are women, foreshadowing perhaps a day when most of our physicians will be of the "nursing sex." Women storm the Arctic. Irene Rusinova was our first woman polar explorer; she wintered four seasons in frozen seas and made the first northwest northeast passage around Asia on the famous *Sibiriakov*. Nina Demmie has managed for two years the Polar Station on North Land. One meets Russian women geologists on the Roof of the World. A woman bore her child on the Arctic-bound *Chelushkin*!

The independence of woman which in most of the world is a slow growth, resulting from the industrial revolution, is with us incredibly rapid as our industrialization is rapid. Even our farms, last stronghold of the patriarchal household, have in five years been combined into great collective farms, on a mechanized, industrialized base, in which women's labor is paid equally with that of their husbands. Peasant women, last of all to feel the new women's equality under the Soviets, are suddenly awakening to the implications of their independent income.

Two women, members of a collective farm, were displaying their purchases in the town market. I asked them: "Well, how's your life?" The first one waved her new shawl and pointed to new shoes in token, adding: "And a new suit for my husband and new clothes for the children."

"And what did you buy for your husband?" I asked the second.

"Nothing at all. I gave him eighty rubles from the family income to buy himself a suit. But he drank it up and now he gets no more. I got for myself a warm new coat, a dress and shoes; I got for the children clothes. But my man gets no new suit this year and I've furthermore told him that if

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he gets drunk again I'll throw him out of the house. I can get along without him now in the collective farm."

Some thirty million women in peasant homes from Leningrad to Vladivostok are awakening to the amazing fact that they can "get along" without their husbands through the organization of the new collective farm. Equality and independence for women threaten man's last stronghold; the old style home, the male-dominated patriarchal home, is really doomed. It is perhaps this that the moralists of the non-Soviet lands resent most.

III

Three mighty social changes affect our Soviet marriage. If the passing of private property has broken the old contractual "bond" of wedlock, and woman's political equality and economic independence has overthrown the male-dominated home, a third change has cut even deeper. New lands to conquer, new worlds to create—this call to the pioneer which has always had power to lure adventurous men from their women, has come to us women, too. Our husbands go down to the Polar Seas or dare the plateaux of earth's highest ranges; they bring up new metals, create new plants, win new empires. But we do not wait at home; we go with them or on similar expeditions of our own. The adventure of revolution, the organized conquest by man of his world, is a flaming excitement before which personal love affairs grow rather pale. The vaster emotions of our lives are not individual but social.

I found Bill Shatoff ill in bed once in a hotel room in New Sibirsk where he was building railroads. The terrific drive of his life was wearing him out. I asked why he didn't bring his wife out, have a home. I shall never forget his words.

"The greatest thing in life," he said, "is work. No, not just work—creation! And in this particular piece of time in which we live, there is the chance to create without end or limit. Do you think I could turn aside from an hour of creation to be nice to a wife or to come to dinner on time?" —He paused, then added: "She would be lonesome here; she has her own work."

Not only great railway builders enjoy this thrill of creation; it is available even to tractor-drivers on new collective farms. I met a delightful girl who was champion tractor-driver on a Siberian farm and who had married in March a tractor-driver of another "brigade." They spent their honeymoon twelve miles apart working on different field gangs, but once a week the youth walked over to spend part of the night with his bride, doing the twenty-four miles between sundown and sunrise in order to combine wedlock with loyalty to his brigade. Since he always returned on time his romance was respected; but lateness would have made him a target for ribald jests from his fellows. The girl never went to meet him half-way; she was boss of the winning brigade and took no chances. When I asked why they didn't get into the same field-gang and thus work together, both exclaimed: "Desert my brigade in sowing-time!"

A similar romance occurred in Tver between two chauffeurs in the postal service. Ducia, one of the best drivers, was awarded the care of the bright new Ford car, D—94—73. Young Vaniushka took the Ford on the second shift. Ducia and Vaniushka are in love with each other and expect to marry soon. But both are also in love with D—94—73, which unites yet separates them. When Ducia comes in Vaniushka goes out; if either would change to another machine they might spend their evenings in parks and theaters together. But neither wishes

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to change to a "less honorable" Ford; and neither wishes to share D—94—73 with any third person. This is a real "triangle" of the modern Soviet variety.

It often happens that wives of responsible Communists have a type of work which separates them from their husbands for months at a time. The choice of work for man and wife, both of whom are able, is one of the most serious problems of our Soviet homes. It is not considered in line with the best ethics for them to work in the same institution, lest charges of favoritism creep in. Sometimes this leads to their being assigned to "competing" work.

During the irrigation season last summer in Central Asia—where women went veiled less than ten years ago—a husband and wife, both skilled in the organization of farming, were assigned to different "politodels" in neighboring tractor stations. In the course of her work, it became the duty of the wife to write to her husband: "Your collective farmers are badly taught the care of water; they are stealing our share of water as well as their own. This is not only theft, but an outrage against the interests of collective farming, due to bad management in your office."—Brothers have exchanged such reprimands in the history of business; but not often husbands and wives.

A rising young teacher of my acquaintance came to Moscow, leaving his wife and children in temporary residence on the Volga in his wife's home town. For the sake of his family he sacrificed the opportunities offered him for wider study, and toiled long hours at a routine job to send them money. Two years of such lonely slaving won him a place of residence in Moscow; his wife, however, refused to join him or let the children go without her.

The man's hysterical despair over this abandonment by his family recalls the more sentimental moments of Victorian fiction, in which, however, the despair was usually reserved for the softer sex. Night after night he sobbed; he contemplated suicide; most serious in Soviet eyes, he actually stayed away from his job two days without doctor's certificate! He called one night on an older woman who had known his family for years; she sharply reproved his weakness.

"I am amazed," she said, "that an experienced social worker and a man of culture should let himself be so broken by a personal loss. You disgracefully talk of suicide as if there were nothing left in life. Consider all we have to do in education for the Second Five Year Plan!"

Strange as it may seem to an outsider, this was the proper and effective method of consolation. The man's hysteria passed; he gasped through drying tears: "Yes, truly, I do wish to see how the Second Five Year Plan comes out." Nor would any Soviet citizen find anything surprising in his reaction.

IV

What are the standards by which we Soviet wives judge such questions as virginity, promiscuity, divorce? They are not standards of tradition, but considerations of personal dignity and social worth. The family is for us not One Against the World, but a unit whose value is judged by its share in the larger whole. This was once put for me very crudely by a handsome young glass worker from the Donetz Basin who beguiled his month at a health resort with strenuous flirtation and who once, in an idle evening, told me how he wished to embrace a certain girl. Since he had previously expressed an equal wish for an apple and a cigarette, I felt nettled on behalf of my sex. "You seem to have many desires," I said.

Unwittingly I used a word which implies

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strong, intense passion, and he repudiated it with indignation. "My only passion is for the revolution," he said. "These others are only wishes."

"The girl also?" I asked with unappeased annoyance. "Is she only a little wish like the apple?"

He seemed naïvely surprised. "Of course, the wish for the girl is much more serious, since it lies at the foundation of life and affects the future. But if I should marry the girl—a man does not always wish to lie with his wife. That is also a transient wish; it comes, is satisfied and goes. Only one passion is permanent in me, and that is to work for the Soviet Power with all my strength so that the revolution may come throughout the world."

"Hasn't the girl anything to do with that passion?" I persisted, my American sentimentality outraged by his realism.

"Let us hope she would share it," he said quite coolly. "Otherwise my feeling for her could not last long."

A similar socialization of outlook is indicated by a discussion I had with a twenty-year-old girl on the subject of her virginity. I had lived in the same apartment with her for more than a year. Having noticed that on several occasions a youth who was clearly in love with her spent the night in her room, I was surprised to learn that she was still a virgin. She was surprised at my surprise, and no doubt considered me as prurient as chaperonless young Americans consider those adults who suspect all unwatched chastity. She explained that the youth had stopped for the night, just as her girl friends did, because he had come to see her from another town and had nowhere else to stay.

"Nearly all the girls at the laboratory where I work are virgin," she added. "There are two or three who let themselves go and have many relations with men; but they are scatterbrained and neglect their work and we don't think much of them. Most of us girls are rather afraid—we have often discussed it—about the first time."

"Physically afraid?" I asked.

"Not exactly. Afraid of what it will do to us. One of the girls, Anna, got married. It's clear she has changed. She hasn't left the Young Communists and she doesn't exactly neglect her work; nothing as bad as that. But somehow, she lacks the former interest and energy. Maybe it's because she's just had a baby; we're waiting to see if it's just her health. You see, this personal life can be terribly engulfing; you can drown in it and lose all thought for social things. That's why we're afraid. We want to test ourselves and be sure we are firmly grounded, before we let ourselves go too far in personal life."

This attitude would be understood by any Soviet maiden, though most of them, I think, are somewhat less timid. The many students who marry while still in the universities, when the youth lives in a dormitory room with ten other boys and the girl in another dormitory with half a dozen girls, and the arriving baby is placed in the day nursery maintained by the university, indicate a rather amazing confidence on the part of many Soviet young people in their ability to combine personal life with social duties. Not everyone finds in personal love a threat to wide social interests; fully as many find their social interests doubled. But our final criterion for any marriage is not the faithfulness of mates to each other, but their mutual faithfulness to our great community tasks.

When marriages break in the Soviet Union, as they sometimes do in other lands as well, our ethic on divorce is in sharp contrast to that which is held by the rest of the world. Divorce with us is open to any married person at any moment; our legal

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theory holds it unlawful to compel a person to even a single sexual act against his or her will. But we respect most those divorces which take place in silence, where a dignified "collusion" buries mutual mistakes. This, our "primer of propriety," is immoral in New York.

If we scandalize New York, the feeling is mutual. The American divorce, where each separating mate accuses the other of cruel and shameful conduct in the publicity of open court, is to our moral judgment humiliating and indecent. What can our rational morality think of that husband who made the front page of the New York papers by sitting all of a winter night outside his wife's apartment in order to see her lover emerge at dawn? "What a damned fool—or perhaps only crazy," is our surprised judgment. "Wasting a whole night in discomfort to learn something unpleasant. If he wants to win his wife back, is that likely to do it? If he doesn't want to, why not get rid quickly of the past?" Jealousy is not prized with us as a virtue but deplored as a painful survival.

Since causes for divorce are never asked for or published, it was only by chance that I was able to note two contrasting divorces in Moscow, through my search, shortly after my marriage, for a joint apartment. Since my husband was legal possessor of two rooms and I of two more, we sought by Moscow custom to trade these for a four-room apartment, which naturally meant an apartment whose inmates were getting divorced. In the present housing shortage of Moscow, this is the routine means of getting a larger apartment.

We found one excellent apartment of three large rooms whose mistress said, with dignity: "I am not sure that you will wish to trade four rooms for our three. But we have a good apartment and shall wait till we can get two satisfactory two-room flats. My husband and I are old revolutionary comrades; though we are separating, neither of us would be willing for the other to suffer in the transfer."—Other countries would call this the immoral living together of divorced people; our Soviet morality judges it a decent divorce between civilized human beings.

The other divorce we found was of contrasting character. An excellent four-room apartment had been bestowed on the husband by reason of his high position. His divorced wife had dispossessed him and held strategically the two rooms through which he must pass to use the others; she made it plain that he would get no abode until she should be satisfied. Even to us, casual strangers, she freely stated that she cared only for her own future flat; he might worry about his. She was clearly grabbing the best furniture; every allusion she made to her former husband was vindictive in the best American divorce-court manner. Such a divorce we in the Soviet Union call "indecent," as we consider indecent any similar display of human greed. It is greed and not sex which with us is indecent.

V

We also, you see, have our ethic. If Americans condemn our easy divorces and our ready acceptance of any open relation as "marriage," we disapprove the American orgy of sex in drama and movies. ("I know your American movies—much kissing," sneered a Soviet youth.) We have equally little use for the hypocritical suppressions in what to us is prehistoric marriage, for the sugary sex romances in which the end of all life is the ceremony at the altar, or for the modernistic prying into endless sex problems in which the post-war Western world indulges. All are alike alien to us. O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" has for us no

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message; his "Desire Under the Elms" became on our Soviet stage an excellent drama showing the tragedy of young desire corrupted by the family property of the "Elms." No drama devoted to the triangle of three people, whether cynical or sentimental, seems to us worth a whole evening's analysis. "Triangle" with us connotes not sex but factory management, which consists of director, shop committee and party secretary; this is our "triangle" in daily speech. It is perhaps symbolic of our lives.

For if there is any just criticism of our ethic, it is not that we think too much of sex but perhaps too little. Absorbed in our outer world of war and wonder we miss perhaps both the abysses and greater ecstasies of personal life. Our young men and maids become briefly aware of the glory of a new intimacy; our older married folk know a companionship more free and friendly than the world elsewhere can show; but the mystic exaltations which at times we come upon in the verses of old poets seem rather alien. Shall I confess it? The great lovers of tradition, the Tristans and Iseults, Paolos and Francescas, Heloïses and Abelards—we wonder if they were quite sane and normal? Were they real, or only romance like American movies of today? Certainly an Iseult of our time would be condemned by us, not for betraying King Mark but for giving "all for love." To give "all" for love, whether in or out of marriage, would seem to us anti-social, immoral. We do not even give up our jobs!

For we are worker bees of a working hive. The drone whose end of life is copulation is an object for our stings. Our dreams are for great farms and factories, our passions for over-fulfilled programs, our beatific vision is man's marching conquest of his world. Sexual life is a campfire which lights and warms the halts along this march. If you should ask us whether we are personally happy, we should say that we have forgotten to inquire and have not time to know. For our whole life faces outward, and our thrill for each new gain of science, each new airplane through the Arctic, each new conquest of malarial marshes, is no mean thing.

Is there anything we miss, lacking this emphasis on heights and depths of personal life? When we think of it at all we recall that the noted American alienist, Dr. Frankwood Williams, traced most of America's neuroses to her "hot-house homes." We note that psychoanalysts find in the grasping, possessive male or mother a source of mental ills. We note that neuroses and psychoses are lessening in our country, in our healthier, non-possessive intercourse, our outward-looking absorption. There are those of us who hold that great personal ecstasies, like their religious counterparts, are products of starved nerves.

Yet one of our oldest Bolsheviks said some years ago to me: "Our pre-war generation fought in terms of right and justice; this hard, new generation fights in terms of tractors and tooth-brushes. For me the ultimate reality will always be the human soul; but we shall not come back to that for another fifty years. This generation and the next have the planning and building of the mechanism; it must and should absorb them. Our children's children will have time to explore the deeper world within."

Will they? Or were the speaker's words heretical? They would be judged so by the Soviet generation of today. Of one thing we feel certain. Whether our way of life and love is the new healthy way for future generations, or but a temporary revolt against the grasping property loves of the past, to be some day swallowed in a new synthesis of richer personal and social life—there is on earth no happier, sounder path in this age.

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SIX SONNETS

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

When sea-born Aphrodite rode the foam,
Poised in the west-wind on the fluted shell
That bore her toward Cyprus, her first home,
Not even the elder gods observed her well:
They saw her wring her wild hair, wipe the brine
From lips and lids, yes, saw her smile and haste
To unloose the seaweeds from her breasts and twine
Thereof a girdle for her navelled waist—
With a mock modesty . . . But their weak eyes
Saw not her fingers press the ooze and spray
From golden-tufted cleft between her thighs
(Though even earth's flowers quickened far away),
That throbbing cleft which took Anchises' seed—
Whence sprang Aeneas and the Roman breed.

II

How hast thou grown, Death, since begot and born
Of the first Protozoans in the slime!
Thou rangest, the most tremendous birth of Time,
Mocking the prophet's call, the hunter's horn,
The radio's proclamations night and morn,
Or Latin hymns, hexameter and rhyme,—
Taller than mountains, bigger-necked than Crime,
Master of Life itself, though Life's first-born,
Thou gott'st new bulk, as fed with worms, fish, lizard,
Amphibian, bird, mammal; and in rocks
Thy fossil-footprints spread . . . huger each one . . .
But only when came Man, in flood and blizzard
Crossing the vales, or battling for gold or flocks,
Wert thou almighty as thy foe, the Sun.

III

I long to bore in earth and plunge in fire,
For the one's darkness and the other's light,

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For tree-roots, for stone-base of mountain-height,
For each telluric Under propping Higher;
For core of flame inside its cone or spire,
Where motion splits from motion out of sight,
Which makes the sun and radiations right
Whence plants get peace and animals desire.
I long to plunge in fire and bore in earth—
But most for dead-folk. Dear, these elements
Hold Druid whispers, roaring caravan,
Battles and weddings, infants, music, mirth,
And all abandoned feasts and parliaments
Since graves and pyres have been the house of man.

IV

Ocean: whale-shoulder and octópus-arm,
Brown Polynesians on volcanic rock;
Then, with no buoy to whistle the alarm,
The engulfing tidal-wave, the earthquake shock.
Ocean: the trireme with the long black oars,
The *Viking* sail with red stripes bellying round,
The gay *Titanic* headed for our shores,
The valiant *Lusitania* eastward bound.
Ocean: above her ever half the sky,
Ever the Dipper or the Southern Cross.
Ocean: beneath her in the darkness lie
What lengths of sand far-littered with our loss.
But, Man, take heart: ten million years will show
All dry and cleared—like the Sahara now.

V

Train, ye proud wise men, your great telescope
Upon Andromeda, on earth's cool nights
Where California's rainless mountain-heights
Rise over bartering cities and their hope.
Train that imperious eye upon all space,
And tell me what it tells you, in your dome,
Of galaxies, light-years, and worlds-to-come,
And where amid stars is the sun's dwelling place,
And earth's . . . Then turn from Upward-outward, mei
To Downward. Plumb the neighbor-rocks and probe
What's under foot: what news beneath the hill?
Ye bore a rim of iron and oxygen,

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Granite and fire . . . That's all. Earth's little globe
Withholds us knowledge of her centre still.

VI

My fathers shored house-timbers on the rocks,
Timbers of oak with oaken timbers shored,
Based on New Hampshire's windward mountain-blocks
With torrents, frosts, and lightnings scarred and scored.
Large-handed Puritans whom these flabby years
Disdain with easy jibes, they being dead;
Stiff-necked come-outers, ruthless pioneers,
What did they do, on corn and ginger fed?—
Settling one kingdom east, they built the west
With ox-carts; built the school-house, voting-booth,
Fought that democracy be more than jest,
And gnawed the slave's chains with a madman's tooth.
Come-outers, pioneers!—and I'm their son,
Though Greek-schooled like Monadnock-Emerson.

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DEATH COMES TO THE DOCKWOLLOPER

BY GRANT LEENHOUTS

Shoe String Dan

We called him Shoe String on account of his yellow mustache. It was long, thin, and faded at the ends. It dropped down, making a perfect frame for his chisel jaw and thin lips.

He was an old steam-schooner man and a trustworthy winchdriver. We always felt safe working under the loads of pipe and steel when Dan was at the winches.

One windy day we were working a ship over at the steel company's dock. The gear was old and shaky. Still, we had good cargo to work and were sending big loads. They have a system of working at the steel dock that forces us to do it. They give the gang that throws out the biggest tonnage an hour the long hatch. That means, of course, the hatch with the most cargo in it. It creates a sense of competition among the men and keeps them going.

So it was this day. We knew that two tons of plates were enough for a load; but whenever they were lying right we would hook onto four or five tons.

We had just hooked onto a big load. Shoe String Dan took a strain on it and shook his head.

"For Christ's sake, fellas, cut them loads down. This gear ain't safe."

"Aw gwan, take it out," one of the gang bellowed. "It ain't heavy."

"It ain't heavy for you" answered Dan, "But it is for me. You guys can run under the 'tween decks out of the way. Where'n hell can I run to, huh?"

"Meeow! Meeow! You old cat. Always squawkin'," jeered another.

Dan's long mustache was blown back on each side of his flushed face. It flopped about in the wind giving him a wild look. His greenish eyes looked over the gear dubiously.

"You guys gonna split the load?" he asked.

"Naw, we ain't gonna split it less'n yer too yellow to take it out."

This was an insult to his ability as a winchdriver. He clenched his teeth and opened the throttles wide.

The load was in one end of the hatch. It seemed to leap into the air and fly toward the square as though some giant were playing with it. When the load was directly under the gear Dan reversed the winches and dropped it to take out the swing. The plates landed with a crash. Pieces of dunnage and four by four blocks went flying around the hatch. A cloud of rusty dust filled the air. We went scurrying like a pack of rats for shelter.

"Yellow, hey?" shouted Dan. "I'll show you goddam hayshakers who's yellow!"

His whiskers stood straight out now. He looked like a huge yellow cat ready to spring and claw us to pieces. We hid in the wings and kept quiet.

Once more he reared back on the throttles, giving them every ounce of steam.

As the wire falls took the strain they

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stretched and vibrated. The topping lifts whined. The big steel mast quivered and shook at each revolution of the winch drums. The heavy wooden booms bent like trout rods.

Down in the hold we looked at each other and waited breathlessly.

Slowly the load went up until it was flush with the deck. Then with an ear-splitting crash the yard arm boom buckled and came hurtling down. The load dropped on the deck, shaking the entire ship like an earthquake.

We heard a terrible choking cry, then silence.

Clammering up the ladder with sinking hearts, we rushed over to the winches. There lay Dan split in two by the jagged end of the broken boom.

One-half of his mustache was stuck in the rough splinters. It seemed to wave at us defiantly in the wind. We looked at each other sheepishly.

II

Poker Bill

Poker Bill sat on the edge of a gondola and dangled his long legs inside the car. He was an expert tally-man and we all liked him.

The gang that got Poker Bill for a checker considered themselves lucky. There was never any delay waiting for the count. Lumber—pipe—steel plates—big glass—or sacks—it made no difference to Bill. He always counted the loads on the fly as they were shipped across the decks. He never made mistakes.

As usual, this day he sat balanced on the narrow steel edge of the car, his tally sheet in one hand and a pencil in the other. When each load of pipe came out he would squint his left eye and straighten his gaunt figure slightly. When the load was counted he would slump back into the old position and relax his face into a grin.

Suddenly the gear on board the ship started to strain and squeak. The winches pounded. The deck shook and vibrated. The hatchtender hollered out to the two front men. "Look out you guys! Big load comin'!"

They both climbed out of the car.

Poker Bill stayed where he was and screwed up his face as the load came over deck.

The big front man nudged his little partner and said, "Look at Bill put that face-English on that load will yuh."

"Yeh," said the little one. "You'd think he was gonna bore a hole through them pipes with that eye of his'n."

"There's holes in them pipes already," said the big one. They both laughed.

Bill counted the load, relaxed and spat contemptuously. "Wait'll noon time 'n we'll see who's funny."

"Awright," said the big front man as he unhooked the wire sling from the load. "I've gotta new deck of cards, maybe you think you c'n be funny with them."

"Nope," retorted Bill. "You birds'll still be funnier 'n ever. Only I'll be doin' the laffin."

"Yeah? You will, eh?" asked the little one.

"Yeah," said Bill.

"You're a wise guy ain't you," said the big front man.

"Sure," answered Bill. "Not only wise but smart."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, you bet. You guys what work hard ain't got no time to think. Either you're too tired or too drunk. An' if you did get the time you're too muscle bound between the eyes to do it."

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"Yeah?"

"Yeah!"

"If you're so smart how come you get ten cents less a hour than we do?" asked the little front man.

"It's like this," said Bill. "I ain't breaking my back or strainin' my gut like you fellas. I'll live twenty years longer than you guys but you're too dumb to see it."

"Yeah?" they asked in unison.

"Yeah! Not only yeah, but And How!"

A small group of idle dock hands had started a stud game across the second track in the shade of the warehouse. Poker Bill spotted them and shouted, "Deal me in this time. I'm comin' over."

Then to the two front men. "I'm goin' to yon game gentlemen and make more in five minutes than you'll make all day."

He had to squeeze between the couplings of two empty flat cars on the second track to get into the game. He would just have time to play a hand between each load. This kept him busy crossing the track.

He was luckier than usual. Every time he tallied a load he would wave a hand full of bills at the two front men.

As his winnings increased he became excited and dashed back and forth between the cars without looking up and down the tracks.

Another big load of pipes came out of the ship. It took him a little longer than usual to count this one. He was so keyed up that he failed to hear the switch engine laboring up the dock. When the load was checked he made a feverish dash back toward the stud game.

Just as he was squeezing between the cars there was a crash—a screaming of brakes—an agonizing yell of pain from Poker Bill.

The two flat cars were coupled together through his stomach and spine.

He threw his hands over his head and yelled for help.

"For God's sake get me out!"

The big front man relieved his mouth of a stream of tobacco juice and said, "For Christ's sake shut up. If we uncouple them cars you'll drop dead."

"Let me out," screamed Bill.

His hawk-like face twitched spasmodically. He begged to be released and yelled incoherently. A crimson froth started to fleck his thin lips.

"Aw right, you wise long-livin' bastard, give your last yelp," said the big front man. He uncoupled the cars with one jerk of his sinewy arms.

III

Red and Smokey

Several gangs of us were sitting on the edge of the dock waiting for a ship to come in. As is usual in such cases, we were talking over the latest waterfront news. Longshoremen are continually talking over things that have happened to them, or to their partners. They live in the past. News travels from mouth to mouth around the docks as fast as if it were broadcast.

This morning we were discussing an accident that had happened the day before. There were several different versions of it as none of this particular group had seen it happen.

As we were talking, a dark, heavy set man with a mottled face and a flat nose came over to us and sat on a mooring bitt.

"Look!" exclaimed one of the men. "Here's Black Bill. You was there, Bill. Tell us about it."

"You mean about Red and Smokey?"

"Yeah. How did it happen?"

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Black Bill turned toward us and sat straddled across the iron bitt. He took his hook out of his hip pocket and began to chip flakes of rust off the iron as he talked.

"Well, they was workin' on the front, landin' sixty foot steel. No, it was forty foot stuff. You fellas know them thick girders they use in foundations for big buildin's? The steel is an inch thick, regular I beams, four tons apiece. They was landin' them in a gondola. A big U. P. gon. Well, them two guys was takin' the heavy end and placin' it. Then after it was low enough I would grab the other end and line it with care while Red put a block under the piece so's we could get the sling out."

"Didn't they bridle that big stuff?" interrupted one of the listeners.

"No. They was sendin' it out with a single chain, on the forty-five. You fellas know how that stuff looks when it hangs straight up and down over your head. It looks like all the steel in the world was made into one piece.

"Well, Red and Smokey, as I said before, was takin' ahold of the bottom end and liftin' it a little, so's the thing would slide in place when the winchdriver slacked away on it. You know how short and stocky Red was? Well, when he lifted on them beams his little legs would bend. . . . He was a good man, Red.

"Smokey on the other hand used to lift with his belly. You remember how it used to stick out? Well, he would get that stomach of his underneath the steel and give one of them famous grunts of his and somethin' had to move.

"Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you guys somethin'. That morning when the first load came draggin' and screechin' across the deck, old Red, he looked up at the boom that was bent almost double with the weight over his head. Then he looked at Smokey and said, 'I don't like the looks of this here.' Then after awhile he said, 'If one of these things gets me it'll get me on the run.' "

Black Bill stopped talking for a while. He rubbed one of his thick hands across his eyes as if he wanted to erase something from his mind. His other hand still absently wielded the hook up and down against the bitt. We all remained silent waiting for him to go on. The only audible sound was the tap, tap, tap of Black Bill's hook.

He tried to talk but his lips were trembling too much to form words. Pausing again, he blinked his welling eyes, then resumed.

"Smokey, he only laughed. You guys remember, he was always a-laughin'? He said, 'Hell, Red, if you ain't funny. Ain't we landed hundreds of these damn things?'

"Then Red said back to him, 'Yeah, I know, but today is different. I don't feel just right somehow. I gotta hunch somethin' is gonna happen.' Just like that he said it.

"Well, as the work went on he seemed to forget about his hunch. I told him once that I would trade places with him if he felt nervous. You fellas know how it is when you feel shaky. I thought maybe he would get over it quicker if he didn't have to get under them damn loads.

"But the little guy was stubborn. He said, 'If I can't do my work I'll go home.' And I knew he wouldn't do that because he had all them kids of his just startin' school and on top of that his wife ordered a new radio last week. Poor old Red, he needed the money too much to quit.

"He knew also that if he went home Smokey would go too. Them two guys always stuck together. I never knew part-

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ners that stuck together like them guys. Neither one would work without the other.

"Well, we was a-workin' along when all at once the guys on the ship hooked onto a beam that looked like the daddy of them all. The damn thing was five ton if it weighed an ounce. I got clear to hell outa the car. I wouldn't get under that thing if I was gettin' paid a dollar an hour.

"Red and Smokey stood in the center of the car like they always did. They was good front men, those guys.

"When the full weight of the girder was on the yard arm the whole ship listed inshore, it was that heavy.

"Then just as they grabbed ahold of the bottom end the goddam chain sling snapped. The hook went flying in the air and popped like a whip. The ship rolled as if a typhoon had hit her. Red made a leap over the side of the gon. and fell face down on the dock. The beam fell kinda annie-goggelin crossed the car, overbalanced and swept Smokey before it, then it landed right square on top of both of them, squashing them right into the concrete.

"We had to pry the beam up off'n them with pinch bars. They was both . . ."

Black Bill's voice broke again. The only sound that we were conscious of was the tap, tap, tap of his hook against the iron mooring bitt.

IV

Monty

Load after load of cotton thundered down the after end of number four hatch on an East bound freighter. The late afternoon sun cast long, golden rays of light across the deck, partially blinding the winch-driver. He would have to look into the sun as each load came swinging across the deck. Then as it went hurtling down sixty feet into the dark hold he would have to strain his eyes to see the figures of the men who were stowing the bales.

Load after load came across the deck and down the hold. Six bales in a load . . . a load a minute . . . one load inshore . . . one load offshore . . . the work seemed to be timed to a relentless rhythm.

Down in the bottom of the hatch the gang of longshoremen worked automatically. Four men on a side . . . four men inshore . . . four men offshore. The load would land with a thud. Each man would take one of the five hundred pound bales and roll it out into the wing and stow it . . . back to the square of the hatch . . . get another one . . . roll it out in the wing and stow it.

Monty worked inshore. He was a middle-sized man with deep set eyes. When he walked he held his hands in front of him as if he were afraid of losing his balance. He was a steady man and a hard worker. He never talked or cut up with the men. On Saturdays his wife would come down and collect his pay for him. The work went on with the same monotonous speed. A load would come down . . . each man took a bale and rolled it away . . . then he would come back and double up on the last two.

Another load came down. Monty unhooked it and hooked onto an empty sling. Then taking his long-shanked cotton hook from his hip pocket, he bent over and tugged on a bale. He rolled it over and caught the under side before it had a chance to stop, and gave another lift. Keeping the bale rolling he skillfully steered it out in the wing to the ship's side and put it into place. Going back to the square of the hatch he helped his

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partner with the last one. When this was put into place another load came down and landed.

He worked in a daze; the kind of a daze a man gets into when he works thirty-six hours without sleep or rest.

Would his kids have to do this for a living, he wondered? All three of them boys would soon be in high-school . . . he never went to high-school . . . maybe that's why he had to do this kind of work for a living . . . still there was the Swede, he had gone to college and by God he rolled cotton bales too.

Cotton bales . . . that's about all he knew . . . that and pig iron . . . sometimes a little pipe, but there wasn't much pipe moving any more since hard times had set in . . . Well? Well? What's he going to do with that load? Why don't he land it? That winchdriver thinks we can't see nothing. He thinks we don't know enough to stand clear. Now, here's a good-looking bale . . . I wonder why they don't make all these damn bales square like this one? We certainly could make a better stow if they did.

After Monty stowed each bale he would straighten up quickly as his back pained him. Then he would wipe the sweat from his eyes and go out for another load.

As the afternoon wore slowly away the hatch gradually filled. Monty was tired. He wished they would hurry up and get through. Still, what was the use of that? What was the use of anything? When this ship was loaded there would be another one to load . . . or discharge . . . after they discharged it they would have to load it again anyway . . . this damn work is never done . . . this stuff goes East . . . they manufacture something out of it and send it back . . . we handle it again to make money to buy the damn stuff . . . to be able to handle more of it . . . life is like that, though . . . like wheels . . . that was it . . . wheels. He was a wheel . . . his partner was a wheel . . . the whole damn gang was a wheel . . . even the ship was a wheel rolling around so some other wheel could turn.

With these thoughts to take his mind off the heat and the strain of lifting, he ceased to feel the aching of his muscles.

They were filled up now so there was only room to work hunched over, beneath the 'tween deck. Monty had to stay bent over until he came out into the square of the hatch before he could straighten his cramped back. Stooping over to roll the bale into the wing and then stow it made the blood rush into his head. On this last tier they had to up-end the bales in order to fill in between the deck beams.

Monty cursed under his breath. His head throbbed and started to pain him. After pushing his bale into place he would rush blindly to the square and straighten up against the broad steel hatch-coaming. The hot metal felt soothing to his sore back as he pressed his body to it in an endeavor to get absolutely straight.

The pain increased until it was maddening. He got an odd-sized bale and was unable to make it stand. Dropping it, he tried it the other way round. This time, after much extra straining, he got it to stay. Then, head down, he made for the open hatch, driven to distraction by the gnawing pain between his shoulders.

With a sigh of relief, he rushed out and stood erect. He heard a terrible cry.

CRUNCH!

Three thousand pounds of cotton had jammed him against the steel hatch-coaming.

Monty fell—a bloody mass that stained the white sides of the bales.

Overhead the winchdriver was shouting incoherently.

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"I couldn't see him! The sun's in my eyes . . . the goddam sun!"

V

Gus and Dead-Eye

Al Dugan's gang was discharging steel from Number Four Hold on the tramp steamer *Willanglo*. They had been working overtime for many hours. It was a rush week and no relief gangs were obtainable.

Dirty Brown, the stevedore foreman, came aft. "You fellas'll have to work 'er out. They ain't no more men at the slave market—too many ships. Whatcha say, Al?"

"I ask gang." Then in his harsh, broken Austrian, he bellowed down the hatch: "Ve vork ship out! Ah?"

The gang stopped work for a moment for consultation. Big Gus came over to the inshore side where Bull Foster and Dead-eye Erickson had been prying up the end of a sixty-foot girder in order to reeve a chain sling around the end of it. He was stripped to the waist. Huge muscles bulged and rippled beneath the patches of dirt and grease. Sweat stood out in large drops and ran down in uneven courses through the red dust that had settled on his body.

"What's it goin' to be, boys?" asked Big Gus.

Bull threw down the pinch-bar he was working with.

"Le's go home!"

Dead-eye made a sloppy attempt at spitting tobacco juice over his shoulder. "Ay tank ve better stay har en vork 'er out."

"Hook load! Hook load! Den talk, ah!" Al Dugan called from above.

"Lissen to that big Bohunk up there, will you!" and Bull reached for his shirt. "I'm goin' home. My old lady'll think sump'ns happened to me if I don't get home purty soon."

"Aw, ya better stay, Bull." Big Gus laid a restraining hand on him. "The ship's gotta sail at midnight, and if we leave 'em in the lurch, yuh know how much work they'll give us. Might's well quit fer good."

Bull hung his shirt back on the bulkhead. "I guess you're right."

Gus felt relieved. "Atta boy!" He knew that the rest of the gang would stay. They were Austrians and would do whatever Al told them.

Going out into the square of the hatch he took hold of the cargo hook. "All right, Al, we'll stay! Come back on this damn thing, will you?" This was accompanied by the rattle of the winches as Al gave the signal to slack away.

Dead-eye helped him drag the heavy hook out into the wing and slip the chain onto it. They both ran to get behind a stanchion so they would not get hit with the load and shouted: "Go ahet, Al!" The girder was jerked out of the wing and landed with a crash in the square. It had been slung too much in the center.

"Shift chain more back," ordered Al. "No go up dat way. Make heavy one end, ah!"

"Ya du, yust holt everding." With some difficulty, Dead-eye moved the sling. But before he was clear, Al gave the winch-drivers a signal to go ahead. Dead-eye had been standing across the load and was lifted bodily about ten feet in the air. He turned a complete flip when he fell and landed on his feet. The girder was hanging perpendicularly. As the higher end struck the top of the hatch-coaming the piece swung around, giving him a boost from the stern, knocking him against the ship's side.

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"Purty near went f'r a Rooshun-Finn buggy ride, Dead-eye," laughed Bull. "Didja get hurt?"

"Ay ain't hurt, but ay tam mad."

"Aw, ya oughta get killed. For ya ain't got no better sense'n to work f'r a crazy Bohunk like Al."

"How'n hell does he get by?" asked Gus. "He don't know nothin' about this work, that's a cinch."

"Ay tank ay gi' him a vack on yaw."

"No use ta hit 'em on the head; there ain't nothin' in it," advised Bull. "Better kick 'em."

"How about vack in solar peppus?"

"Aw, y'r getten as bad as Al. Why don't ya learn ta talk American?"

"Anny vay, ay never change my name ven ay come to dis country."

The three Austrians had hooked onto a big load. Five sixty-foot channel irons weighing over a ton apiece. The heavy end dragged along on top of the other girders with that peculiar screeching, grating noise of steel on steel. Sparks flew as it crashed into the stanchion. Bull and Dead-eye were standing behind.

"Look!" Bull pointed upward. One of the channels had caught in the coaming and was crossed in the load.

"Dat's da cross," said Dead-eye, shakily. "Somevone's goin' ta get hurt."

"Aw, ya old sailors make me sick, with y'r damn superstitions."

"Yah, Swede," jeered Gus. "Y'r gettin' yaller. It'll be the old woman's home f'r ya purty soon."

"I hope he takes Al with 'em." Bull jerked another sling tight. "Didja ever notice the shape of his head? It's flat in the back. No wonder he's screwy."

"Ya said it," agreed Gus. "A guy with a head like that ain't got no room for no brains."

"Ay tink 'e's smarter 'en us. Ve vorken f'r 'em."

"Aw, 'e wouldn't be runnin' this gang if he hadn't herded a bunch of scabs durin' the last strike," gibed Bull, as he hooked onto another load.

The three of them jumped behind a stanchion just in time.

"Santana! Dat yarbla Dugan iss dryin' ta yump dem shteel out mit von jump."

"Make big load! Ah! Boss say Number Tree gang beat us." Al was looking over the coaming. "Make schnappy, ah!"

"Lissen to 'em. He wants bigger loads. That bozo sure is afraid of the boss!"

Big Gus took a wire sling and slipped it under seven big beams. "This'll hold 'em. Bet it carries away all the gear." Then he shouted up to Al: "Give us a lift 'n hold 'er till we get a chain on!"

"I hold! Put sling quick on, ah!"

The slack was taken up with a jerk, then, as the full load came on, the winches labored heavily.

"That's high! Hold it." Big Gus selected a heavy chain and started to sling the load. "C'mon, Dead-eye, don't be so damn' slow. Pass me that end or I'll put your other blinker out!"

"Har ya is."

The load was so big that they both had to get on their knees and crawl part way under it to pass the sling around.

Up on deck the winch gave a little jerk as the steam condensed in the cylinders.

The one-inch cable snapped. Dust filled the air. Blocks of wood and pieces of dunnage were thrown high by the heavy impact.

Big Gus and Dead-eye were caught and crushed from their waists up. Their legs gave a few convulsive kicks and they lay still.

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POETESS OF PASSION

BY MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

In the first week of June, 1918, Big Bertha was pounding Paris. Lee Meriwether of St. Louis, special assistant to the American Ambassador, was arranging for the removal from the city of such Americans as desired to leave. Into his office there marched determinedly one morning a small, plump woman in the sixties, her blonde hair faded to gray. She announced herself as Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"I had to see you personally," she said. "I want to leave Paris. I was talking to Mr. Wilcox last night, and he told me to go to Tours."

"Your husband is in Tours?" inquired Mr. Meriwether politely.

The lady fixed him with a glance of scorn.

"My husband," she retorted icily, "died two years ago. He comes to see me every night and talks to me on the ouija board."

Six months later Mr. Wilcox ordered his wife to return to Paris, but this time his commands were refused by a callous government. Ella went to England instead, where she suffered a nervous breakdown. Then she returned to America and on October 30, 1919, she died at her beloved home in Short Beach, Connecticut, at the age of sixty-four. She had undertaken the aforementioned trip to Europe as a representative of the Red Star, the animals' Red Cross. Her friends opposed her going, but she had "astral orders" from her dead husband, which were law with her.

Although it was not until after Robert Wilcox's death that his widow became an avowed spiritualist, she had had leanings toward the metaphysical from her childhood. Like other precocious children in commonplace homes, she felt superior to her family, and her later researches into the supernatural gave her an easy explanation. "Being an old soul myself, reincarnated many more times than any other member of my family, I knew the truth of spiritual things not revealed to them." She swallowed the New Thought and Theosophy in her stride, and lent a welcoming ear to every whisper from the Unknown. "The palm," she said categorically, "even as the Bible tells us, contains the whole character. It never lies."

When Ella Wheeler Wilcox went to join her adored Robert in Summerland, the Hearst papers, for which she had been writing for more than thirty years, gave her an appropriate send-off. She had, said one of them, "a greater personal following than probably any other writer in the United States." The strange thing is that it was true. The Wisconsin farm girl who had started her literary career by "out-Swinburning Swinburne and out-Whitmaning Whitman," and ended it with very tame platitudes of the Dorothy Dix variety, reached an enormous public. She was the darling of readers just a cut above the disciples of Eddie Guest and a trifle below the admirers of Laurence Hope. In the eighties and nineties every parlor table

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which did not hold a copy of the Rubaiyat carried Ella Wheeler Wilcox's celebrated "Poems of Passion."

The verses which so thrilled and outraged our parents sound sadly flabby today. Mrs. Wilcox's outré ideas on sex barely extended to the theses that true love without marriage is better than marriage without true love; that illegitimate children are not to blame for their obscure birth; and that wives should reciprocate the affection of their husbands. In 1897, when her narrative poem, "Three Women," appeared, young ladies gasped to read that the hero

> Drew her face up to his, on her frightened lips pressed
> Wild caresses of passion that startled and shocked, . . .
> While his iron arms welded her bosom to his.
> "Well, that bruise on your lips tells the story!"

II

Mrs. Wilcox claimed, and with obvious truth, that her "literary proclivities and mental powers were influenced by reading Ouida, Mary J. Holmes, and Mrs. Southworth." Her one year at the University of Wisconsin, undertaken to please her ambitious mother, seems to have taught her nothing of genuine literature; she says herself that her head was "full of nonsense," and that she would not study. As a matter of fact, she felt that she had been born with all the knowledge she needed. "My literary career was in large measure begun before my birth through prenatal influences. . . . My mother committed to memory whole cantos of Byron, Moore, and Scott, and mentally devoured the plays of Shakespeare." With such an equipment, she needed no help from such dreary places as schools or colleges. When she was only nine years old she listened with contempt to the earth-bound conversation of her elders. "I recollect just how crude and limited their minds seemed to me." She herself never had any doubt of her genius, though she was well aware that "the English highbrow critics (like the American) have had little use for me." She would have had nothing but contempt for the later commentator who said that her verses were to the world of real poetry what the novels of Marie Corelli were to the world of real fiction.

At the beginning of her journalistic career an editor wrote to her: "Give us heart-wails; that is what our readers like." And "heart-wails" she continued to produce. "Poets," she said proudly, "are given their voices to be heralds of greater lives beyond." And she knew very well the source of her almost incredible popularity: "If I chance to be a popular poet it is because I have loved God and life and people, and expressed sentiments which found echoes in other hearts."

Nevertheless, one may trace in her vainglorious autobiographical pages a certain disappointment and resentment. Privately, it seems, she would have been content with a more select group of worshippers. Apparently she never came into contact with a first-rate mind; the celebrities whom she lists as her friends were all second-raters or worse, and she spent her life as a grimly inflated frog in a very small puddle. She endeavored to console herself by melancholy croakings. "I have written many real poems of literary and artistic value." "I was recognized from the age of eight to fourteen as a child prodigy." "A college education does not seem to me the most desirable thing for a woman."

She considered her series of very pedestrian sonnets on Heloïse as her best work

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—as they undoubtedly are—and never got over the hurt of their lack of recognition by the highbrow critics. Publicly she ascribed this failure to jealousy of her fame among the lowly; but deep down in her heart she knew better. When in addition to this dissatisfaction she lost first her only child and then her patient, adoring husband of thirty-two years, she was desperate for comfort, and turned to "the divine power and the divinity within us." As far back as 1901 she was already proclaiming,

> Though life has given me a heaping measure
> Of all the best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure,

still she thought "of death as some delightful journey, That I shall take when all my tasks are done."

About twenty years ago Ella Wheeler Wilcox was being hailed or attacked as a Socialist. But in this both her friends and critics were mistaken. To be sure, she had delivered herself of a poem entitled "The Workers," in which occurred some rather incendiary if muddled stanzas:

> There is growth in Revolution, if the word is understood;
> It is one with Evolution, up from self to brotherhood; . . .

> God is calling to the masses, to the peasant and the peer;
> He is calling to all classes that the crucial hour is near;
> For each rotting throne must tremble and fall broken in the dust,
> With the leaders who dissemble and betray the people's trust.

> Still the voice of God is calling; and above the wreck I see
> And beyond the gloom appalling, the great Government-to-Be.
> From the ruins it has risen, and my soul is overjoyed,
> For the school supplants the prison, and there are no unemployed.

But there is nothing in these pious banalities which is beyond the orbit of William Randolph Hearst; the agonies of the silent majority of misery really meant very little to her. As a matter of fact, she was more Tory than Liberal. Her récipé for poverty was not revolution, but religion.

> If any troubled soul facing financial need reads these lines, let me urge PRAYER WITHOUT CEASING for light and STRENGTH TO SEE THE PATH TO INDEPENDENCE, and constant quiet assertions of the POWER within that Soul to bring its rightful share of God's opulence. Then go forth and seek, and the way will open.

She was not even a good feminist. Though she earned plenty of money herself, she put into the mouth of the heroine of one of her narrative poems a diatribe against the economic independence of married women:

> I hold it the truth that no woman can be
> An excellent wife and an excellent mother,
> And leave enough purpose and time for another
> Profession outside. And our sex was not made
> To jostle with men in the great mart of trade.
> The wage-earning women, who talk of their sphere,
> Have thrown the domestic machine out of gear.
> They point to their fast swelling ranks overjoyed,
> Forgetting the army of men unemployed.
> The banner of Feminine "Rights" when unfurled
> Means a flag of distress to the rest of the world.
> And poor Cupid, distressed by such follies and crimes,
> Sits weeping, alone, in the Land of Hard Times.

It is not of record that she refused any royalties because she was the wife of a wealthy man who was able to retire before

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middle age from his position as sales manager for a wholesale silverware firm.

Woman, to her, was a higher and finer species of being than the mere male, a naturally pure and delicate spirit whose mission was to draw recalcitrant man up to her lofty plane. "Do not thrust upon the man's mind continually," she advised her sisters, "the idea that you are a vastly higher order of being than he is. *He will reach your standard much sooner if you come half way.*" But coming half way did not mean joining him in his low tastes. "Let him never doubt your abhorrence of vulgarity and your distaste for the familiarity that breeds contempt."

III

It is fortunate for Ella that she died before the onset of Prohibition and the hotcha era. Though she never seems to have been active in the dry cause, she had the traditional horror of the farm woman for alcohol, that wicked vice of the big town. "He grew wild," she laments of one of her characters, "took to drink; spent a week at a time in the city."

And the sight of a cigarette between a woman's lips drove her to frenzy. "I am confident," she announced, with the superlative confidence of all her beliefs, "the habit vitiates the blood, injures the digestion, and makes the breath offensive. . . . A woman who expects ever to bring children into the world is little better than a criminal to form such a habit, . . . giving [the unborn child] hour by hour the impression of her mental and physical conditions."

She never doubted the power of prenatal influence, which, *via* Byron and Shakespeare, she confided to the world had bestowed upon her her "literary career." "From reincarnated sources and through prenatal causes" she drew, she felt, all her powers and achievements. She carried with her on a trip around the world her sublime parochial faith. When an Algerian in the Kabyl Mountains surprised her by his artistic ability, she ascribed his talent immediately to the influence of "past lives." She tried to indoctrinate a Singhalese Buddhist nun with "a little healthful New Thought"; "but the good nun, like a large majority of our good Christians, could not at once come into an understanding of these ideas." The plight of Eurasians in the Orient troubled her greatly; but she was comforted by the vengeful thought that their erring fathers would, in the next incarnation, "probably be Eurasians themselves" as a fitting punishment. Her interest in her travels was limited by their metaphysical attractions; California, to her, was "that center of spiritual research," where lived "the Rosicrucians, a noble and intellectual company of people." Even Kansas City was glorified by the presence of Unity, the New Thought Society, made up of "beautiful souls who conserve their lives for this purpose," and to whom she appealed for "the word of strength and healing" whenever she or her husband became ill.

There was too much of the shrewd Middle-Westerner in Ella, however, to leave her continually in this state of nebulous piety. She had a good eye for the supply to popular demand. When "Poems of Passion" shook the nation with horror and ecstasy (the New York *Sun* likened them to "the songs of half-tipsy wantons," and the Chicago *Herald* hoped that she would now "relapse into 'Poems of Decency' "), she was hurt by the criticism but charmed by the sensation she had caused.

She followed up this feverish book of verse with "Poems of Pleasure" and "Poems of Power," and gave to her for-

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gotten novels such Southworthian titles as "A Double Life," "An Erring Woman's Love," and "Sweet Danger."

None of them, unfortunately, lived up to the promise of the title, but she had consolidated a faithful public which insured her a large sale for every bound volume, and a devout audience for her huge output of palpitating verse and prose in the Hearst newspapers. She wrote in words they could understand. They, too, had a stake in poetry when their favorite poet brought to the service of the Muse such fearless songs as

> We have fricasseed chicken and strawberry cake
> For our dinner today.

IV

And so for pleasant years of maturity, until the sudden death of her husband disrupted her world and set her seeking for another into which she was soon to follow him, she settled down happily in her beloved Bungalow in Connecticut, full of shimmering draperies and cozy corners and with its walls hidden by miscellaneous loot of a world-wide tour; pleased by her vast following, her comfortable income, her admiring husband, the letters and visits and dinners that symbolized the adulation of her public and almost deceived her into belief in her literary greatness and lasting fame. There was the Sound to swim in, much to the horror of her mother, who came from Wisconsin to live with her, and who, before she lapsed into senility, used to declaim with disgust that in her day ladies would not have exposed themselves in the indecent bathing-suits of the early 1900's. There were young people, especially young girls, of whom Ella was always fond, to come as guests and to sit at her feet while she read and talked.

There was dear Robert, who after his retirement seems to have had no hobby except adoring his wife. There were always cats, animals to which Ella was partial: "I have all my life found wonderful companionship in cats." As she neared sixty she began to be anxious about her health; she was underweight even for her five feet three and a half, and instead of writing to Unity about it she consumed a gallon of milk daily, and soon recovered the pleasing curves which she loved to exhibit in American Indian costume at masquerade parties.

It was a happy life. If only the highbrow critics had been able to overcome their jealousy and acknowledge her rightful place in the world of poesy, she would have been supremely content. Still, she knew that genius often had to wait for posterity to acclaim its greatness. There were the comforting examples of Keats and Blake.

Anyway, the common people, whose hearts and minds were sound and unspoiled by envy, adored her. She died knowing in her heart that some of the poems she had written would live forever.

Perhaps, in that half-world of literature where she was queen, some of them will. She had a gift for concise platitude. Perhaps our children, when they become of age, will be quoting that folk-masterpiece, which was so overwhelmingly popular that a lunatic ex-convict tried in vain to claim it for his own:

> Laugh and the world laughs with you;
> Weep and you weep alone;
> For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
> But has trouble enough of its own.

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CHILDREN OF THE UNEMPLOYED

BY ANNE C. PHILLIPS

"My father's a bad man." The little five-year-old Italian Angelo solemnly spoke these words as he climbed into my lap in one of his rare conversational moods. It was before school, and Angelo had slipped unnoticed into the kindergarten. There was something he must talk over with teacher in private.

"Angelo," I said, greatly shocked, "you mustn't ever say such a thing. You are speaking about your father."

"Just the same he *is* a bad man," said Angelo. "Why, do you know that last night he shot my mother in the ear?"

Throwing caution to the winds, I drew the child to me and decided to hear his story to the end, come what might.

"Tell me about it," I coaxed very gently.

"Last night my father comes home and says to my mother, 'I'm not gonna get you any more money.' Mother says, 'You'll have to, I can't buy stuff without money.' Then father says, 'Well, I'm not,' and he curses my mother. She gets mad and she curses too and then the baby curses."

I ventured, "How about you, Angelo, did you curse also?"

The child hastened on without looking at me.

"Father gets tough and pulls out his gun. You know he always wears it right here." Angelo placed his right hand on his hip.

"Does he always carry a gun?" I asked.

"Sure, he needs it." Lowering his voice to a confidential tone, he added, "He sticks guys up like this."

With a very deft movement, Angelo jumped to the floor and went through all the motions, with an imaginary gun, of "sticking guys up." Needless to say, I was pained as well as shocked to see how naturally the child was emulating his "bad" father.

"Are you sure, Angelo?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered with a touch of impatience at my incredulity. It was all so very natural to him that he could not see how I could possibly question his story.

"Next thing I knew father shoots mother in the ear. Then everybody came—neighbors, cops, everybody. They took mother away in an amb'lance and father in the wagon. Didn't you hear the noise?"

Angelo looked at me searchingly with his big brown eyes. How could I be so ignorant of such a big event, the biggest event at the present in his world?

All through this remarkable account the child had shown a philosophical acceptance of his tragic home conditions far above his years. He might have been saying, "The baby fell off the chair and bumped his head." Yet underneath his outer calm what was going on in the little chap's mind? Was he denouncing his father by using the term "bad man," or was he secretly proud of his father's bold act?

My next question came a little faintly, "Was your mother badly hurt?"

"Naw, she came back pretty soon all fixed up. You see, father didn't wanta kill her."

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"And your father? What about him?"

"Him? He hadda go to jail to stay a long time 'cause he don't have no money. The cops said he could stay home if he could give 'em a lotta money—I guess about five dollars—but he cursed 'em and said he didn't have that much."

Three months later Angelo announced triumphantly that his father had come home.

"He was settin' in a chair in the kitchen last night," he said, "and I sneaks up on him and tries to snitch his gun. I wanted to see how it works. He told me not to and says never to tell anybody he has it."

(Somehow teachers seem to be neutral ground. A secret is all right with the teacher. She is outside the realm of ordinary human beings.)

"Angelo," I cautioned, "don't you ever touch that gun—why," I ended weakly, "something might happen." I had visions of a sturdy little urchin galloping into the kindergarten some day brandishing his new toy before all of his admiring playmates.

"I wanted to see how it works," he had said. An exciting adventure was in store for him.

This affair took place during the winter of 1930-31, just after the depression had got well under way. Angelo's father had been a laborer who, until a short time previously, had managed to get along rather nicely on odd jobs. As the months passed, he found himself more frequently between jobs than in them. The struggle for existence became more intense. To supplement the family income he had turned to the "easy way."

His first statement, "I'm not going to get you any more money," was made immediately after the daily papers started publishing the news that the police force was setting a close net for hold-up men. While under cover temporarily, the bandit father had taken the boy into his confidence and entrusted him with a big secret. The two had a strong bond. It was only natural that the man should assume the rôle of a hero in the eyes of the boy.

Was I starting off a little criminal in my kindergarten? A potential lawbreaker or murderer? What will become of him?

II

My first acquaintance with Vito was in October of the same year. It was a bleak, penetrating day toward the end of the month. Two children burst into my room at eight o'clock with the astounding news that Vito was sitting on the school steps in bare feet smoking a cigarette. Now I could understand the motive behind the cigarette —either defiance of the school authority or a cool nonchalance intended to impress the other children, but somehow I couldn't quite understand the absence of shoes. I went out to see him.

"Vito, why?" I asked. The ten-year-old offender shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. His eyes were downcast, his fingers were busy with articles in his pockets, and his chin rested heavily upon his flat little chest. Altogether his appearance was one of dejection. Surely this emaciated little boy had not openly defied school or purposely broken any rule. After several moments of silence, he haltingly jerked out:

"None of them kids is gonna call *me* a dummy. You see, miss, I'm still in the second grade and bigger'n any of 'em." At this point Vito paused, apparently hunting for words with which to express his pent-up feelings. "I've heard that if you smoke enough cigarettes it will keep you from growing—and I don't want 'em to call *me* a dummy."

The child was indeed quite tall for his age. His extreme slimness accentuated his

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height and caused him to feel self-conscious in his class of seven-year-olds. He did literally tower head and shoulders above them all, a fact which caused him acute embarrassment.

Still intent upon my original purpose, I asked: "But, Vito, why have you no shoes? Don't you own any?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, "but shoes make you taller."

This, however, was not the least of the little Italian's worries. Vito had developed the habit of coming to school late several mornings a week. He always remained silent when questioned as to the reason for his tardiness. His silence eventually took on a brooding sullenness and the boy was frequently punished after school. To make matters worse Vito's younger brother, Raymond, was in the same class. The children were as different as it was possible for brothers to be. Raymond was bright, talkative, immaculately clean, and the possessor of a likeable personality. Vito, on the other hand, was dull, listless, irritable, sullen, and dirty to the point of griminess. His teacher despaired of cleaning him up as much as she did of teaching him the rudiments of the three R's. He was always being told to follow the example set by his brother Raymond.

One day Vito was especially exasperating to his teacher. He was dirtier than usual and seemed particularly stupid and unprepared in his work. When he was reprimanded his manner became insolent and threatening. He had a flare-up of temper that heretofore had never been revealed. This was a new Vito, a fiery, tempestuous Vito, blindly defying the powers that be. He had been stoical long enough. His teacher, wishing to avoid a scene, sent the miscreant to the kindergarten to learn from the babies how to behave in school.

"Vito," I said, "this is something new for you. Never have you been insolent before. What has happened?" The temper was gone entirely. In its place was suffering—the deep suffering of a sensitive young nature. It was hard for the sullen boy to talk at any time but now, when he was emotionally wrought up, speech seemed almost an impossibility.

"Well, you see," he said, struggling with himself as to whether or not he should reveal his secret, "things ain't as they usta be. The old man always was able to bring home somethin', but seems like for the past year or two he can't find work nowhere. People think he's a bum. Maybe he is 'cause everybody's agin him."

Vito had started his carefully guarded story, and the sound of his own voice relating for the first time his particular problem seemed to give him a new impetus, and confidence to continue.

"Then he took to drinking. Things got bad. I'm the oldest, so ma said I'd have to do something. Whenever I can't find anything to do after school I walk along the railroad tracks and pick up coal so's we can keep warm."

For the first time I noticed how tired Vito looked. No wonder the child was so thin. It was probable that he sometimes walked miles merely to obtain a bucket full of coal.

"When do you usually pick up the coal?" I asked.

"In the morning," he replied, "before everybody else is out coal hawking—mostly just before it's light."

The story seemed incredible and yet it explained so much—the tardiness, the grimy hands, the dullness, the unprepared lessons and—his attitude.

Suddenly I saw how unfair we had all been. "Vito," I ventured, " what about Raymond, doesn't he help?"

"Him?" he asked with disdain. "Huh,

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I'd like to see him do anything! He's afraid he'll get his hands dirty and then teacher won't like him any more. Ma says he's gonna be no good like the ol' man."

I thought I saw hatred blaze up in the evasive brown eyes. Vito had family pride and this, coupled with a sensitive nature, had kept him from rebelling long before and showing up his family in its true light. In these months, however, what insidious changes had taken place in the child's whole impoverished being—mental, moral and physical! What will become of him?

III

The winter of 1932-3 I was transferred to a second grade in a Polish district. I discovered that it is difficult to get acquainted with children of this race, but once their reserve is broken down and faith and friendship are established they become as demonstrative and confiding as Italian children. Frequently, however, it takes weeks to attain this state of intimacy. Infinite care and patience must be expended on the part of the teacher if she wishes to be accepted by her youthful charges as a trustworthy friend.

Frank O. was about the most difficult of any of the Polish children to understand. He was a very peculiar looking child; the strangest, I think, I ever saw, and yet there was something appealing about him. From his waist down he appeared to be dwarfed, yet he could navigate as rapidly as the average eight-year-old child. (He was quite adept in doing this when there were policemen around.) His body was long, or rather gave the impression of being long in contrast with his short legs. Upon a short thick neck rested an unusually large head, quite flat in the back. The strangest thing about Frank was that never once did I see him smile.

He wore perpetually a sphinx-like frown so that I began to wonder whether, after all, his face were not a mask. This eight-year-old's whole attitude seemed to be one of resentment against authority, against intrusion upon his mental or physical being, and in fact, resentment against the world in general. All he asked was to be let alone. He sat in school merely because education is compulsory in his state. I often wondered what dark thoughts were fomenting behind his brooding frown. Once in a while he became interested, in spite of himself, in some class-activity and answered questions as intelligently as the average child. These moments were rare indeed, but they substantiated the results of his mental tests, that he was a normal child in intelligence.

The problem of getting close to Frank was a social as well as a mental one. He was among that vast horde of sewed-up-for-the-winter children whom we find in every big city. I watched his red, gray and white sweater weekly lose its color until it was gray all over. His attendance throughout the winter was regular. School was nice and warm, why not? Then came the spring!

"Children," I said one morning, "has anybody seen Frank O.?" Ten hands shot up and waved violently in energetic competition for the floor.

"Please ma'am," little Sonia fairly bristled with excitement, "I seen him yesterday over on the avenue all ragged up begging for pennies."

That afternoon the neighborhood policeman brought a squirming mass of rags to my door.

"Is this yours, ma'am?" he asked, producing Frank O.'s scowling face from the top of the shabby bundle. It was, unmistakably, my Frank. I could even see the grayish, reddish sweater shining through the rags.

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"I wish you'd keep him in school," panted the officer. "I'm tired of chasing him around the streets keeping him out of mischief. He's caused more trouble than all the rest of 'em together."

The two were indeed very much out of breath and apparently had had quite a race. When the policeman had caught his breath he continued, "Only yesterday I found him making a rubbish fire in the alley, and today he swiped a little crippled boy's wagon. That's not the worst of it. He knew somebody would chase him, so he hot-footed it over to the park and bumped the wagon into a tree and busted it up. He seems a little fellow to be such a bad egg."

I decided then and there that Frank and I were to have a talk. After school I opened the windows wide and sat down beside him.

"Frank, what's the trouble?" I asked. "Tell me so that I can help you." After much encouragement and persuasion he falteringly told his story.

"Pop won't let us kids play now he's home. He tells us to get the hell out of here. When we hang around he beats us if he ain't drunk. I sneaks out in the morning when he ain't up and I stays out 'till he's asleep at night or too drunk to jump me."

"What do you do all day, Frank?" I asked.

The child looked searchingly at me and his frown deepened. Was it safe to tell his teacher the secrets of his life? Oh, well, why not?

"Nuthin' much in the morning. I still get my lunch downstairs." (The school, with the help of the Red Cross, was serving one hundred and fifteen lunches a day to undernourished, needy children.) "In the afternoon I go to the avenue . . ."

"And beg?" I suggested.

"Maybe you call it that," he answered, "but I tell 'em I need the money for home and clothes."

"What *do* you do with it, though, Frank?" I asked noticing particularly his familiar clothes that he had been wearing since September.

"Well, heck," he ejaculated, "a kid's gotta have some fun. I goes to the movies 'till they close and then hang around with the kids 'till pop's asleep."

"One thing, Frank, you didn't tell me. What else do you eat besides the school's lunch?"

"Oh, the market people give me stuff after folks has finished buying."

I wondered at this point how much was given to him and how much was just appropriated by him by the grab and run method. Frank seemed to be learning fast, not his school lessons, but how to take care of himself in a hostile world. Just where will this get him? What will become of him?

IV

The cases that I have just cited are three of the thousands of similar ones to be found the country over. I purposely took for my examples average or "*y* mentality" children. These children are to become the future citizens of the United States and will not be institutionalized because of lack of intelligence. The mentally deficient and even the so-called borderline cases present special problems of their own which eventually will come under the jurisdiction of social agencies. These we relegate automatically to the proper charities. The children with whom I am dealing, however, will doubtless finish school, at least as far as the sixth grade, and then what? What does the future hold in store for each of them?

The teacher sees, perhaps as clearly as the social worker, the demoralizing effects of

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the depression. Babies, five and six, who are not supposed to know what nerves mean, are veritable bundles of nerves. They live in a world of unrest, of fear, of anxiety, and even of futility. They quickly catch their parents' anxious glances, uneasiness as to the source of the next meal, and bitterness at not being given a chance to earn a livelihood. Too often they are scolded and blamed unreasonably for petty, childish offences that disheartened parents in ordinary times would overlook.

It is to the children of the depression that my heart goes out. They will inherit a chaotic world and be expected to make difficult personal adjustments to all its intricacies. We are not being fair to our children. We are inflicting upon them the weight of present as well as future burdens. We are poisoning their minds as we are starving their bodies. The old cry, "Give us food or we die," is all very well in theory, but in practical life it isn't true. People don't die. Perhaps many problems would solve themselves if this were the case. Instead, people cling tenaciously to life and slowly disintegrate. It is the mental, moral and social disintegration that is so deadly.

The fathers of the three children I have described are typical unemployed cases. They all started out in life with hope and ambition in varying degrees. Under ordinary circumstances they would all have been adequate providers. Then came the depression. Slowly, insidiously, it began to work upon them in different ways, but for all the effects were disastrous. One father, seeing no other way out turned to the profession of the hold-up man. The other two, not quite so ingenious, followed the line of least resistance and, according to their sons, have become bums and drunkards. The effect upon their respective sons is also different. Angelo has had his standards changed. If a living cannot be made honestly, then do it dishonestly. The end justifies the means. Vito, being conscientious, is allowing his education to be neglected in order that he may tide over his family in its present emergency. At the same time his outlook upon life is becoming warped. Frank is utilizing anything in his power to get along,—deception, thievery, begging and lying.

What are we going to do about our Angelos, Vitos and Franks? The cry of the parents is, "Let the schools teach them and accept the responsibility." But the schools have the children only five hours out of every twenty-four and approximately one hundred and ninety days out of three hundred and sixty-five. What about the rest of the time? The schools can teach them good citizenship, fair play, honesty, in fact all of the social and moral ideals, but to what avail when the children find none of these things in practice in their homes or in the world around them? They become to them as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Vocational guidance is the school's attempt to remedy the situation. Admirable advances have been made in this field in the past few years. But vocational guidance must have something on which to build: a decent, well-fed home life.

It isn't the children that need attention primarily, but the parents. What can we do for their attitudes during this period of enforced unemployment? We must keep up their self-confidence, morale and courage, but how? They are sinking deeper into despair, and with them go their children. A nation of hungry, hopeless children cannot long remain in peace.

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THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN MESS

BY M. W. FODOR

IN THE spring of the year 1934 a mentally unbalanced person, after twenty years' involuntary sojourn in the Vienna lunatic asylum Steinhof, was released. The doctors certified that he was completely cured. He had entered the asylum before the Great War, and knew nothing about what took place during and after it. His first walk took him to the Imperial Palace in Vienna. He missed the splendor of the gorgeous uniforms of the Imperial Guards and he casually asked one of the passers-by: "I presume the dear old Emperor Francis Joseph must be away from Vienna that there are no guards about?"

"Emperor Francis Joseph? He died in 1916. And Austria ceased to be an Empire in 1918," answered the passer-by.

"There must have been a revolution then. Did Austria become a Republic? Do perhaps the Social-Democrats rule in the country?"

"The Socialists? No. They are all imprisoned. And we are no longer a Republic. This is the 'Christlich Deutscher Bundesstaat Oesterreich auf staendischer Grundlage.' "

"And who rules this Federal state?"

"The Republican President, Herr Miklas."

"But you said that Austria was no longer a Republic. How can you be ruled, then, by a Republican President?"

The stranger lost patience, shrugged his shoulder and walked away in disgust.

The poor ex-lunatic was now more curious than ever, and he tried to pump another passer-by for information. Could he tell how things were in Hungary? Our friend learned that Hungary has separated from Austria. Is Hungary also a Federal state or a Republic? No, Hungary is a kingdom. And who is the King? Nobody. Hungary is a kingdom without a King. Who rules Hungary? Governor Horthy, the former Grand-Admiral of the Austrian fleet. Hungary must then have extended to the sea? asked our unfortunate friend. O, no, if Hungary was a kingdom without a King, Regent Horthy was an admiral without a fleet. But why are you so interested in Hungary? asked the stranger.

"Because I have a cousin in Agram," answered the ex-lunatic.

You mean Zagreb, said the other fellow. And Zagreb was in Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia? Our friend never had heard this word before. O, don't you know? explained the stranger. The Slovenes in Austria and the Croatians in Hungary were dissatisfied with German and Magyar oppression, and after the war they seceded from the old monarchy. They joined the Serbs, and formed the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Then they now enjoy perfect freedom? O, no, answered the stranger. There exists no longer a Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, only a kingdom of Yugoslavia; and there are no longer Slovenes and Croats, there are now only Yugoslavs left.

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"I give it up," said the ex-lunatic in despair. "They assured me in Steinhof that I was perfectly cured, but now I realize that I am still raving mad. I'll return to Steinhof."

"You are a lunatic?" asked the other fellow. "Do not trouble to return to Steinhof. We are all crazy here. You will feel quite at home with us. And you still have a chance to become premier or dictator of one of the minor countries round here."

The most unfortunate part of this story is that it could be true.

Fourteen years have passed since the last of the Versailles treaties was signed. The experience of these fourteen years has proved that the treaties, which redrew the map of Europe, have not brought the peace and tranquillity which the world needs.

Seven countries, of which five are entirely new formations (Austria, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia), divided up amongst themselves the territories of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Austria, which was created by elimination, that is, by taking away all her potential natural resources and leaving her in possession of beautiful but unprofitable mountains, has become the weakest spot in the chain of the new countries. Once upon a time the parts, which now form Austria, played a dominating rôle over the fortunes of large territories. And during four hundred years Austria administered this dominating rôle with great skill and wisdom. Vienna was the arbiter between Germans and Magyars, Slavs and Italians. When the victory of the Allies precipitated the collapse of the old structure, there remained a torso deprived of its limbs, but left with a head out of proportion to the remaining trunk.

From a national point of view the solution of the Austrian problem seemed to have been simple enough: the union of Austria with Germany. But Clemenceau urged the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire because he wanted to deprive Germany of a potential future ally. France was not prepared to increase the strength of the German nation by permitting the inclusion of six-and-a-half million of her conationalists. For this reason a paragraph forbidding Austria "to forfeit her independence"—that is, to join Germany—was included into the Versailles treaties. Austria was "sentenced" to independence, without being given any financial or economic assurances to conduct such an "independent" life.

II

Thus Austria became the troublesome child of post-war Europe. It was two years after the collapse of the Austrian Empire that Karl Hans Strobl, one of the wittiest writers of the former Austrian parts, wrote a novel which in those dreary days of collapse was regarded as being of prophetic nature. Strobl, in his book, tried to visualize the impending decay of the once proud city of the ancient Hapsburg Emperors.

Deprived of its hinterland, Vienna in those days was indeed rapidly declining. Strobl exaggerated the decline, and in his novel the decay reached a stage where all communications were broken off; the streets deserted; on the unrepaired pavement grass and weeds were growing; the plaster façades of the buildings were tumbling down rapidly; houses collapsed—the whole city presented a picture of doom. Malaria and other diseases decimated the population, and the citizens of the neighboring countries, to prevent the spread of disease into their districts, drew a *cordon sanitaire* around Vienna, sur-

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rounding the city with a dense barbed-wire fence. The very few people who still survived, in order to obtain money, lured the daughter of a rich American millionaire to Vienna and held her for a high ransom.

These were the contents of the novel. Things did not come out quite so bad as Strobl foreshadowed them. But they have been bad enough. And the United States, England, France, Italy, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland and Czechoslovakia were compelled repeatedly to go deep into their pockets to contribute to the various loans which were destined to keep Austria afloat.

These financial helps were, in reality, alms. Only an economic coöperation with the neighbors could have offered an efficient help, but this was impossible in face of the political difficulties in the way of such coöperation. In consequence, Austria was compelled to frighten the world with a new scare every four or five years.

In December, 1921, a hungry mob smashed the hotels, cafés and shops in the heart of Vienna. In July, 1927, one hundred people were shot down in the streets of the same city in connection with another riot. In October, 1929, Vienna was threatened by the impending putsch of the Fascist Heimwehr. And in March, 1931, the Austro-German customs' union scheme caused intense fright and much gnashing of teeth in many chancelleries in Europe.

Then, two months later, came the difficulties of the Austrian Creditanstalt, which gave to the world crisis another turn for the worse. Today it is assumed by leading economists that without that crash of the Vienna banking system, which was precipitated by France's attempt to foil the Austro-German customs' union plan, the world crisis would have taken a turn for the better and perhaps come to an end shortly thereafter.

In January, 1933, Adolf Hitler, an Austrian by birth, became Chancellor of Germany. His National-Socialist creed contained the thesis that Germany and Austria, the two sister nations, were bound to join together. An energetic and excellently conducted propaganda gave new impetus to the clamor for an Austro-German union. But the Nazi treatment of their allies in the government of Germany, as well as the persecution of the Roman Catholics in the Third Realm of Hitler, created a growing resistance, in Austria and elsewhere, to the incorporation of Austria into Germany. While fifteen years ago the Austrians clamored to obtain permission to join Germany, they now struggle to keep away from her.

This conflict between Germany and Austria had all the characteristics of a brother-feud. Hitler is a native of Austria. His family comes from a village only one-hundred miles away from the hamlet where the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, was born. I visited Hitler's aunt and his cousins in Spital, Lower-Austria; I talked with his guardian who looked after him after the death of old Hitler. Other near blood-relations of the German Chancellor live in Austria. Paula Hietler (this is how she writes her name), the only sister of the Chancellor, lives in a simple room on the third floor of a modest tenement house in a proletarian street of the fourth district of Vienna. And Hermann Goering, the Prussian Prime Minister? He, of course, is a native of Germany proper, but his brother, Karl Goering, lives in Vienna, where he is an engineer for a film company. Two of Goering's sisters are married to Austrians.

On the other hand, Frau Alwine Dollfuss, the charming and sad wife of little

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Engelbert, is Prussian by birth. The powerful former vice-chancellor, and now minister of public security, Major Fey, the great adversary of the Nazis, is a native of German Saxony.

Brother-feuds have always been the most obstinate and the most difficult struggles in history (remember the fight for American independence 150 years ago!), and so is the Austro-German feud. On the German side, it is conducted with blood and iron, with bombs and propaganda, with intimidations and economic pressure; and on the Austrian side, with imprisonment, concentration camps, and economic pressure on Nazi supporters.

When in March, 1933, Hitler won the "elections" in Germany, it was obvious that the hour of doom of Austrian democracy and parliamentarism had come. To discard Parliament an incident served as a good pretence for Dollfuss. A Socialist deputy felt the need to wash his hands just when an important vote was taken in the session. His absence caused misunderstandings, which ended in a muddle and then in a storm of protests. The President and the two Vice-Presidents of Parliament thereupon offered their resignation. This was a welcome opportunity for Dr. Dollfuss, who declared that if there's no President, Parliament cannot be either closed or convoked. Ever since he has ruled with the help of emergency decrees, which were based on a war-time decree issued on the strength of the DORA, and which, in turn, founded its legal support upon a decree of the venerable Empress Maria Theresa, promulgated in 1775. This famous decree, originating one year before the proclamation of American independence, and the untimely hand-wash of a Socialist deputy, are, therefore, the foundations of the contemporary Austrian dictatorship.

It was, however, obvious that little Austria could not weather the storm single-handed. At this juncture Italy made her entry into this highly political game. The Duce loves Fascist-Nazi Germany, but being a romantic person, he believes that love loses much in flavor at close quarters. So he preferred not to have Germany as a neighbor. He realised that it was an eminent interest of Italy to maintain Austria's independence, that is, not to become the direct neighbor of an increasingly powerful and militant Germany. It was probably the Duce who counselled Dollfuss to take the wind out of the sails of the Nazis by employing their own methods. And so the Dollfuss-Fey government, while involved in a serious fight with the Nazis, embarked on a fight against the Socialists in order to be able to claim that not the Nazis, but they, were the St. George who killed the Marxist dragon.

The Austrian Socialists, who during their fifteen years' rule in the Vienna municipality, carried out one of the most interesting experiments in social reform (not in Socialism, as their opponents alleged), were smashed. But they went down fighting, unlike their German comrades. They put up a remarkably brave fight indeed. For three days the cannons were roaring in Vienna and machine-guns swept clear the thoroughfares of the city. In face of overwhelming and superiorly equipped government forces, however, there was no chance to win.

The fight resulted in many hundred dead and several thousand wounded on both sides. The retaliations of the government over the defeated Socialists were terrible, though naturally not comparable in violence with those of Nazi Germany. But many thousand Socialists still await trial in the Gray House (the state prison) in

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Vienna and in jails in the provinces, while several hundred other Socialists meditate behind barbed-wires of the concentration camps whether Marx would approve their way of approach to Socialism.

Before this February coup against the Socialists, Italy succeeded in inducing France and England to guarantee Austrian independence. And that Italy is still prepared to back up her decision with arms, if necessary, is shown by the fact that when the situation between Germany and Austria had become rather critical this spring, a dozen airplanes suddenly landed in the Graz ærodrome, bearing the Italian tricolors. Italy will keep up this support of Austria until the rearmament of Germany is completed. Once Germany is rearmed, Italy may lose its ardor to support the case of Austrian independence. But this date is still far away and thus Austria's independence is not imminently endangered. As the joke goes, Dr. Dollfuss can count on a 100% support: 10% at home, and 90% from Italy. . . .

Now that the new constitution is in force, Austria may be in a more favorable position to negotiate with Germany for a truce. Formerly, the first German demand was that a Nazi party in Austria should be recognised. Now that the new constitution has abolished all parties, this demand must fall away automatically. The constitution of the Catholic-Clerical-Fascist régime in Austria, though at present existing only in skeleton form, is a very unsatisfactory product in constitutional history. There are six houses of various Parliaments, but only one has legislative power, and even this one can only accept or reject bills. All laws and bills are initiated by the government. All councils are appointed; the old guilds are resuscitated, but employers and employés are represented in the guild councils or corporations in such proportion that the employers can always have the decisive word. The character of the constitution is best given by the fact that the Concordat with the Vatican is part and parcel of its construction. The new constitution must be considered a triumph of the Catholic church, but only time will tell whether this benefit will be of lasting value.

III

Hungary, the "kingdom without a king," has gone through a strange metamorphosis during the last fifteen years. Hungary was the first country in Europe to try a dictatorial, semi-Fascist and very Nazi experiment. Long before Hitler started to preach his gospel in Germany, Hungary, after the fall of the short-lived Bolshevik régime in 1919, embarked on a Nazi form of government. Hundreds of Jews were cold-bloodedly slaughtered; Communists and Socialists were imprisoned and placed in concentration camps; many thousands of Jews, Socialists, Communists and Radicals were forced to leave their country. And the man who is today Premier of Hungary was amongst the spiritual fathers of this terror régime.

In fifteen years one learns a great deal. And General Goemboes, who fifteen years ago was the leader of the Magyar Fascists, who approved the persecution of the Jews, and who harbored for some time in his house the murderers of Rathenau, is today convinced that parliamentarism, after all, is probably the best method of government.

In a recent speech in Parliament he admitted that he was brought up as a soldier, believing in quick action and in the superiority of a strong will. As a politician, however, he had been forced to the conclusion that only countries which were not

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governed by oppression, but where the freedom of conscience prevailed, could maintain a calm atmosphere. So he decided to give the secret ballot to the people, instead of the open voting which had prevailed in Hungary hitherto.

This confession of Goemboes is important, not only because he was for years the Fascist leader of Hungary, but also because he is in a position, better than anybody else, to know the advantages and disadvantages of the Fascist régime in Italy and Germany.

On one question, however, Goemboes has remained adamant (and so have his countrymen): that of the treaty revision. Undoubtedly, the treaties constituted an injustice to Hungary. Several million Magyars were given to Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia. And the very traditional and legal minded Hungarians believe that those territories belonged for thousands of years to the Crown of St. Stephen, and so they must be returned to this crown. The Hungarians attach an almost supernatural power and legal disposition to St. Stephen's Crown (the crown of the Kings of Hungary). Lands which belonged to Hungary were not the property of the King, or of the country, or of Parliament; they were the property of the Crown of St. Stephen.

But three out of the four countries which gained territories at the expense of Hungary, do not understand this supernatural admiration of rights attached to this crown. They argue that the peace treaties allotted those lands to them, and they refuse to return them to Hungary. And to assure the spoils, various treaties were concluded, aiming at the perpetuation of the rule over the former Hungarian provinces. The Little Entente alliance is the most important amongst these treaties of mutual assurance. The forces of the Little Entente, supported by France, are much superior to those of Hungary, and thus the hopes for revision, while constantly emphasized, have to be postponed —until after the next war. But while the Little Entente is trying to fortify its alliance system, Hungary, assured of the friendship of Italy, is seeking assurances from Germany, in case the *Tag* will come again.

IV

Czechoslovakia is the only country which amidst the turmoil, troubles and storms of the last fifteen years has succeeded in retaining a democratic and parliamentary form of government. This she was able to do, not because the population was less inclined to follow the demagogy of false prophets, heralding Fascism, Nazism and other -isms as the only means of saving the country, but because Czechoslovakia was fortunate to have at its helm two staunch champions of democracy and parliamentarism, namely, President Masaryk and Foreign Minister Dr. Beneš. But it would be a mistake to believe that all these storms passed over Czechoslovakia without shaking the democratic building in its foundation.

The coming to power of the Nazis in Germany was a severe blow to small Czechoslovakia. Almost four million of her population (out of the total of fourteen million) are speaking the German language as their mother-tongue, and the Nazi doctrine that race goes beyond the frontiers has had a deep influence on a large part of the Germans in Czechoslovakia. The Nazi propaganda, able and vigorous, has given serious troubles to the Republic. While on the one hand it was essential to keep at least tolerable relations with neighboring Germany, for reasons

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of self-preservation and expediency, it was necessary to combat energetically the Nazi propaganda amongst the Germans. Some extraordinary legislation had to be introduced against the "enemies of the state," and while these increased powers of the government were primarily directed against the German Nazi movement, they also came in handy in combating increasing Fascist tendencies in some groups of the non-German population.

Until about two years ago Czechoslovakia was economically the most prosperous amongst the Central European states. She had considerable resources of her own; she possessed, as the heritage of the old Empire, a developed and prosperous industry; the population lived a simple life, was economical and extremely hard-working. After obtaining her independence, Czechoslovakia, in the passions and enthusiasm of the victory, started a policy of self-sufficiency. High protective tariffs kept out the agricultural and industrial products of the neighbors; and while in the pre-war days the bulk of Czech products went to the territories of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, after the war Czechoslovakia sought and found new markets overseas, especially in India, China, South America, and the United States. The departure of England, and later of the United States, from the gold standard, was a heavy blow to her, and the Japanese competition in her former markets did the rest. Since 1932 the exports of Czechoslovakia have fallen enormously, and the country which for fifteen years, even during the worst storms of inflation round her, managed to keep a sound currency, was obliged recently to reduce the gold content of her currency by 16% in order to be able to stand the competition of the other manufacturing nations.

V

Yugoslavia, the new Balkan Empire, the nucleus of which is the former Serbian kingdom, has become the strongest dominating factor in the Balkans. Always a military nation, always imperialistic and expansive, the Serbs, despite the higher culture of two nations which they attached to themselves from the former Austria-Hungary, managed to maintain the absolute supremacy in the new kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Serious conflicts with the other Slav nationalities, that is, the Croatians, the Slovenians and the Macedonians, who demanded an equal share in the direction of the affairs of the state—which, by the way, was originally founded on a partnership amongst the three major Slav nations in the country—induced King Alexander to proclaim a dictatorship in January, 1929. Though the most rigid forms of the authoritarian rule were relaxed through the re-admission of a pseudo-Parliament, the name Croatian is still taboo, because King Alexander has made it his life's ambition to weld the various Slavs of his kingdom into one strong Yugoslav-South-Slav-unit. It is a task very similar to that of Hitler who attempts to unite Prussians and Bavarians, Hanoverians and other South-Germans into one great German nation—a task which Bismarck failed to achieve, but which was attained by Cavour in Italy when he united all Italians from the Alps to Sicily.

The growth of a strong South-Slav Empire on the shores of the Adriatic, however, brought Yugoslavia into clash with Italy. King Alexander's motto is: The Balkans for the Balkan peoples, which means that Yugoslavia wants to play a dominating part in Balkan politics. French, Italian, and German intrigues

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must be excluded from the peninsula, so that Yugoslavia should be able to enjoy undisturbed her enormous political, moral and economic prestige. To strengthen this aim the first Balkan pact was concluded. Yugoslavia made repeated attempts to bring Bulgaria into the pact, thus eliminating Italy's dominating influence in the Balkans. Italy's former satellite, Albania, was in any case brought nearer to Yugoslavia, since Italy stopped the annual payments to her which she (Italy) contributed to the King of the Squipetars since 1925.

If we leave out Poland, which, though a succession state of the old Austrian Empire, belongs to the German-Russian group of interests, Rumania is the last amongst the important successors of the Hapsburg monarchy. If Hungary is the kingdom without a King, then Rumania can boast of two Kings, namely the present ruler, King Carol II, and his son, Crown Prince (formerly King) Michael. The young boy lost his throne when his father suddenly returned to Bucharest in June, 1930, but little Michael is quite happy to be back with his play-mates and toys, instead of having the tedious job of "ruling" the country. "Papa can do that," he says now contemptuously.

But if Michael's name is gone into oblivion, there is the more talk about the beautiful red-haired mistress of the King, Madame Magda Lupescu. She is the center of gossip and calumnies; intrigues and political wire-pullings are certainly at home in Rumania. It was a great surprise when last November King Carol dismissed his Premier, Vajda-Woewod, who belonged to the party, the National Peasants, which brought back Carol from exile. The liberal leader, M. Duca, was appointed Premier. But the liberals were the ones who opposed tooth and nail the return of Carol! The reason for this monkey business? It is very simple. The return of the liberals to office was necessitated by French pressure as France viewed with misgivings the inflationist tendencies of the Peasant party.

The liberals resented strongly the rapid growth of a Fascist-Nazi movement in Rumania. These Fascists were the Iron Guards, or as they called themselves, the Knights of St. Michael. It is a Fascist, Nationalist, anti-Jewish movement which, because of the terrible economic situation in the country, could make rapid headway in the country. Rumania, being a preëminently agrarian land, has suffered more from the collapse of world agricultural prices than even her neighbors.

Three Iron Guardists killed Premier Duca, because he tried to suppress their movement. The three men were sentenced to life imprisonment, but fifty other Iron Guard leaders, who were also imprisoned in connection with the murder of Duca, were acquitted by the court martial which tried their case. Amongst the acquitted men was Cornelius Zelea-Codreanu, the romantic-looking, dreamy-eyed leader of the Rumanian Nazi movement, who participated at the trial in his national costume, adorned with heavy embroideries. The investigation of the police discovered that the Iron Guards intended to kill other politicians besides Duca, and that the exquisite Titian-haired lady-friend of the King was also on the list of the people to be eliminated.

Another conspiracy of officers, amongst whom were two who had the lion's share in bringing Carol back to Rumania four years ago (Colonel Precup and Major Nicoara), revealed that these officers were after the lives of the King and of his mistress. The Balkans are a curious part of the world. Another King, Alexander I. Obrenovitch of Serbia, had to die thirty-one years

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ago, because he refused to leave his mistress, the later Queen Draga.

On the other hand, the strong and as yet parliamentary régime of the present Tatarescu government in Rumania has helped to consolidate the country as much as it was possible in such a short time and under difficult conditions; and provided that this régime can gain another five or six months, without being stabbed in the back from the one or the other Fascist side, Rumania will probably be able to start a better leaf in her annals.

VI

One can only touch the chief features of the developments in the succession states of the old monarchy within the scope of an article. The picture which they present is dreary. Everywhere poverty and unemployment; the agricultural countries suffer from the low prices of cereals in the world market; the industrial states can find no market for their export surplus. Dictatorships try to suppress a rising unrest amongst their peoples. Tariff walls are multiplied through the erections of new frontiers, and trade is reduced to a minimum.

One would imagine that the tragic experience of recent years has taught these countries a lesson. But no. For the last thirteen years Europe has been torn into two camps: the victors and the defeated. Dissatisfied Italy joined the latter camp and gave an additional significance to the clamors of the dissatisfied. The cleavage is so strong that all efforts of the other powers remain futile. The economic conference which met under the auspices of the League in 1930 and which wanted to abolish the trade barriers—or at least some of them—achieved nothing. After the failure of the Austro-German customs' union scheme in 1931 the Tardieu plan wanted to bring together the five Succession States of Austria into an economic coöperation. That laudable effort failed because Germany and Italy suspected political aims behind Tardieu's move. Lausanne, which settled the question of reparations, also tried to do something for these countries, and the economic conference of Stresa was called together for September 1932. The Stresa conference failed before it opened.

Only the sudden and vigorous appearance of Germany as a third claimant for hegemony in these parts altered the feud between France and Italy. In face of the German menace Mussolini discovered his heart for Stresa, and on the basis of the recommendations of that conference he has now succeeded in bringing about a three-cornered agreement between Italy, Hungary and Austria. The Little Entente one year ago decided to tie themselves together in the economic sphere. At present there is the Rome grouping on the one side, the Little Entente on the other. Under the menace of the German penetration in Central Europe, however, it is possible that the two adverse groups will arrive at an agreement, naturally only on an economic basis. But prophecy in the matter of Central European affairs is a risky business. It's all a mess.

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AH-HA AH-HA

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

O WEEP not, dear child, for there will be a morning of brightness. O smile and say *ah-ha ah-ha.*

Being of the time, I wanted money. I took all my phonograph records to the music store and sold them. The nice old lady with the thin lips and the Seventeenth Century poise looked over the records, reading the names of composers. Ah, Brahms, she said.

I must have a few coins, I thought. I will give my coat and my hat for a few coins. It is the style to have money in the pocket. When everything else is lost, money is the thing to have.

She turned the records over and over, making a small but highly exciting situation.

These are records of good music, she said sadly. There is no demand for good music. My customers want lively things, good loud jazz, noise.

I must have a dollar or two with which to gamble, I thought. Here is Brahms, and Bach, and Beethoven. Music of mortality, deep-living groans of flesh and blood, anger and weariness of spirit.

Any sum, I thought. I must have a dollar or two.

She made arrangements of the records.

There are Schubert, she said. No one wants to hear Schubert any more.

A few coins. Even my heart I will give.

No, she said, I do not want the records.

What are these records worth to you? I said. In money? Not as music; as merchandise. As matter. Not as grace and strength and grief and joy; as substance. Stuff. Whatever it is. Rubber and science and manufacture and merchandising. What are they worth? I said.

No, said the lady. They are all good. The best. Brahms. Ah, Brahms, she said. The very best. No, I do not want them. They do not sell. Noise is what they want.

Anything, I said. Any sum you please. This music I no longer want. I have it within. I am selling only the body of it. How much? The music I have.

They are so fine, she said. It is a pity.

Any sum you please, I said.

A dollar, she said.

II

I took the money and went to the place where the others sat, staring at the cards, seeking grace and God and precision. I was hungry, but I did not eat.

In disorder the cards came. Once, and then again, and again again, and I said *ah-ha ah-ha*, I know, death always, gracelessness, imprecision. And there was no smile from God and the universe, and I left the place without money.

I was and am still a gambler, and I can smile about it. In my own way I have been a composer, but my symphonies have been lost. There was the great third, the even greater fifth, the glorious seventh: all lost.

It was *ah-ha ah-ha*, again and again: my knowing.

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Giants go down humbly to humiliation, and I went walking to the deck of cards, the music of Bach and Brahms sold.

O fret not, dear one, there will be a time of laughing, O smile and say *ah-ha ah-ha.*

I must have money, I said. I must have much of it. I will gamble and win. I must have enough of it to show that it is evil, a nothingness. Enough, so that I may carry it to the rich and say, You are saving this: here is more. You are cripple: more. Graceless: more. Enough, so that I may throw it about in the streets, saying *ah-ha ah-ha,* this is the thing that keeps us from grace: well, then, see that I throw it into the gutter. See that I have much of it, yet throw it into the gutter.

The cards came in disorder, and I went away without money.

When I have enough of it, I said, I will carry it to the rich and throw it about in the streets. There is a chance that some day I shall be lithe and unencumbered.

Walking to the place where I have my other coat, I came upon the weeping child. She stood in the doorway of the house in which she lived, alone in the great world. She wept slowly, with thought and remembrance, sobbing the timeless anguish of man.

Within me my blood groaned and I could not think, and my heart cried out to the child and to all living, O weep not, dear child, there will be a morning of grace and godliness, O fret not, dear one, there will be a time of laughing, O smile and say *ah-ha ah-ha.*

I had nothing to give her, no toy, no doll, no flower.

I must have much of it, I said. I must have enough of it to carry dolls and flowers to children who weep. O weep not, dear one, O smile and see that life is good.

I walked on, hearing the child's grief, the sobbing of life.

III

The torn heart turns to easy wholeness, and I turned my eyes to the street, thinking of an easier grace. What I like about the automobile, I said, is its sculpture. The motor is boring, but the names of its parts are prose. The fender has been evolved like a hot-house flower. The hood has been given the grace and precision of a pillar, and the body has acquired the poise of fact, of truth itself.

I walked to the place where I have my other coat, and while I walked I looked, saying *ah-ha ah-ha,* I know. We have given a number of things the grace we ourselves need, and we have become cripple and unwhole. We have made a perfection of the wheel, and we ourselves stumble and fall. O fret not, dear child, there will be a time of excellence.

One thing about traffic is holy, I said: the small distance separating safety from catastrophe, as when a half-mile of highway remains in one place while ten dozen vehicles, three abreast, travel at the rate of sixty miles per hour, north and south, the torn mind seeking easy precision. There is something elastic and dangerous in this daily event which is worthy of artful enumeration and scientific pause: unaccidents are infinitely more common than accidents, and undeaths are much more regular than smashness.

It is purely vaudeville, and my amusement, bitterly, *ah-ha ah-ha.* And it is the sudden sobbing of life, and my heart torn by it, turning to the easiest of contemporary graces.

Money I despise, since the desire for it humiliates. Because of it, breathing is not enough. Sleep is not enough. Clean vision is not enough. Deep hearing is not enough. Because of it, everything is not enough, and everything we do is vaudeville.

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We have perfected the wheel and the machine, and we have given substance the grace we ourselves need, and we are cripple and unwhole. We come and we go, and what happens in between is bad acting. It is the theatre always. We perform and we make pathetic speeches. My speech is simple and kindly, *ah-ha ah-ha*. We have given the inanimate motion, and we have lost grace. The cards came in disorder and in the end I had no money. I could not take dolls and flowers to children. I had to remain unspoken, saying only, O weep not, dear child.

The whole thing amounts to error by mutual agreement. It is manufacture, the making of things. I myself am a manufacturer, but the products I make have no value. I deal mostly with essences: laughter and weeping, living and dying. For this reason, I am not a patriot. Still, a manufacturer with my record for honesty deserves some small recognition: I have swindled no one, and even when I say *ah-ha ah-ha*, I mean also *hosanna* and *amen*.

I do not speak unclearly and it is all very plain and quiet, O weep no more, dear child, fret not, O smile and say *ah-ha ah-ha*, for there will be a morning of grace and godliness, O smile, dear one, for there will be a time of laughing, it is not ended yet, O smile and say *ah-ha ah-ha*.

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THE END OF AN EPOCH

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

All over the country there seems to be a vague yet mounting sympathy with radical ideas. In the large industrial cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts the drift toward the left is so apparent that even bankers admit it, but I believe that the same is true of many other parts of the country, including the South. The play "Stevedore," whatever one may think of it as a piece of dramatic art, probably describes a true situation: the Negroes and "the white trash" are no more so docile as they used to be, and their old-time resistance to the organizing activities of the "reds" has weakened considerably. The silent majority of misery of the United States, which embraces at least 75% of the population, is in a mood of angry disillusionment. And the remainder of our people, who still have money in the bank, are now not so sure as they used to be that the present economic system is the best of all possible systems. In fact, it has become fashionable among them to question the merits of capitalism, and they who dare to doubt are no longer denounced as dangerous characters. Wealth, in some circles, is now something to apologize for.

What does it all mean? I am inclined to think that it means a great deal. It means nothing less than the end of an epoch, the capitalistic epoch. The world is moving in the direction of collectivism, whether we like it or not. The era of public plunder, operating under the guise of individual initiative, is dying. The day of the robber barons and the captains of industry is over. For 150 years the people of the world have lived under an economic system whereby 10% of them enjoy luxury and 90% are steeped in despair. That system, thanks to the most intense and widespread depression in history, is now on the way to oblivion, to join cannibalism and theocracy.

The belief that capitalism is immortal is as superstitious as the belief in witchcraft. No intelligent person now thinks that it is based upon immutable laws of human nature. What is the law of human nature behind Mr. Mellon's millions? Is it different from the one behind Mr. Dillinger's plunder? And what is the law of human nature that makes it necessary for Mr. Mellon's employés to starve while he quadruples and sextuples his fortune? The fact that capitalism, so obviously founded on legalized public theft, has lived for 150 years is nothing to marvel at. Infanticide and human sacrifice had far longer histories. The truth is that almost any economic system, even the New Deal, can be made to work if force is applied to it, but how long it can be made to work is another matter.

The world, as I have said, is moving in the direction of collectivism. The Fascist trend in many European countries is only further proof of the drift toward socialization. Fascism is only a desperate form of capitalism. It intensifies its evils, and thereby hastens its end. The case of Italy is

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a brilliant example of this. The people there are now more downtrodden than they have ever been. The revolt of the masses against the rule of Mussolini, as all competent observers report, is now only a question of time. The direction of their revolt, when it does come, will be almost inevitable, for the jump from Fascism to some form of real Socialism is a very short one. The politico-economic framework of both Fascism and Socialism is practically the same, though their ends, of course, are far different. As for Germany, the disillusionment of the people there with Hitler's brand of Fascism is widespread and rapidly becoming more articulate. It is by no means impossible that soon after these lines reach your eye, the lunatic house-painter will be fleeing for his life. In a way, his insane régime will have done his country good: it will have hastened the coming of genuine socialization. Had Brüning or his like remained in power, Germany would have had to suffer the innumerable compromises of political democracy, which is to say, it would have had to suffer a New Deal of its own before plunging into Fascism. Hitler spared his country a German New Deal. He is a historic catalyzer.

What of the United States? The New Deal is bankrupt. It was impossible for it to succeed. Socialism cannot be made to work in a capitalistic society, as any schoolboy could have told Mr. Roosevelt. The New Deal will inevitably have to move in the direction of Fascism, however much Mr. Roosevelt personally may dislike the Mussolini-Hitler brand of governing. If the Republicans win in 1936, there will be no more camouflage. There will then be open and above-board Fascism. The Republican party, like the economic system it so well represents, will not give up the battle easily. But its brand of Fascism will be no more immortal than Mussolini's or Hitler's. Five years of starvation do something to a people. The Americans are in a rebellious mood. They will no longer stand for a mere subsistence wage, as the Toledo, Minneapolis, and San Francisco strikes have already shown. They will demand guarantees from their government that the wholesale thieveries of the Coolidge-Hoover era never return, and that the vast resources of the country be equitably distributed among those to whom it has always rightfully belonged—to themselves.

They will demand, and I believe they will get, some form of real collectivism. In all probability they will not go completely to the left, for it takes more than starvation to root out of a people the dream of rugged individualism. We Americans hold on longer to foolish notions than most other peoples. In a way, the legend of Abraham Lincoln has been a plague upon our history. It has made it possible for 125,000,000 people seriously to nourish the belief that every one of them could, if he tried hard enough, someday be President of the United States or at least of the United States Steel Corporation. The truth, of course, is that, on the whole, we have an economic caste system almost as rigid as the caste system in India. Yet the dream of this being a Land of Opportunity persists. This dream will somehow temper our collectivism when it does come. The America of the not distant future will thus probably be a mild form of State Socialism, with room in it for smaller Mellons and Schwabs and Insulls. But at least the vast majority of the people will have a larger slice of the products of their labor. How long this bastard form of collectivism will last, it is difficult to say, but that it is coming soon only the Ogden Millses will deny. The under-dog all over the world is about to be heard from.

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PARLIAMENTARISM AND DEMOCRACY

BY G. D. H. & MARGARET COLE

IN THE course of the Nineteenth Century there grew up in men's minds what was almost an identification of two very different things—parliamentarism and democracy. This happened because the growth of democracy during that century took place in the more advanced countries mainly within the framework of an existing parliamentary system, and the less advanced countries mainly copied the institutions of the more advanced. "Parliamentarism=representative government=democracy" epitomizes in a phrase the predominant creed of the liberalism of the last century. But in fact no two of these things can be identified. Parliaments are not necessarily democratic, nor are they always institutions of government. Representative government need not be either parliamentary or democratic. That depends on the character and "weighting" of the representative system. Democracy need not take a parliamentary form, or even base itself upon representative institutions in the ordinary sense of that term. In the Nineteenth Century the horizon of politics seemed to have been narrowed, leaving only parliamentarism above it. But today the facile identification of the three things is no longer possible.

Parliaments began, not as institutions of government, but as organs of criticism. The King governed; and the ministers were, in fact as well as theory, the King's ministers. Parliament existed in order that the King might have means of consulting his subjects, especially in matters of taxation, and if possible securing their assent. As all the people could not be summoned—not even all the people whose opinion was held to count—only the very important people were summoned individually, and the device of representation was hit on for consulting the rest. They came to hear what the King proposed, and to go back and report to those whom they were held to represent. The King recognised no claim of the Parliament to legislate, or even to veto what he proposed. Consultation was a method of smoothing the work of government, not a recognition of the right of the subjects to share in it.

Or rather, no such right was recognised as belonging to the representatives who attended to hear the King's will. When the King did recognise limitations upon his power, he recognised the right rather of the great feudal lords in "Council" than of the Lords and Commons in Parliament. The autocracy of the Crown in England was tempered with feudal aristocracy, not with representation. But the practice of consultation can easily grow into a right, especially when Kings cannot live "of their own," but must raise taxes, and when the power of the subjects to help or hamper the tax-gatherer is very great. Besides, it may suit the King to play off his faithful Commons against the overweening claims of the great feudal lords; but he cannot do this without magnifying the "right" of the Commons to be consulted in affairs of state.

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In both these ways, the power of the elected representatives of the "people" grows, especially as the strength of the feudal lords wanes with the passing of the Middle Ages and the development of national spirit, national organization, and a national market. The right to be consulted about the taxes turns into a right to grant or refuse supplies; and on this right is gradually built up the claim to be the sole source of legislation. Kings use the Commons to help them defeat the feudal lords; but in doing this they raise up a fresh challenge to their autocracy. Gradually the King's ministers come to be responsible to Parliament as well as to the King; later on, far more to Parliament than to the King. Parliament gradually turns not only into the law-making body, destroying the King's right to govern by "order," or by special Councils, such as the Star Chamber, not responsible to the "people," but also into a body which can veto the appointment of ministers, and finally into a body from which the ministry must directly emerge. This is parliamentarism, in the fullest sense, as it exists in Great Britain and in France. But parliamentarism, in this form, has never existed in the United States; nor did it exist in Germany before 1918.

II

The Parliament which gained these powers in England—the English Parliament is known as the "Mother of Parliaments"—was never a democratic body. It consisted—and consists—of two Chambers, one of which is almost wholly hereditary. Gradually, however, the elected "Lower" House established its superiority, by asserting its monopoly of the "power of the purse," that is, the right to grant or refuse taxes. But this Lower House was not itself democratic. It was meant, until quite lately, to represent only those whose social importance was high enough to give them a right to be consulted vicariously, in view of the impossibility of consulting them individually. The members of the House of Commons represented, not the whole population, but the knights of the shire and the free burgesses of the corporate towns—in other words, the substantial taxpayers below the level of feudal lords. Their right to be consulted was not a democratic right, but a property right based on their "stake in the country." It is true that the English Parliament became in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries grossly misrepresentative even of these elements, partly because the basis of representation was not altered to meet changes in the distribution of the property-owners, and partly because it was deliberately falsified at the beginning of this period by the creation of "rotten boroughs" (*i.e.* boroughs with hardly any electors or real claim to representation) in order to extend the Crown's influence. But the system that existed before the Reform Act of 1832 was not accused of "rottenness" on the ground that it was not democratic; for that it was never intended to be. The charge meant that it did not fairly represent the property-owning interests.

Even the Reform Act of 1832, which swept away the "rotten boroughs" and widened the franchise, was in no sense a democratic measure. It only brought parliamentary representation, in the "Lower" House, into line with the changed distribution of wealth resulting from the development of capitalism. Parliament after 1832 remained essentially a Parliament of property-owners.

Not till 1867 was the first reform that implied a recognition of democratic claims introduced in Great Britain. The Reform Act of 1867 widened the electorate far

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more than that of 1832. It gave the vote to the urban workers who paid rates. But the workers in the agricultural districts, and a substantial body of town workers who were not householders, as well as all women, were still denied the vote. The principle was still that of representing important taxpayers, not human beings.

In effect, however, the Act of 1867 did mean the beginning of democratic representation. For the newly enfranchised class was not sharply enough marked off from the unenfranchised to be absorbed under the old principle of representing property. It was impossible to stop at the point reached in 1867. In 1884 the agricultural districts also got an extended franchise, and more urban workers were admitted. But manhood suffrage was not granted till 1918; and then women got the vote as well as men, though full sex-equality was not established till 1925.

The point is this. Parliament came first, and developed into an institution of representative government, long before it came to have anything approaching a democratic character. The democratic movement of the Nineteenth Century poured itself into the parliamentary mould, because parliamentarism was there to receive it. Democratic parliamentarism is not one thing, but two —the imposition of a democratic franchise upon a preceding parliamentary system.

This is the British evolution, significant because Great Britain has been regarded as the model parliamentary state. The course of evolution was not the same in other countries. The United States, for example, has developed its political institutions in quite a different way. It began with colonial "Parliaments" based on a narrow franchise as advisory bodies to the Crown, represented by the colonial Governor, then acquired some degree of responsible government for these "Parliaments," and finally, having broken away from the Crown, found themselves under the necessity of developing a Federal form of government for their new State. The franchise on which the representatives who framed the American Constitution were chosen was narrow—only about 150,000 voters out of a population of 4,000,000 —and thereafter the right to vote was extended gradually, as it was in Great Britain, but separately in each State of the Union, till virtual adult suffrage was arrived at. But the American evolution did not create an executive responsible to the Parliament—Congress—but independent of it, on the principle of the "separation of powers": so that parliamentarism never came in the United States to be regarded as *the* democratic instrument, or the only possible form of representation. Under the American Constitution one man, the President, stands as much as the representative of the people as the collective membership of Congress—if not even more; and accordingly the United States has never been a parliamentary country in the full sense of the term.

France, again, went through many choppings and changings of constitution before settling down to manhood suffrage in 1875; and this absence of continuity in institutional development profoundly affected the character of the French state, destroying both the political influence of the older governing classes and the influence of local governing institutions. This made the French state far more centralized than the British; and it also made parliamentary democracy appear, not as the accepted product of a long continuous evolution, but as a revolutionary force, leaving unresolved elements of opposition still alive among the population. In one sense, this made French parliamentarism more democratic than British, which still

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retained large aristocratic elements as a legacy from the past. But it also prevented the complete identification of parliamentarism with democracy that was characteristic of British thought. There remained, and remains, a potential Bonapartism in the French political mind—a potential appeal from the representative assembly to the plebiscitary leader; and this has always checked the growth of the prestige of the French Parliament in the minds of all classes.

Germany, up to the war, stood on yet another footing. The Reichstag was based on manhood suffrage, but it was not in any full sense the fount of legislative power. It was checked by the Bundesrat, the Federal Council of the German States, dominated by Prussia with its still largely feudal constitution, and based on State governments of an essentially unrepresentative and undemocratic sort; and it has also to deal with a Chancellor appointed by the Emperor who was in no sense its servant or nominee. Germany in 1914 was scarcely past the advisory stage of parliamentary institutions. It had got universal, or rather manhood, suffrage before parliamentarism, whereas Great Britain got parliamentarism long before universal suffrage.

Nevertheless, British political theorists, basing their views on British political conditions, did steadily identify parliamentarism both with representative government and with democracy, as can be seen in the writings of John Stuart Mill; and it was the British influence, reinforced by that of France, that imposed itself on the constitutions of the new states of Europe after 1918. Meanwhile, however, a quite different model of government, also claiming to point the way towards democracy, was being developed in Russia; and the rulers of Russia poured scorn on the claims of the parliamentary states to be the only democracies, or even to be really democratic at all.

III

It is true that the new rulers of Russia did not claim that their system was democratic. They announced it as a dictatorship —the dictatorship of a class. But they urged that, even as a dictatorship, which they regarded as purely a characteristic of transition, their Soviet system had more in it of democracy than all the parliamentarism and universal suffrage of the capitalist states. They held this, not mainly because their franchise was in practice as wide as that of any capitalist country and far wider than that of any country which denied women the right to vote, but rather because they held the Soviets to be far more truly representative than any Parliament in a capitalist country could possibly be. Representation, they urged, is not merely a matter of counting votes, but of enlisting the active coöperation of the citizens, and enabling them to choose representatives, not as isolated individuals voting for the nominee of a party in a geographical area, but as active groups of men engaged in a common service to the community. The Soviets, they said, had emerged directly from the people, as organs of mass action for the expression of felt grievances and the articulation of a policy based directly on these grievances; and accordingly the Soviets represented Russia in a sense in which Zemstvos and the other organs of administration that existed under Czardom never could.

Now, the essence of the Soviet is not that it is elected by industrial instead of geographical constituencies; for to a great extent it is not. The Soviet system has created no central organ based on industrial repre-

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sentation for the control of industry. It is rather that the Soviet comes into being as the expression of the needs and desires of an active social group, and is therefore able to represent the group in a way that is impossible under parliamentary conditions. The Soviet system is built upon the representation of groups rather than individuals; and accordingly the larger units are built up by indirect instead of direct election. It is charged against the system that it facilitates nomination by the Communist Party, which can "manage" elections of this sort far more easily than it could the electoral ballots of the parliamentary system.

This is true enough, though the Southern States of the United States and recent electoral experience in Europe have shown that parliamentary elections can also be "managed" in case of need; but it fails to meet the point, which is that representative institutions should express the point of view of organized groups, rather than of individual citizens. The experience of other countries—Rumania, for example, or Germany today—has shown that there is a type of parliamentary election which is simply designed to yield an unfailing majority to the party in power; and there is evidence in the working of parliamentarism in Eastern Europe to show that the Soviet form of election fits better the needs and political capacities of the less advanced peoples, whatever may be its suitability to the government of developed and educated countries in times of political "settledness." It may turn out that the Soviet, or something like it, is the necessary form of political organization for the institution of a new social system. And it may be that out of the Soviet form, through transformations which it is impossible to foresee, mankind will develop new types of political organization going far beyond parliamentarism towards the achievement of real democracy.

For democracy, if it is ever to become real, demands a far more flexible form of organization than the parliamentary system affords. Parliamentarism, falling heir to the government of the sovereign state, has taken over from it its centralizing tendency, and its tradition that final responsibility and power should all be gathered up at a single point. Democracy, however, is hostile to centralization; for it is a spirit which wants freedom to manifest itself immediately and on the spot, wherever the need for the expression of a collective will arises. To canalize it, so as to make it all flow into a single central channel, is to destroy its spontaneity, and to make it unreal. Besides, it results in growing congestion of business, and also in serious waste of time. The politicians, supposed to represent everybody, are in danger of representing nobody but themselves.

The citizens defeat the centralization of power by withdrawing their interest and support, and managing their own affairs so as to evade as far as possible the intervention of the state. The French especially have carried this evasion to a fine art, and have thus greatly weakened the real hold of the state power, despite the large concentration of authority in its hands. They shrug their shoulders and go about their business, ignoring the state.

This method may do well enough, among a people who are artists enough to practise it, as long as nothing happens to shake the foundations of the social system. But it makes the state weak, without supplying any alternative forms of social organization to reinforce or replace it in case of need. The French Republic has been a sort of democracy; but it has been largely a social, rather than a political, democracy, and it is ill-armed to resist attack from within, as we have seen clearly of late.

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IV

If ever a society does set out to be really democratic, it will become so by creating within itself a great variety of flexible and easy-acting institutions, each expressing the collective attitude of some group of citizens engaged in a common service or possessing a common interest. It will be possible for the same citizen to belong to many such groups—as many as he has interests and activities in which he feels the need for association with his fellows. It is not necessary that these "collectives" should be in all cases the bodies responsible for the actual management of the service in question. They may be so in some cases, perhaps in many. But others will be organs of constructive criticism rather than of positive control.

A factory, for example, may be managed by an individual manager; but there will arise in it factory committees concerned not merely or mainly with bargaining collectively on trade-union lines, but with expressing on a host of questions the point of view of the employés, with collaborating constructively with the management in the doing of the common job, and with making articulate the views of the factory workers in matters where the life of the factory impinges on the outer world. There will arise "neighborhood" groups, not only as organs of municipal government, or perhaps "cells" for the choice of municipal councillors, but as bodies concerned with every sort of common problem that arises out of living together in a particular district or village or housing estate. There will arise far more than today like-minded groups of people interested in various sports, arts, sciences, social concerns; and in a democracy all these groups will be regarded not as standing quite apart from "government," but as recognized and important contributors to the work of democratic administration.

The work of the "collectives" in Russia is a foretaste of this type of society, which will be able by these means to satisfy the needs which Guild Socialists set out to emphasize in their attacks upon the parliamentary state; and it is significant that both Italy and Germany have been compelled, in their attempts to establish the "totalitarian" state, to establish over a wide field a bastard type of "collective." It is a bastard type because instead of being created freely from below by the wills of men who are acting together, it is imposed on men from above, as adults sometimes impose on children undesired forms of play, or an unmannerly hostess insists on organizing down to the last minute the "pleasures" of a house-party.

Spontaneity in organization is the hallmark of real democracy. But this spontaneity can exist only within a framework of essential institutions. Without such a framework, spontaneity means anarchy, and involves the disruption of society. Men cannot collaborate for their common purposes in spontaneous groups, without constant quarrels between group and group, unless there is a common agreement about their general way of living. They must therefore decide what the essential institutions of society are to be before they can settle down to live together in a democratic way. The forms of property-holding, the broad methods of distributing incomes, of accumulating capital, and of carrying on the essential services and industries, must be so determined as to provide a framework of institutions within which men's spontaneous collaboration can have room to grow.

In developed industrial societies, we do not believe that this condition can be realized except on a basis of public owner-

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ship, at least of all the essential industries and services. For in such societies, the private ownership of the means of production inevitably divides men into contending economic groups, which scramble for a share of the common supply. Even if these class-divisions are not the only divisions that exist in a society, even if they are often crossed and sometimes for a time transcended by other divisions, their existence is nevertheless bound to set up a *malaise* which will prevent spontaneity in social organization from working out to serve the common end, and will turn it instead into an instrument of conflict paralyzing the social organism. Democratic *enclaves* may exist within a society organized on such a basis, as they have existed for a long time in the parliamentary countries. Democracy, in any full sense, cannot exist; for democracy is essentially a spirit that arises out of economic and social, and not merely electoral, quality. There can be no true democracy of society as a whole except in a society that has got rid of class; and class cannot be got rid of except by getting rid of the private ownership of the essential means of production.

It is true that, for less developed societies, the problem of democracy has often presented itself rather as that of diffusing than restricting private ownership. It did so in the French Revolution; and in peasant countries the approach to democracy has always to be made first of all by giving the peasants effective possession of the land. Nothing else squares with the prevailing sense of social justice; and no institutions will work out in a democratic way unless they do seem just to those who will have to work them.

But in industrial societies the giving of the land to the agricultural workers is no solution, both because it leaves the problem of industry unsolved, and because in practice the "emancipated" peasants will only fall into the hands of capitalist merchants and financiers, who control the market and the sources of indispensable credit. In such countries, even if the land is left for the most part to individual peasants or farmers, the marketing of produce and the supply of credit must be taken under collective control, if the agriculturist is to enjoy any real freedom. It is a moot point whether the Russians were right to press on, as fast as they have done, with the "socialization" of agriculture. But let us not forget that the soil of Russia has been handed over for the most part not to state farming organizations but to peasant "collectives" based upon the idea of group-management by the peasants themselves. "Socialised" agriculture in Russia is not state but coöperative agriculture: it substitutes for the individual peasant not the state but predominantly the peasant group.

The idea of the distributivists, that social evils should be remedied by the diffusion of private property and not by its socialization, is inapplicable to the conduct of the major services in the industrial countries. It may be right—in some form it undoubtedly is right—to give every citizen a "social dividend," that is, a share in the total productivity of the economic system; but this can be done only on a basis of social ownership. In industrial societies it is income, and not productive property, that needs to be diffused. This does not mean that private property ought to be abolished, except in the means of production. On the contrary, in a democratic Socialist society where the means of production are publicly owned, private property will be far more widely diffused than it is today. In capitalist societies the great majority of the population has only the most insignificant amount of private possessions for personal use. The aim of a democratic society will

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be fully as much to extend and diffuse private property in personal possessions as to restrict it in the sphere of industrial ownership.

Democratic societies of the sort we have in mind may perhaps preserve some shadow of a parliamentary system, in those countries in which parliamentary institutions have become an ingrained habit. But assuredly their Parliaments will bear very little resemblance to the Parliaments of today.

A large part of their work—perhaps nearly all—will have passed from them to other collective institutions, entrusted with this or that special task of social or economic organization. They will be far less centralized, and far more flexible, with new institutions continually springing up to meet new needs, and old ones constantly withering away as the need for them disappears. Above all else, they will be far less afraid of spontaneous movements among their citizens, and far readier to entrust social functions to any sort of body that springs up of itself and seems likely to be able to do the job in hand. Their governmental structure will be far less tidy, and far harder to summarize in a constitutional textbook; for tidiness and democratic spontaneity do not go well together. Their aim will be to get as many as possible of their citizens helping actively wherever help is needed; and they will have regard far less to the form and far more to the spirit of democratic association.

The day of these free societies is not yet; and mankind has a hard task to reach them. For they cannot be reached until men have set up a framework of social institutions that does satisfy the collective sense of justice; and the struggle to establish those institutions still lies mainly before us. But if that is the sort of society we want—that is, if we really believe in democracy at all—we must be prepared to face that struggle, and to battle with all our might against those bastard claimants who set up against the spontaneity of democracy the disciplined autocracy of the Corporative State. For democracy does not drive men: it helps them to find their own leaders; and those of us who are democrats have the task of making a social framework within which the impulses and desires of ordinary people can find abundant play.

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MUSEUMS THRIVE ON THE DEPRESSION

BY RUSSELL NEWCOMB

THE museum movement in this country has, during the past five years, which includes four depression years, had a period of remarkable expansion. In spite of the heavy curtailment of funds and activities that has been suffered by many of our leading institutions, the five years just past have given clear evidence of the growing importance of museums in the American community. This is tangibly shown in the number of new museums opened and the important museum benefactions made during this period.

For a comparable period of growth of the museum movement, it would probably be necessary to go back to the decades immediately following upon the Civil War, which saw the founding of the Metropolitan Museum, the museums in Boston, Philadelphia and other large Eastern cities. During 1932, a new museum was being established each fortnight, according to an estimate made in the Handbook of American Museums, published that year. The same source is also authority for the estimate that new museum buildings and new wings to older museum buildings were being erected at the rate of one every fifteen days. These somewhat breath-taking estimates are explained in part, however, by the inclusion of a considerable number of historic houses which have been restored and called museums, and the art and scientific collections of colleges and universities which have been organized as museums. A list of the public institutions with incomes adequate to maintain full museum programs which have been opened or have expanded their facilities within the past five years is in itself sufficiently important, however:

1934—to March 1

The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art opened a permanent building in Kansas City.

The Avery Memorial Museum, Hartford, Connecticut, opened a permanent building.

1933

The Denver Art Museum was given large exhibit space in the newly opened City and County Building, Denver, Colorado.

The Springfield Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield, Massachusetts, opened a permanent building.

The Worcester, Massachusetts, Art Museum, opened a new building, supplementing the old building.

Two new wings were added to the Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio.

1932

The Art Institute, Seattle, Washington, opened a permanent building.

The Lyman Allyn Museum, New London, Connecticut, opened a new building.

The Museum of the City of New York opened a new building.

The Museum of the Portland Art Association, Portland, Oregon, opened a new building

1931

The Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Massachusetts, opened a new building.

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The Boston Museum of Fine Arts built a new wing.

The Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts, Columbus, Ohio, opened a new building.

The Frick Collection of Art and the Frick Mansion, on upper Fifth Avenue, together with a fund estimated at $15,000,000, passed into the possession of the City of New York upon the death of the widow of Henry Clay Frick.

The Walters Art Galleries passed into the possession of the City of Baltimore upon the death of Henry Walters.

The Whitney Museum of American Art, a private institution supported by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, opened to the public in New York City.

The Montclair Museum, Montclair, New Jersey, opened a new wing.

1930

The Dayton Art Institute, Dayton, Ohio, opened a new building.

1929

The Baltimore Museum of Art opened a new building.

The Currier Gallery of Art, Manchester, New Hampshire, opened a new building.

The Museum of Modern Art was established in New York City.

The Rodin Museum was opened and given to the city of Philadelphia.

The Roerich Museum moved into permanent quarters in the Roerich apartment building, New York City.

The record of benefactions made to museums during this period is equally impressive. Although no official totals are available, figures from the American Art Annual show that at least $50,000,000 in new funds have become available to museums since 1929. This in addition to such immensely valuable art collections as the Bliss, Havemeyer and Frick, which have passed into public possession during the same time. Just the other day, the Museum of Modern Art in New York City announced the completion of an endowment fund of $600,000 made up without public appeal and at a time when the Metropolitan Opera Company and the Philharmonic Orchestra—two long-established institutions in the same city—had the greatest difficulties in meeting current expenses. Although the sums involved do not approach the munificent endowments bestowed upon American colleges and universities, the number of gifts made to the museums and their persistence through the depression years would suggest that in the eyes of our millionaires benefactions to museums have somewhat supplanted in attractiveness gifts to colleges.

II

The causes of this mounting interest in museums are to be variously found. For one thing, it may be said that whereas American public libraries and American universities are both more numerous and more generously financed than those of any other country, our museums have never compared with those of the chief European countries. At the present time there are not more than 200 museums in this country that could be said to be of first importance (an estimate recently made by the director of the American Museums Association), the remaining thousand or so organizations registered in the Museums Handbook being chiefly of the nature of local historical societies and memorials, or appendages to universities and colleges.

The roster of European museums has not yet been made, but city for city, the count of museums would unquestionably greatly favor the older countries. Consider Paris. In art museums alone it can boast of such great institutions as the Louvre, Luxembourg, Cluny, Rodin, and the

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Museum of Arts and Decorations, as compared to only three active museums covering the same field in New York City. More striking is the comparison when the smaller cities are taken, as for instance, Newark, New Jersey, and Nuremburg, two cities of approximately half a million inhabitants each. During the past year, Newark's one museum has been crippled by lack of funds to the extent of losing half its staff, and heavily reducing the number of hours open to the public, in contrast to the seven museums of the German city which last summer were being maintained on apparently full schedule.

Historically, American museums may be said to be following the lines of development through which the public libraries of the country have already passed. The early libraries (of which the Boston Athenaeum and the New York Society Library are good examples) began as literary clubs and social organizations of the rich and socially elect, and it was not until the late decades of the last century that they began to emerge as institutions of public education, supported with public funds and democratically managed. The public libraries are now as much a part of the American community as the school systems or the police.

In contrast, the museums may be fairly said to be at least a generation behind the libraries in their relations with the public. The benefactions of the wealthy and the socially prominent still largely support our museums, with less than 10% of them supported chiefly by public funds. The natural result has been that the greatest efforts of the museums have been expended in gratifying the interests of their patrons to the exclusion of work along broader and more popular lines. An estimate by L. V. Coleman, director of the Museums Association, indicates that less than 30% of the American people go to a museum in the course of a year.

A few notable efforts to explore the field of their public relations have been made by individual museums, and the impact of the depression years has hastened the process. Faced by rapidly changing social conditions, and by the vast increase in the number of unemployed coming into the museums for the first time in their lives, museums have responded where possible by broadening the scope of their work. It has been increasingly realized that a static rôle as an exhibit gallery and storehouse is inadequate for the museum of today, which is faced by the competition of the moving pictures and the radio, and must deal with a public whose needs in terms of free time have greatly increased. Active programs of free lectures, moving pictures and activity groups have been undertaken so far as museum funds and personnel have permitted.

Of thirty-eight museums that recently reported in a survey made for the American Association for Adult Education, all included free public lectures in their programs, and in several instances the lectures are given daily. Generally, the lectures and moving pictures are closely related to the exhibitions. Eight of the museums reported organized activity groups, such as business men's sketching clubs and similar hobby groups. The Buffalo Museum of Natural History, the Minneapolis Art Institute, and the Newark Museum have particularly well planned activities along this line. This use of museums as a workshop for the leisure time activities of people in their communities is an important innovation in museum work, and there is reason to expect this to be one of the important lines of development of the future. The hobby groups find themselves in particularly congenial atmosphere in a

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museum, where there is neither the formality of a school nor the implications of charity as at a settlement or neighborhood house, while the proximity to the museum's collections and exhibitions proves a real stimulus to the amateur artists and craftsmen.

Another significant broadening of museum work has been the experimentation with branch museums. The decentralization of museums by the establishment of branches, after the fashion of the public libraries, has been tried along various lines. In 1929 the Newark Museum opened nine branch museums located in the branches of the city's public library, and has maintained a series of rotating exhibits in them. The usefulness of these small exhibits in serving a public not otherwise reached by the museums has been amply proven. In 1931 the Carnegie Corporation provided funds for the establishment of the Sixty-ninth Street Branch of the Pennsylvania Museum, which permitted of a more complete testing of the idea. But in spite of some very successful results in this city, the grant was not renewed, and the branch was closed. This winter the Metropolitan Museum organized three exhibits, one of arms and armor, one of Egyptian art, and one of Far Eastern art, which have been shown in settlement houses in parts of the city inaccessible to the main museum. With the prestige of the Metropolitan behind it, the experiment is bound to be a great stimulus to the other museums of the country.

III

The most vital and important influence brought to bear on American museums, within the past few years, has unquestionably been the decision on the part of the officials at Washington to administer the Public Works of Art Project through the directors of the museums in each region. The effect of this decision was dramatic in the extreme. In a period of upheaval and readjustments, when many of the purely cultural activities were falling by the wayside, in which museums seemed to have no essential function, suddenly came the word that a special relief fund for artists was to be administered by regional committees whose chairmen in almost every instance were to be the directors of the chief museums of that area.

As suddenly was focused the attention of the entire community, including the man in the street, who never knew of or who had forgotten the existence of the museum, as well as of the variously warring artistic groups, on the local museum as an important arbiter of the local art scene. Conversely, many a museum director was as abruptly jolted out of communing exclusively with the masters of the Renaissance and the French Impressionists, to wrestle with the very practical problem of whether American artists were to survive another distressing winter, or were to give up the ghost altogether.

Over the Public Works of Art Project much ink has already been shed, but when all has been said and done, it remains significant as the first deliberate gesture on the part of a democratic government in recognition of the importance of the artist in the social order. And whatever the tangible results on canvas, in plaster, or any other medium, of this hastily organized excursion into the arts, it will have served to knit together for once in coöperative action the conflicting and poorly directed art activities of the country; and it will have demonstrated to the artist the value of close contact with the life about him. And perhaps not the least important of all, it will have prodded

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some of our museums out of their traditional rôles as mere storehouses for the art of the past into more active functions in assisting in the creation of a contemporary art.

That there is a wide resurgent interest in the arts is now evident on every side. In New York, always the center of things artistic, the opening of a new exhibit is now comparable to the first night of a well heralded play. At the opening of the Municipal Art Exhibit at Rockefeller Center, held last winter under the sponsorship of Mayor LaGuardia, in which a "mile of art" was on display, there was a crush of invited guests in complete evening regalia that looked more like the old guard turn-out at the opera than the Bohemian crowd traditionally associated with such things. And in the few short years of its existence, the Modern Museum has by a series of brilliantly planned and equally well-timed exhibits made attendance at their exhibits as much one of the obligations of the well-informed person as once was the reading of the latest book-of-the-month selection or the newest production of the Theatre Guild.

Nor is this fashion for art exhibits concentrated in New York alone. The most popular art exhibit ever held in this country was that which the Chicago Art Institute organized in conjunction with the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago last summer. Over a million and a half persons paid entrance fees to see a comprehensive selection of the greatest masterpieces of paintings owned in this country. Opened simultaneously with the Fair, but not under the Fair's management, the exhibit assembled some one thousand canvases and sculptures representative of the "old masters" as well as of the modern masters. That such a really first-rate art show as the Institute's exhibit should become one of the chief attractions of a world's fair was in great contrast to the Exposition of 1893, when was shown a collection of paintings in the sentimental manner of the day by American artists, most of whom have by now passed into a deserved oblivion.

As further evidence of a newly awakened interest in art should be mentioned the series of nation-wide broadcasts on the history of American art given this spring by the American Federation of Art, under a grant from the Carnegie Corporation. Prepared in a popular style by staff members of three of the leading museums, and scheduled on an early hour Saturday evening in competition with the dance orchestras and comedians of the cigarette and breakfast food companies, the series has a potentiality for popular art education unequalled by anything previously attempted.

The balance sheet of assets and liabilities for the museums, therefore, shows immediate and temporary obstacles for a number of important institutions, as against a rising tide of interest on the part of the public in what museums have to offer, and the likelihood that the social conditions of the future will permit of a wide leisure in which to enjoy them. And if, as we are told, the day of amassing enormous private fortunes is past, and with it the day of great public benefactions from the rich, then museums, like other agencies seeking public support, will increasingly be forced to broaden the scope of their work and to adapt their methods to the changing interests of a wide public. The functions of museums, as storehouses and treasuries of the arts of another day will become increasingly subordinate as the museums learn to accept their responsibilities as—for want of a better term—institutions of adult education.

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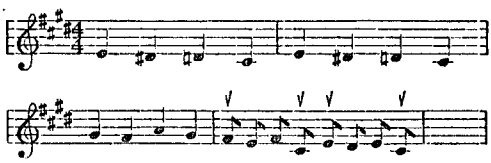
SYNCHRONIZATION IN TENNIS

BY HELEN HULL JACOBS

In 1929 I made an interesting discovery. I was playing tennis at the Gypsy Club in London. The day before I had attended a concert and had heard Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C-sharp minor. The tune ran through my mind, especially the following phrases:



(This is not a literal copy of these phrases of the prelude. I have set down only the harmony. In the last phrase the notes I have checked are the only ones I used.)

As I hummed this melody I was conscious of running in time with the rhythm, and the result, I noticed, was an easy flowing of my strokes, an effortless movement across the court, and an unusual sense of anticipation. It interested me to make this discovery, because I had been having trouble with my strokes, and the clarity with which I now saw the mistakes I had been making assured me that there was something fundamentally important in the part my humming the melody had played. I began to analyze it carefully and this is what I found.

The rhythm of the phrases I was humming was very pronounced. It was almost impossible for me to run out of time with it, and inasmuch as the celerity of it can be so easily adapted to one's footwork, I could slow down or speed up the phrases as occasion demanded. If I hummed the melody slowly, the intervals between the notes were quite equal; if I hummed it more quickly, the intervals were still equal, so that my strokes in a rally were even and smooth and my steps as I moved over the court were likewise even. That explained to me the first and second points in my improvement.

There remained the matter of anticipation. I couldn't understand at first why it was that I could anticipate my opponent's plays so much better during this process of humming. Then I realized this: that I was punctuating the phrases with strokes, and that in listening for the sound of the ball on my racket, my eyes were unconsciously attracted to the impact. The most natural thing then was for me to follow the ball with my eyes into my opponent's court, and to listen for her also to punctuate the phrases for me by hitting the ball. I actually saw the ball strike her racket, and naturally this close observation gave me a very good indication of where her shot was coming in my court.

On rehearsing this explanation in my mind, I realized that these facts were the secret of anticipation in tennis, and that I was simply emphasizing them to myself by enforced rhythm.

That year at Wimbledon it became one of my tennis rules to hum the Rachmaninoff prelude to myself and to maintain the rhythm at all costs. I have never

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played much better in my life than I did then.

Tennis and music, I decided, were closely allied, and having acquired, from several years of piano study, a fairly good ear for time, I decided that I could synchronize my tennis strokes and any musical phrases that had the desirable rhythm. Of course, one can't go on humming throughout an entire match. It is so important to bear in mind the necessary tactics for particular matches that the attention cannot be diverted, even for the sake of this rhythm. So I decided to practice with my self-imposed musical accompaniment, and to work my timing up to the point where it was almost unconsciously applied. This I succeeded in doing, and yet today, whenever my strokes go off, I always remember my lesson and hum while I play.

Several years later in Paris I was playing in the French Championships. The Stade Roland Garros at Auteuil near the race course frequently attracts an itinerant band that wanders around the streets playing marches. On one particular day I was playing on the Center Court. During the match the strains of a familiar march floated over the stadium wall and almost compelled me to fasten on its rhythm. Music, as a rule, diverts my attention when I am playing, but on this day the only diverting effect it had occurred when I ran out of step with it. A little annoyed, I adjusted my movements to it and found that I unexpectedly had an ally in the band. I began to play with scarcely any effort, I discovered that I was running consistently on my toes instead of lapsing into the careless habit of moving about flat-footed.

Another rather interesting thing along this same line happened in England two years ago. Every summer, before Wimbledon begins, exhibition tennis matches are held at the Roehampton Club in London. Practically all the Wimbledon entrants participate, and all day long, during the matches, a band, situated near the court, plays marches, waltzes, every manner of band music. I had never been to Roehampton before, but I had heard a great deal about it. Many of the players complained of the music which they said disturbed them while they were playing.

I went, more out of curiosity than anything else, because I don't like to play tennis the day before Wimbledon. I arrived about the middle of the afternoon and during a conversation with one of the English players who had done quite badly in Paris the month before, I was asked what I thought of the musical accompaniment to the tennis. I said I didn't think it was a bad idea. He then told me that I might think him mad, but he had got onto his game listening to the music. He asked me to recall the day in Paris when the English coach told him that the trouble with his game was that it lacked rhythm and ease. He was pressing his shots, he was jerking his strokes.

"I've been dancing around the court all afternoon in time to that music," he said.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence that it should have helped his game as it did mine, but nevertheless he did extraordinarily well at Wimbledon, and came to America on the English team.

Most people feel that in tennis one uses only the sense of perception. That the sense of hearing should enter into the game, other than in listening to the score, seems to them a bit far-fetched. For a long time I realized that I played better on the Center Court at Wimbledon when the stands were empty than I did when they were full. Since I enjoy playing to

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a good gallery, nervousness had to be ruled out of the reasoning, and since the gallery never distracts me, that, too, had to be discarded. After several experiences with the "charms of music" and the emphasis it placed on timing, I thought that perhaps reverberations might have something to do with it. When one plays on the Center Court and the stands are empty the echo of one's shots is very pronounced. If the ball is hit too soon or too late, the reverberation of the shot makes the fact apparent. Consequently I found that I was hitting the ball in a manner that caused the echo to be rhythmic.

In Berlin large classes in calisthenics do their exercises to music. The Germans, a naturally musical race, have an innate sense of time that makes them very receptive of the importance of rhythm in sport and exercise. Whether or not one believes that the German tennis teams are composed of great players, one must admit that their games are enjoyable to watch. Before her temporary retirement from tennis, Cilli Aussem was one of Germany's greatest women players. Her prestige lay upon one foundation, the mastered ease and steadiness of her game. She rose in one year from a player of remote possibilities to a Wimbledon winner simply because she developed such rhythm in her game that she required very little physical endurance and very small effort in returning shots regularly from any position in the court.

Today, when the American Davis Cup team has seemed to disintegrate and our tennis association is looking about desperately for players capable of bearing a great burden, its mind falls on Sidney Wood. It is not unlikely that the American team will be built around him, and apropos of that I can remember when Sidney was the most gangling player in the Berkeley Tennis Club. At that time he was aware of the fact that his game was awkward, and for two years he practiced his strokes in time with music. The result is the encomiums one hears of his game today—the graceful, effortless, exhibition of a stylist. He is the probable successor to Ellsworth Vines.

For several years in matches with Helen Wills Moody I seemed to wear myself out, with her help! My California doctor, William Porter, who watched me play at Wimbledon in 1929, said to me, "I am not a tennis critic, I can't tell you half as much about the game as any tennis player here, but I *can* tell you that you will never beat Helen Wills and you will never be a consistent winner until you take the effort out of your game and learn to move on the balls of your feet."

It took me two years to make that advice an integral part of my game. I think it is one of the reasons I was able to come back in the third set of my match with Helen at Forest Hills refreshed and keen to continue playing.

If I were a professional and had beginners in tennis under my instruction, their first lesson would be to move to music. They would be taught to do this before they ever took a racket in their hands, and then, when they did take up their rackets, they would learn to swing them to the same music. If they couldn't make their strokes in time with it they wouldn't make them at all.

In the long tennis seasons, that are at best wearing on the nerves and physical endurance, musical rhythm, whether it is consciously or unconsciously acquired, stands preëminent in the winning games.

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THE STORK IN NEW YORK

BY LOUIS GOLD

In New York State a medical student must complete his maternity service before graduation. The service is given to families who are presumably too poor to pay for a private physician for the delivery of a baby in the home. Between my junior and senior years, during the Summer, I registered as a student attendant at a New York maternity hospital on the upper East Side. I was assigned to a bed in the dormitory for students, but before I opened my grip to unpack it, I was given an assignment. I went out with a physician who was taking a post-graduate course at the institution. It was a short walk to the home of the patient, a young woman of German descent. The home was neatly furnished and the husband and mother were present. The doctor made an examination, and after saying that it would take at least four or five hours before the baby would be born, he flopped on a couch and was snoring in a few moments. He had told me to awaken him when the pains came at four or five minute intervals.

I had never seen a woman in labor before, and was quite frightened. Staring at her wide-eyed, my jaw would drop until I became conscious of it, and then I would close it. It was frightful to watch her pace the floor in agony. When she screwed up her face at the times she got her pain, at fifteen minute intervals, I screwed up mine in sympathy. The more she twisted her features, the more I twisted mine. I had never seen anybody in all my life undergoing such torture. When the pains came at more frequent intervals and the young woman desperately gripped the bed-post, I was in agony.

After a few hours, which were exhausting to me, tense as I was, the young woman begged me to awaken the doctor. Only then did I realize that I was there for a definite purpose, not merely to sympathize with the woman. I tried to appear professional, but I don't believe I succeeded very well, and told her that the doctor would be awakened in time. When I thought that the time had come, I woke him. He immediately sent the young woman to bed, and hustled her mother and husband out of the room. In a short while, when the last and severest pain had occurred, the young woman gave her loudest, most piercing cry, and I became almost paralyzed.

"Fix the baby," said the doctor to me sharply.

I looked on the bed. The baby was there. The doctor was holding his hand on the woman's abdomen, expecting the afterbirth. I looked at him helplessly.

"Tie the cord, quick!" he said.

I had practised that in college, and although my hands trembled, I was able to accomplish it. The baby was not breathing, and the body was rapidly assuming a dusky bluish color.

"Grab it," said the doctor. "Put some life into it."

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I lifted the infant as one would a grown child, by holding it under the arm pits, but the head fell back alarmingly, and I dropped the baby quickly to the bed. I then grabbed it by the legs with one hand, but they slipped out. I made a number of attempts to hold the baby, but it was slippery and each time I failed. The doctor watched my struggles for a while. Then he reached out a messy hand and pulled me towards him. He inserted one foot of the baby between the thumb and forefinger of my left hand and the other foot between the forefinger and middle finger, and tightened the other fingers about the legs. I found that I was now able to lift and hold the infant easily, with the head hanging down.

"Smack it," said the doctor.

Gently I patted it on the buttocks.

"Ah," said the doctor disgustedly. "Like that—and that!" He reached over and delivered a series of slaps that almost forced the infant out of my hands, and certainly would have caused marked discomfort to an adult. The baby gasped, and giving a cry, breathed rapidly. I gasped and breathed more freely, too.

In a few moments, the cord was cut and the toilet of the baby was completed. Clean, rosy pink and crying, it was given to the grandmother for its clothes.

I was quite shaken up by the experience. I apologized to the doctor for my ineptitude, but he said I had not acted out of the ordinary for a beginner. He was not inclined to talk, so I gave some thought to what I had seen. So this was what every woman had to undergo; it certainly was awful.

Somehow, I conceived the idea that women were constantly in labor, with only a few rest periods now and then, and I was filled with pity for them. I felt that perhaps I had better not get married.

II

It was late when we arrived at the hospital and I expected to go to bed, but as I reached the office and turned in the used bag, I was handed a new one, and went out with another doctor.

The new assignment was also not far from the hospital. It was after midnight. About a dozen men were lounging about the doorway of the house. I wondered what they were doing there, as the rest of the street was deserted. The doctor said that they were probably boarders in the flat of the woman, evicted when she had her first labor pains. I found this to be the case.

The patient was an Italian, and the flat was like a good many I saw later, made up of two rooms to the rear of the house. There was a tiny bed-room with no windows, and a larger kitchen-dining-living-room with two windows facing the back yard. In the latter, up against the walls, were half a dozen metal folding beds which had been closed and placed there when the occupants had been sent downstairs. A number of middle-aged and old women were cleaning up the place and they were making a very good job of the business.

I was pleased when the doctor told me, after examining the woman in labor, that it would be a quick case, for I had had enough excitement for one night and was fagged out and terribly sleepy. The doctor had one of the folding beds opened and went to sleep, leaving the usual instructions.

The patient made no progress. The doctor awoke early in the morning, and told me to take a nap, which I did. When I awoke in a few hours, he said the case was very difficult, and that he did not know how many hours we would have

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to remain. We stayed there all day long. Chattering women paraded through the kitchen and disturbed us so much that late in the afternoon we closed the kitchen door, but they continued to come through the kitchen window that had a fire-escape; so we locked that, too, excluding all but two women who helped us. Towards evening, I went to a telephone and called a consultant from the hospital. It was decided to take the woman to the hospital. She was operated on, and a baby without a head was extracted. That had been the cause of the slow progress of the case.

About an hour after reaching the hospital, I received another order. I had to go to the doctor's room to awaken him. I found him on his knees beside the bed, his head on the bed, his arms thrown forward. He was sound asleep, and it was difficult to waken him. He was a devout French-Canadian. In saying his prayers, he often fell asleep in that way.

Thus I went out on case after case. I knew that babies were being born before I went into the service, but it seemed now that there was a deluge of them. All day and all night, in all sorts of weather, in all kinds of homes, to whites and blacks, to Swedes, Jews, Italians, Germans, Irish, Russians and Americans, babies were being born. It seemed, too, that all the activities of the world had ceased except that of giving birth to babies. I could think of nothing else. I smelled them all the time. My dreams were filled with them. Now and then I imagined I was eating them. Wherever I went, in a surface car, store, restaurant, or wherever I saw a group gather, I thought a baby was being born.

More than once, while on one case, I would be called into a neighboring flat to attend a case that had not been registered at the hospital. Sometimes I would be kept busy running between two flats to make sure that I would be in the proper place at the right time.

I learned quickly not to tremble when the cord was tied. Holding up infants was no trouble any more, and I could smack them without compunction until they cried and breathed. The knack of taking sleep in the patient's home whenever it was possible was also acquired, and I began to grow a little indifferent to the women's sufferings.

Meals were often given to me, special little lunches, or more often, a part of the regular meal that had been prepared by the family, or by a neighbor or relative. Sometimes, during one day, I had breakfast with a Greek family, lunch with an Italian one, and supper with a Jewish family.

In the periods when there was a letdown in the barrage of babies, I was sent out to make calls on women who had already been delivered, to see how they and the babies were getting along. When these were done, I had to go into the hospital operating room to see spectacular or surgical deliveries.

III

It was not only the very poor who availed themselves of this free maternity service. In many cases the patients could have paid for the services of a private doctor, but they believed that they would be better taken care of by the maternity hospital, for even though the attendant on the case was a student or young doctor, the best doctors from the hospital would be on hand in an emergency.

On one case, a woman gave birth to a nineteen-and-a-half-pound baby, almost the size of a year-old child. After a number of the lesser consultants at the hospital had been on the job and failed to

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effect delivery, the chief obstetrician was called from his home. He came, and then called some men of equally high position in this specialty. They finally succeeded in delivering the baby without resort to surgery. By this time there were ten doctors in the home of the patient, who was miserably poor. Their combined fees in a case of that kind would have easily run into four or even five figures. They attended her without any charge whatever.

Some of the patients would tip me or the doctor I was with. Another source of income for the less scrupulous student-physician was the selling of cascara or other harmless pills as abortives or contraceptives. It was the commonest occurrence for women just after being delivered to plead with the doctors for some means to prevent further conceptions, begging, crying, threatening suicide, and offering money.

Sometimes the doctor, knowing how anxious the women were for these things, would take the initiative, and the offer would be eagerly accepted by the families. When the families learned, to their sorrow, that the pills were worthless, and tried to reach the doctor who had sold them, they learned that the doctor was gone from the hospital, for a student physician stayed only a few weeks, and a graduate doctor a few months.

Now and then there would occur a "precipitate"—a case where delivery was accomplished before the doctor arrived. Usually, I could tell a block away when this had happened. The screams of the unattended woman, the frantic alarm of the relatives present, the awakened neighbors, and sometimes policemen who had been notified of some unusual occurrence were part of the excitement present. When, in the small hours of the night, as I approached my destination and saw lights going on here and there in a tenement, with people leaning out of windows asking what was the matter, and when I ran upstairs and saw doors opening on every floor and people semi-clothed running here and there, I knew just what had happened.

Boarding house mistresses were a tough element to handle. For all their shrewdness, they would occasionally take in a woman near the end of her pregnancy. What a row the boarding house mistress would raise when labor occurred! No matter how miserable and dingy their places were, they would curse the woman in labor for disturbing the other lodgers and for bringing disgrace upon the house. They made nuisances of themselves when I was on the job, demanding that I remove the woman immediately to the hospital. I would have gladly done this in most cases, but only difficult operative cases would be accepted there.

Some of the rooms in the boarding houses where I made deliveries were so narrow that the door could not be opened fully on account of the bed. One was a large closet, with no window in it. Sometimes, there was no running water, and often warm water was altogether unobtainable. Frequently I had to make numberless trips up and down stairs for water, or to get rid of slops, with the boarding house mistress trailing me like a shadow, bawling me out for spilling a drop, or complaining that I was wearing out the rug, or disturbing the other boarders.

The women in the boarding houses were as a rule young, and from out of town. Sometimes they were hiding from people who knew them, so that there was no one about to help. A number appeared to have come from good homes.

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IV

I bear two small scars from bites that I received in maternity service, one from a woman in labor, and the other from a horse not in labor, but present.

The woman was having a hard time, and had taken to biting her arm severely when a bad pain occurred. She had a number of bleeding gashes in her arm in a short while, and I tried to stop her from going on in this manner. She nipped my hand before I had succeeded in tying a towel about her arm.

I was bitten by the horse in this way: I was called after midnight to the home of an Italian shoemaker, whose two living rooms were in back of his store. One was a small kitchen-dining-room, with an immense round table in the middle, and the other was the bed-room. There were two beds, one with the woman in labor, and the other an ordinary double bed on which were eight small children, sound asleep, wearing only undershirts which barely covered their chests. There were two sets of twins.

The woman was having a hard time and making little progress. When the chief came, he ordered me to place the woman on the table, and after I did this, he left. I was alone in the place, and stood leaning up against the window, which I thought opened into a yard. There was no room to sit down. There was a pronounced stable odor present and flies everywhere, and I was busy keeping them off the woman and myself.

After a while, tired from standing, and being always sleepy, I dozed off. Suddenly I felt a hot breath in my face and a sharp nip on my ear. I yelled and fell against the table. Looking back at the window, I saw a horse's head protruding through it. There was a stable, with stalls for horses at the rear of both rooms. A little blood was drawn from my ear. I was more frightened than hurt. I applied iodine. Calling the husband, I demanded that he get the horses out of the stalls, but he said that this could not be done. There was not enough room for the man and myself between the table and window, so I told him to get a long stick. Every time a horse's head showed, he hit it with the stick. I could not close the windows. The night was stifling and the perspiration streamed down me. The air from the stable was cooling.

A particularly noisy birth occurred in the flat of a young English couple. The husband was small, thin, voluble and officious. The wife was a large woman. The flat was of the railroad type, and the woman was in the bed-room just off the kitchen-dining-room. The husband was talking at a great rate when a pain began. He cut his speech short, and made a flying leap, landing with his feet like an acrobat on the lower cross bar of the white-enamelled iron bed.

"Come on, Annie," he shouted encouragingly. " 'At a girl! Come on—come on."

"I'm coming," she shouted back. "Just watch me!"

"That's great. Once more. You show 'em, Annie. You show 'em."

"You bet your life I will!"

"You sure will. 'At a girl! You're all right, Annie, you're all right."

He waved his hand and looked at me proudly. At every pain, this performance was repeated, with very little variation. Suddenly she screamed louder than a steam calliope. I had to put pressure in my ears with my little finger to regain my hearing. It did not seem to be the usual scream of pain.

"My God!" I said. "That's awful. Please don't do it again."

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"Oh, shucks," she said. "I can do better than that. I can scream much louder than anybody. That was nothing."

"Yeah, she sure can," said her husband. "Why, the last time she had a baby, they called out the police reserves. Pretty good, hey, what?"

Immediately she attempted to live up to her husband's boast, and I had to run out into the hall, threatening to leave if she continued. She left off screaming when she had a pain, and her husband made his usual flying leaps. They shouted back and forth to each other at a great rate.

"Come on, Annie," he shouted. "In the home stretch! Come on, Annie! You're not far from the wire now. 'At a girl, Annie! Come on, Annie, you've got a safe lead. It's a fast track, old girl. No handicap, Annie! Come on, Annie, under the wire —under the wire!"

He turned to me with a satisfied air. I am sure he believed he was accomplishing at least half of the work involved in the labor. She would shout back to him as soon as the pain left her. Apparently she liked his encouragement.

"She's a fine girl, Annie, all right," he told me. "She's made and won two starts already." He pointed to the next bed-room, where two small children were asleep in spite of the din.

My ears rang for a day after I got out of that place. Between the shouting and screaming, I did not think my ear drums would keep intact.

V

I was sent one night to a yard-house, that is, the building in the rear of a tenement or other structure fronting the street. Sometimes these yard-houses were built long before the front house, and were without any improvements. Water was usually obtainable from a yard faucet, and the toilets were also in the yard.

My patient was a member of a Polish family living on the top floor of what had once been a fine mansion. I knocked on the door when I reached the top landing, but received no answer. Hearing children laughing, I pushed the door open and entered.

The room was long and narrow, and must have been used as a hallway originally. A coal stove was in the center. A table was placed transversely near the middle against the wall, with half a dozen plain wooden chairs about it. The only source of illumination was a small oil lamp on the table.

On one of the chairs sat an old woman, her head covered with a dull colored handkerchief, her hands clasped in her lap. She was swaying from side to side, softly moaning, her eyes staring ahead fixedly. She caused the rickety table to sway with her movements, and I was afraid that at any moment the lamp would tip over and set the place on fire. The movement of the table was causing the flame to flicker and leap, and shadows were dancing and wavering on the walls.

The children stopped their running and laughing when I entered, and stood looking at me, smiling and unafraid. One was a boy of about six; there were two more boys of about four and three. They wore undershirts that did not come down to their hips. There was a tot of about two who wore a longer shirt and whose sex was not apparent.

At the left side of the long room were three doors which were open, showing small rooms. The first was dark. The second held the woman in labor. The old woman looked blankly at me when I asked for water. She did not stop her swaying or moaning, and with no aid at all I did

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not know what to do. I asked for the husband, and without change of expression or movement of body, she turned her head to the third room. The only source of light there was the same as in the woman's room, a large lighted candle which barely dispelled the dimness. I saw a man apparently asleep, his head covered by a blanket. Uncovering the head, it took just a glance at the wide staring eyes and fallen lower jaw to know that he was dead. The body was warm. He had been dead only for a little while.

I ran out of the room and tried to get some information from the old woman, but all she did was to moan and look at me with blank eyes. I did not want to question the woman in labor, for there was the possibility that she did not know her husband was dead, and this was no time to break the news to her. I was afraid to leave the woman in labor alone and there was no one with whom I could send a message, so I sat down and waited for the coming of the doctor who usually checked up on me, hoping he would not take long.

In the meantime the children had started their rioting again. The oldest boy had a chamber pot in his hand. Running to the end of the room, he tried to urinate in it. The two smaller ones followed him and tried to spit in it. The older boy would then run with the pot to another corner of the room and the others would follow screaming and laughing, and the performance would be repeated, the tot running about with them, but rather aimlessly, shrieking and giggling. I could make them stop only for a few moments when I came out of the room of the woman in labor.

The doctor did not come for several hours, which were the most unpleasant in my life. The cries of the woman in labor, the old woman's moaning and the wild laughter of the children made a hideous cacophony in these squalid surroundings.

VI

New York City contains groups from every nation in the world, and I was present at deliveries of almost every color and nationality except the Chinese and Japanese. Every group carried on in a characteristic fashion, and once I knew their origin I usually knew what to expect.

The Americans and Irish who called on the hospital for free service were on probably the lowest social scale that it is possible to exist on in New York. Their homes were always bare, the floors and tables uncovered, the chairs without backs and with the legs shaky or broken, and there was seldom a stitch of clothing for the baby. More than once I had to wrap a baby in newspapers until I had notified the social service worker at the hospital to supply the necessary garments. Towels and bed coverings were rare. The beds were often indescribably filthy.

The American women took their ordeal in a hopeless, resigned manner. The Irish made the best patients and were the least troublesome. They appeared to be little concerned about what was going on. Fate had played a practical joke on them and had placed them in a ludicrous position. They laughed and put up a good front, so as not to appear too ridiculous. When another woman was in agony, these Irish women would be telling me what Mrs. Murphy or Mrs. Callahan told her, all the witticisms current in the neighborhood, or some of the scandals. Sometimes they became embarrassingly personal, and asked me about my affairs with women and my abilities in that direction. They would spread the blarney

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on thick, and invoke the blessings of the saints upon my head and the heads of my family for many generations to come. I roared with laughter sometimes.

The husbands, as a rule, made themselves scarce, or, if present, bore a rank and stale alcoholic smell or were frankly drunk. I did not know if they were always in that condition or were celebrating the occasion prematurely.

The Jewish homes were of all grades, some poorly furnished, and some so well decorated and furnished, and the linen so good, that I was surprised at having been called. There were plenty of things for the babies, too. They gave good tips. The women acted as if something had been put over on them. They had been cheated; this was something for which they had not bargained. It was all their husbands' fault.

Between pains, they gave vent to their feelings by announcing their opinions freely and loudly, berating their husbands, calling them names, raking up everything that their husbands had ever done which had not met with their approval, and bringing down curses upon their heads and all their relatives, even the most distant.

The husband was generally present, and looked guilty, as if everything the wife said was true. The women were loudly affectionate to me, and used most endearing terms when addressing me. It was: "Doctor dear," "Doctor love," and "Doctor sweetheart, please help me."

Some of the Italian and Greek families had homes similar to the Jews'. The women were apathetic and resigned, seeming to expect no aid or comfort from anyone. Large crowds were the rule in Italian homes. The husbands were generally present and in a good many cases treated me royally. They appeared to have a large and varied assortment of liquors of fine taste and great and unaccountable potency.

They usually urged me to sample them all, at once or at slight intervals. It was hard to resist, tired and sleepy as I always was, the wines, brandies and other liquors that were put before me.

I had to check up on myself a number of times before I left some of these cases. Standing in the lower hall, I would recite: "Round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran," or "Two twin-screw steel cruisers," or other test sentences to make sure I would not disgrace myself on the street.

The Germans, Poles, Swedes and Russians took the whole affair most matter-of-factly. This was something that had to be done, and it should be gone through with the least possible fuss, with no false posing or asking for sympathy. They were well supplied with baby things and made good patients.

I was surprised at the first Negro baby I delivered. It was a dark rose color. I expected it to be as black as the mother or father.

The Negro mothers were generally jovial, like the Irish, but were not so care-free. The fathers, when present, went about grinning sheepishly but proudly at the same time.

The Scotch women went through their labors as if they were going through a form of religious ecstasy, and would not permit the use of anesthetics or of anything that would lighten the labor or hasten it. I fooled them, however—that is, I think I did. It is quite possible that they knew I was lying when I told them that certain procedures would not ease their pain or quicken the coming of the child. The husband as a rule was more strict against relief than the woman.

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VII

A considerable amount of space in newspapers has been devoted recently to reports of medical committees on the large number of maternal deaths in childbirth. It is interesting to note that during the period of my service, I did not come across a single case of sepsis, and no maternal deaths. I ascribe this good record of what may be called amateurs, as compared with the bad record of the general practitioners, to three factors.

One of these was that we were taught to wash our hands thoroughly in soap and water, and then dip them in an antiseptic solution before we made an examination. The doctor in general practice may only do this perfunctorily, and I have heard of instances in which an examination was made without even a washing of the hands.

The second factor was that we had no other kind of cases. The general practitioner may come from a case of scarlet fever, erysipelas, or other severe septic condition, which should disqualify him from taking care of a woman in labor unless he takes special precautions sometimes impossible under the circumstances.

The third, and what I believe to be the most important factor, is the element of time. In maternity service, every woman was given the "test of labor," that is, her period of labor was permitted to continue until every natural means was exhausted and it was evident to anyone that the woman could not be delivered of her baby in the normal manner. Then manipulation or operation was performed by highly skilled physicians. Time is a great element with the practising physician. He is seldom willing to give the woman the "test of labor." The fee he gets is too small to permit him to spend a lot of time with the woman. He wants to hasten the termination of labor so that he can go on to other cases, and so resorts to manipulations, drugs or operative procedures, which endanger the life of the woman.

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GOLF IS HAPPILY DISAPPEARING

BY GREGORY MASON

MORALISTS tell us there is no such thing as unmitigated misfortune in this world. Every cloud has its silver lining, and all that sort of thing. Germans who nearly starved during the World War, at least got rid of their kidney and liver and stomach complaints by the process. It is noteworthy that while financial depression has had its grip on the United States during the past four years the public health rate has steadily risen until now, we Americans, as a nation, are healthier than ever before in our history.

Those records deal chiefly with physical health. I wish to point out that our mental health has also been improving. One of the chief reasons for this is the decline in golf playing. There are few factors in American life which so irritate nerves and hence beget mental troubles as golf. Now the paraphernalia of golf—clubs, balls, caddies, etc.—are by no means inexpensive, while the dues of most golf clubs are too heavy for the moderate purse to bear. Thus, with the deepening of gloom in business circles and the falling of prices on the stock market, there has been less and less golf playing. And this falling off in the addiction of our citizenry to pasture pool has been accompanied by a diminution in nervous ailments so marked that many nerve specialists have been forced into honest pursuits like dentistry or horse doctoring, while many an insane asylum has boarded up its doors.

Of course, some golf enthusiasts will resent these remarks. There are persons who will never look at a fact until it has knocked them over. Golf addicts will angrily arise to defend their loathsome habit on the ground that "it keeps you out in the open air." But so does flagpole sitting, reading in a hammock, photographing wood chucks, collecting garbage, showing your girl the sunset, showing your girl the moonset. These pursuits, however, do not undermine the nervous system as does the Scottish curse.

Golf fiends belong to one of two psychological types. The much smaller of the two groups is made up of dull, unimaginative fellows without a spark of sensitiveness or humor, and with no reflexes at all. Golf champions are drawn from this class. But the much larger group is comprised of irritable, nervous, twitchy chaps. To this class belongs the great mass of golfers, the boobs who make a religion of golf, read only the golf gossip and comics in the newspapers, talk about it in their sleep, contribute the fat salaries to the professionals who are the high priests of the cult, and mortgage their homes to buy up cow pastures to be converted into golf courses, to the great detriment of the nation's milk supply.

It seems strange that nervous, twitchy men and women should want to be made more nervous, more twitchy. Yet, as just seen, they are the very ones who devote themselves to this shrewd, mean, tiddlywiddly game—hitting a tiny pill with a

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tiny tooth pick—a game devoid of the body-building qualities of riding, rowing, swimming, a game utterly lacking in the bracing physical contact of football, polo, hockey, basketball, necking, lacrosse, boxing, wrestling; a game which has not even any of the quick, shifting, slashing action which makes baseball, tennis, racquets, squash—even badminton—healthy games in spite of *their* lack of physical contact.

No other game in the world gives the participant such a tied-up, muscularly inhibited feeling as golf. The writer is qualified to testify, for he has tried all the games just mentioned as well as such more esoteric pastimes as horseshoe pitching, greased-pole-climbing, wheelbarrow racing and baffy spoon. But if he be considered prejudiced we have testimony to the same effect from many arch-priests of golf. Thus Jerome D. Travers, an early golf champion and one of the great popularizers of the "game," remarks in his book, "Golf For Business Men," that it "tantalizes and exasperates men." Here is apparently one of its chief charms for the mentally weak class which has provided its most devoted slaves. It is not a mere coincidence that golf has reached its greatest popularity among Americans, the most nervous people in the world.

More testimony as to the nerve-rotting tendency of pasture pool: C. W. Bailey, a British expert, says in his book, "The Brain and Golf," that the "game" is played with the neurones. He also observes sententiously that if the golfer "sees two golf balls on the first tee, or if blue, red or green dots float before his eyes, he had better return to the clubhouse." (Methinks he would better continue on to Matteawan or some other first-rate asylum for the feeble-minded and try to get a complete cure. Which is just what Americans in increasing thousands were doing until an all-wise God sent that blessing in disguise, the Depression, to turn men from such follies as golfing, stock-broking and marathon dancing back to honest, healthy occupations like farming and road building.)

II

In the generation of that "tied-up, muscularly inhibited feeling" mentioned above, lies 90% of the harmfulness of golf. Psychologists know that from babyhood onward it is instinctive for human beings to relieve tensed nerves by hitting or pulling unrestrainedly at something. But golf perverts and defeats this primitive instinct by teaching people not to hit hard. (This has had an ill effect on our moral as well as our physical natures, making many of us into hypocrites and moral cowards, inherently unable to take forceful and clear-cut stands on any public questions.) Which accounts for the fact that the drive is far and away the most popular stroke in golf. The drive is the only stroke which provides even a semblance of *hitting*, albeit it requires no more muscular effort than that needed to crush a mosquito on a bathroom wall with a wet towel. (Show me a young man who calls golf "exercise" and I will show you a fellow who has already reached the last stage of moral degeneration.)

Further consideration of the psychological principle just cited shows us why, of all the loathsome features of the Scottish disease, putting is the worst. It explains, too, why golfers are such incorrigible furniture breakers. After eighteen holes of holding back, of not "pressing," of not hitting hard, one simply has to hit hard. The first object at hand after the golfer gets home is usually assailed with smashing, sweeping blows. This may be the wife or child, but fortunately it is more

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often the furniture. The reader may recall how the plot of the furniture manufacturers of the United States to foster golf-playing was exposed by me some years ago in the *Police Gazette*.

I can see but three things to be said in favor of golf, and one of them is negative. The first is often expressed by the bromide that "it is better for people to play actively at anything than to sit and watch others play." This is the negative point, for, obviously, it would be better for them to play anything but golf, even cornets. The positive points which must be admitted to the credit of golf are that it has led to an increased interest in (1) grass culture, and (2) knickerbockers.

Oh, one more good thing golf has done, but this in the face of the utmost opposition of the sufferers from the Gaelic affliction—it has revived the ancient and honorable sport of falconry. Golf-falconry is one of the noblest and most fascinating recreations now open to the manly American of modest purse. It satisfies one's sense of justice, too. For years our feathered friends have been subjected to a bombardment of golf balls, no fewer than 4,616,714 birds being killed by golf balls in the year 1929, according to the Audubon Society. Since that year the figure has steadily declined, partly because of God's blessing in disguise, the Depression, with consequent curtailed golfing in the United States, but even more owing to the activities of the golf-falcon, introduced lately by a small but determined group of American males fighting against the deplorable feminization of their sex, of which golf-addiction was considered a major symptom.

Any of the speedier hawks make good golf-falcons. But it has been my experience that the common sparrow hawk is the best, both because of his superior quickness and because the smallness of the bird makes it easier for his owner to hide him, to the discomfiture of the golfer—who has learned to refrain from driving when he sees a big red-tailed hawk or a condor swooping over the course.

I have several varieties of golf-falcons in my stable, but when I take my favorite sparrow hawk, Roberta Jones, out for a morning's sport I don a blazer with specially capacious sleeves, in one of which I secrete the clever little bird until I want her to go to work.

Strolling along the edge of the fairway I idle about as if replacing a divot or looking for mushrooms, all the time keeping a corner of an eye on the far-off tee, you may be sure. As I see some devotee of the loathsome habit about to address the ball I whisper to Roberta the ancient Norman command, *"Laissez aller!,"* and as the club hits ball I let her go. Nine times out of ten Roberta has the ball in her beak before it touches turf. (It is considered poor sportsmanship for a falconer to let his bird get the ball on the bounce, although I know some men whose hatred of what golf has done to their brothers so blinds them to the desirability of purity in their own conduct that they steadily infringe this chivalrous tenet.) In three seasons Roberta alone has now brought me in 6,785 golf balls, all of which I have boiled up to convert into tennis balls and hockey pucks.

A millionaire friend of mine has added a spectacular feature to this noble pastime in the use of an airplane from which he releases his falcons. But at present, alas, most of us golf-falconers lack the financial means to employ a plane, albeit the proceeds of the melted golf balls do mount up to quite a tidy little sum for a man with a stable of even ten or twelve well-trained gutta percha hawks. Of course, every golf-falconer has to cope with litiga-

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tion from irate golfers, and this is more frequent when airplanes are employed. The next few years will doubtless see some very interesting developments in *lex aeris*, or law of the air. But it is doubtful if even our most reactionary courts will ever hold that the air above a golf course belongs to the golfers, subversive as this would be of the old English common law principle of *free air*.

III

Cheer up, friends! Truly God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Take comfort in the realization that while the Depression has been thinning your purse it has been strengthening the moral fibre of the nation by turning people away from golf.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I am not the sort of fanatic who would pursue his end to the point of creating unnecessary bitterness. The rhythm of golf has given it a widespread appeal to many otherwise sane people. A suggestion has been made whereby that rhythm may be retained while the harmful features of the "game" are eliminated. I am glad to say that this suggestion has come from a golf fan, none other than that English authority, C. W. Bailey, whose under-appreciated book, "The Brain And Golf," was quoted above. Mr. Bailey urges that golf's injury to the nerves of the "player" would be eliminated by the practise of golf without ball or clubs.

A moment of reflection will convince any reasonable man or woman how true this is. Moreover, without ball or clubs only our most egregious hypocrites could any longer call golf "exercise." Thus addiction to golf would virtually cease among the class now most hurt by it, namely, able-bodied young men who ought to be about a more strenuous occupation. Without ball or clubs golf could be practised anywhere, and our cattle breeders could recover the broad grassy lands of which they have been deprived to the great detriment of the whole nation.

Without ball or clubs golf becomes a sort of eurhythmics, quite suitable for the sedentary athletes of Wall Street, and no more degrading than pinochle playing or Greek dancing.

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"WHERE DO BABIES COME FROM?"

BY GRACE ADAMS

SOME time between the ages of three and seven the normally inquisitive child, who has not yet acquired the idea that certain phases of life are necessarily dark and "dirty," and who still has implicit faith in the omniscience of its parents, will confront them with the question, "Where do babies come from?"

That simple query has caused more worry to parents and more needless embarrassment to their offspring, and it has also been responsible for more ponderous books being written and more tedious lectures listened to, than any other five-word sentence that could possibly be fashioned in any language.

Would parents, and other persons who feel conscientiously responsible for the correct instruction of the human young, derive any comfort from being assured that so long as the child who asks this question is no more than six years old, the exact wording of its reply is of slight importance? The natural, casual manner in which it is delivered is all that really matters.

There have, in general, been two methods of answering this simple and almost universal question. The one that was piously sanctioned during the latter part of the past century and the first part of the present one, was silence, stern disapproval, and the advice that nice little boys and girls never asked or thought about such things. The more modern method, and the one that is now most enthusiastically endorsed by earnest and broad-minded educators, is a detailed, serious and self-conscious lecture upon anatomy, physiology, embryology, and all the other subjects that could conceivably have any relation to childbirth.

I trust that I will be considered neither a hardened conservative nor an unregenerate radical if I advance the modest opinion that each of these methods is as bad as the other, for each fails conspicuously to answer the honest, straightforward question that the child has asked; and that both make an equally unpleasant impression upon a curious young mind, because both of them, in divergent ways, cause human birth to become a more important and much sexier affair than the normal six-year-old had ever suspected it to be.

If we examine those few short words—"Where do babies come from?"—without prejudice or emotion, we realize that when a youngster first mouths them, they contain no reference to sex whatsoever. The child is not inquiring about the mysterious process through which infants are conceived, or the painful process by which they are born, but honestly and naturally about the place from which they come. And his question, unless grown-ups choose to freight it with dark and sordid implications, is not at all different from thousands of other questions that children ask when they first begin to take an intelligent and inquisitive interest in the world about them: "Where does the sun live at night?"

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"Where do the stars go in the daytime?" "Where did you buy my wooly bear?" "Where did you get this candy?"

II

The child of less than seven years does not yet suspect that a baby is the miraculous result of a sexual union between a man and a woman. He accepts it, realistically, as an animated and very interesting doll. He assumes, without devoting any profound thought to the matter, that its parents got it ready-made, but he wants to know exactly what he asks: where this was. This becomes especially evident when we examine the variations from the standard "Where do babies come from?" that have been recorded by the most competent child psychologists, from Stanley Hall to Jean Piaget.

A child of three and a half asks, "Mama, where did you find me?" Another of the same age wants to know, "Where was I when you were a little girl?" A third, a few months older, begins, "Mama, where did I come from?" and then becoming suddenly philosophical, continues, "Where *do* people get all these children from?" A girl of four is apparently getting closer to factual particulars when she inquires, "Where is the baby now that a lady is going to have next summer?"

The most honest, logical, and seemingly the most direct answer to this last question should be, "It is inside her." And that is the exact reply that it actually received. Yet it proved to be singularly unconvincing, for the child retorted instantly and skeptically, "Has she eaten it then?"

Such honest information can have even more confusing results. A girl of six asked her mother in the presence of her four-year-old brother if babies came from heaven. The mother who was determinedly modern, and had been preparing herself for this particular question for several years, answered positively and very seriously, "No, they come from their mothers' stomachs." There was something so forbidding about the emphatic manner of her reply that, to her great disappointment, both children felt constrained from discussing the subject with her any further. But they did talk about it for a long while between themselves. And later in the day when they were visited by a friend, who in spite of her twenty-odd years they somehow considered a contemporary, the little boy greeted her with this astounding news, "Mother told us the funniest thing this morning. She said babies come out of people's stomachs. We don't think we believe her. Do you?"

The friend said she did. And the boy smiled knowingly to himself and seemed secretly delighted with this added confirmation. But his sister was unsatisfied. "I still don't believe it," she declared. "I can't remember anything about it. Wasn't it awful dark in there? Wasn't I very much afraid? Did I cry a lot?"

When it was patiently explained to her that while dwelling within her mother she was not yet a complete baby, but only a gradually developing seed, her unbelief increased. "Now, I know it isn't so," she concluded with finality. "I couldn't have been a seed when I am really a girl."

Her brother refused to argue about the subject any more, but a few hours later when his supper was brought to him he showed quite clearly why he had been so pleased to learn of the mysterious things that may occur in human abdomens. Glancing disdainfully at his tray, he said to the maid, "You know very well that I don't like scrambled eggs. Tell Cook to put these back and get me some nice strawberry jam out of her stomach."

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The facts of gestation, no matter how carefully they are explained, seem equally unconvincing, or equally preposterous, to most youthful minds. Another four-year-old upon being informed that babies came from within their mothers apparently accepted the strange knowledge and pondered it. But after several minutes of serious deliberation she was wondering audibly, "But where does its little head come from? Where do its little legs come from, and its little stomach?" And still another child of the same age rejected the same type of factual explanation by retorting, "But how can the mother put her hands into her stomach to make it?"

It is from trying to answer such counter-questions as these that we realize how impossible it is for a child of less than seven to understand such involved concepts as the processes of conception, gestation and birth. It can do no harm to explain to the young child, as the advanced educators urge us to do, about the operations through which the seeds from the little father mouse are brought into communion with the seeds within the little mother mouse—but there is a serious doubt that it will do much good.

When children of four or five or six years ask about the origin of themselves, their younger brothers and sisters, or of the strange young infant that is screaming lustily next door, they are generally entirely indifferent to the general laws of procreation. They are, on the contrary, exceedingly interested in individual, well-formed human beings. Thus, the most intelligently honest of scientific explanations are very likely to leave their curiosity unsatisfied.

Even those children, who have heard that babies come from within their mothers often enough to accept this statement as a necessary and rather tiresome article of faith, still cannot grasp its implications. The simple truth seems to be that the idea of a completely formed, squawking, kicking infant evolving from a combination of two minute, essentially inhuman seeds is an idea too complex and intricate to be comprehended by the normal six-year-old mind. Children of this age, and younger, are usually sure that babies are made and manufactured, not evolved; and no matter how reasonably and expertly they are informed to the contrary, they persist in this belief. The greatest concession they will make to the superior knowledge of their elders is in considering that "the mothers make their own babies."

Renee, who was already seven years old, was tremendously interested in the arrival of a younger sister in her family. She told her school-mates as much as she could about the event and then confronted her teacher with this question, "Mademoiselle, what part of my little sister did they make first?"

Tactful Mademoiselle countered with, "How do you think a baby is made, Renee? Hasn't your mother told you?"

For a minute Renee was uncertain; then she answered wisely, "Well, I know anyway. Mummy still had some flesh left over after I was born. To make my little sister she modelled it with her fingers and kept it hidden for a long while."

When a five-year-old boy asked his seven-year-old playmate, "What do mummies eat to be able to make babies?" he received this morsel of superior wisdom in reply, "Oh, why, lots of meat and lots of milk." The belief that babies are modelled from flesh or blood or milk seems to be an especially prevalent and hardy conviction of early childhood, but it is not always the mother who is held responsible for the infants' final form.

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A small girl of four, who had already been provided with the scientific facts about her younger sister, one day suddenly asked her mother, "Mummy, how are ladies made?"

When Mummy wanted to know why she was asking such a question she explained, "Because there is such a lot of meat on ladies."

"What ladies?"

"You and the other ones." Then without waiting for her mother's comment on this phenomenon, the child continued, "I think it's a meat-maker who makes them, don't you?"

Another child of five volunteered the information that God made the babies and that "He uses lots of goats' blood for it."

And when still another small girl asked, "Where do babies come from?" she did not even stop for an answer, but assured the adult who was ready to give her the proper facts, "I really know already. I should go to a butcher and gets lots of meat and then shape it."

III

If a child of seven still insists upon believing, no matter how carefully he has been instructed to the contrary, that the creation of a baby is essentially the same as the modelling of a doll, a vase, or a mud-pie, then transferring the scene of this manufacture from heaven or a cabbage patch to the hidden interior of a woman still leaves the child's mind somewhat hazy about the processes of gestation. And if a child cannot quite understand any scientific concepts, either of physics or biology, why should it not be allowed, during its earliest years, to stick to those explanations of childbirth which satisfy it so admirably?

Unless we wish to make sex appear to be a vastly different and more important subject than any other about which children ask their spontaneous and unexpected questions, why is it any more intellectually dishonest to allow a youngster to continue in his own ingrained belief that God or a meat-maker constructs the babies than to persuade him by charming fantasies to imagine that Jack Frost paints the window panes and Santa Claus brings the Christmas presents?

There are, of course, many parents who will not tolerate childish beliefs in Jack Frost or Santa Claus, who want their children taught nothing except substantiated and absolute facts. Parents who banish Mother Goose and the Brothers Grimm from their nurseries, and substitute for them modern outlines of scientific knowledge, have, of course, the right to do just what they are so conscientiously trying to accomplish. Such parents believe in all sincerity that through their rigid honesty they are protecting their children from the disillusionments that must necessarily follow the later, more mature realization that the world contains no such illustrious personages as Jack the Giant Killer, Little Red Riding Hood, and Little Boy Blue.

Yet in their earnest worship of scientific truth these conscientious parents overlook one fact that is of tremendous practical importance. This is that early childhood is not only a preparation for later life; it is also a definite period of living which has its own characteristic prejudices and predilections.

The child mind, despite all the lovely theories that have been woven around it, is neither reasonable nor fantastically imaginative. It is essentially realistic, and being realistic it eschews, because it cannot whole-heartedly believe in them, most

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of the brilliant and informing facts of science.

The whole world as the child regards it is a world fashioned and controlled by the personal whims of strange and mighty grown-ups. Some of these lordly people it knows very well because it lives in the same house with them. But, so it believes, there must be others, with whom it is not quite so well acquainted, whose duties require them to produce fires and babies, snow storms and Christmas presents. It is in the arbitrary acts of such powerful persons, rather than in the impersonal laws of physics or biology, that the child mind seeks the explanation of the natural phenomena which arouse its spontaneous curiosity.

And parents would do well to keep this fact in mind when answering their children's questions, especially when they refer to so complex a subject as procreation. It is always foolish, and likely to be harmful, to try to shield a child from that great field of knowledge that is called "the facts of life." Every child has the right to absorb all the information that he can at the earliest possible age, and sexual information should be as readily accessible as any other kind.

But parents should remember that such information is not often greatly appreciated or even clearly understood before the age of eight or nine. Up to this time it is not the specific instruction about sexual affairs that impresses the child most deeply, but rather the attitude toward such matters that he has acquired gradually, subtly and almost unconsciously, from the older people with whom he lives most intimately. If a youngster reaches his later childhood without having his questions about babies unduly shushed or unduly emphasized, and without having his somewhat erroneous ideas contradicted too often or too sharply, then he can accept the more detailed facts which he will then acquire (and parents can never be too sure about how he will acquire them) with that casual wholesomeness which is one of the best guarantees of a sane and normal attitude toward life.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

THE DEMOCRATIC COMEDY IN MAINE

By Dane Yorke

Portland, Maine

It was the boast of the great Neal Dow, Father of Prohibition, that in driving rum from his State he wrecked the Democratic Party of Maine. Whether Dow actually did it, or the Civil War, matters little; the fact remains that the party was somehow wrecked, and has stayed wrecked. In the past seventy-five years there has not emerged a single Maine Democrat of national political importance, nor has there been in all that time a single Presidential election in which a Democratic national candidate has received a majority of the State's popular vote. Even in 1932 Herbert Hoover carried Maine by a vote 30% greater than that given Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Which makes amusing the legend that Maine led the Roosevelt landslide by the election of a Democratic Governor—her fourth in seventy-five years. The gubernatorial balloting took place in September, two months before the national elections, and its result was not determined by national issues. For some years back the Republican State organization had been daring Fate by putting up candidates whose general character is somewhat indicated by the exhortation of one county leader to his troops. "Shoulder your muskets," he cried, "and hold your noses tight. And march right up and vote the straight Republican ticket." In September of 1932 the good old discipline failed, and more than 45,000 Republican voters played hookey from duty at the Maine polls, but they did not forget themselves for long. In November of that same year Hoover was given a vote of 166,631 against the Democratic vote of 128,907. It all happened in two months.

Now, obviously, a State organization that has not been able to deliver the State's Electoral College vote, must needs approach Washington with either bluff or timidity. The Maine Democrats seem to have chosen timidity, and the situation has given rise to some of the strangest antics and blunderings ever seen in rugged homespun Maine. For example, in June of 1933 (and early in the New Deal) when the *Amberjack II* cruised along the Pine Tree coast, it was the fond desire of a certain State dignitary to show his patriotism in the rotogravure sections by clasping the President's hand in welcome to Maine. A man, or even a politician, of ordinary horse sense and ability would have conveyed that wish direct, but such simplicity was beyond this Democratic big shot. He preferred instead to hunt up a previously obscure Maine citizen whom he somehow knew to be a friend of the President's son-in-law, and said friend was then besought to use his influence with son-in-law to have the President pause in his cruise for a formal greeting. Curiously enough, as it happened, the *Amberjack II* did stop at several Maine ports, and the ambitious dignitary was allowed to pose proudly with his hand in the royal palm. But that happy event was most certainly not due to any influence of son-in-law;

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in fact, the son-in-law was very conspicuously absent in all the Presidential cruising.

That handclasp, however, had amusing consequences. It convinced the Democratic leaders of Maine that in this friend of the son-in-law's they had a splendid and intimate approach to the throne at Washington. The dooryard (I speak metaphorically) of the friend became filled from dawn to midnight with anxious Democratic patriots pleading for friend's endorsement and friend's supposed influence (*via* son-in-law) to help them get from Washington various plums they craved. When in the Fall of 1933 the son-in-law came to visit his friend and go hunting in the Maine woods, he was insistently—and almost ambassadorially—entertained in the famous Blaine Mansion, a State pride sacred, incidentally, to the memory of Maine's most noted Republican, her great Plumed Knight.

Were those backwoods statesmen deliberately deluded, or did they merely delude themselves as to friend and son-in-law? It is hard to say. But this much is known: When early in 1934 Washington gossip seeped across the country as to son-in-law's exact status at the White House, and even the New York *Times* guardedly noted that he and the President's daughter were maintaining separate domiciles—well, in every quiet corner of Maine there might then be seen Democratic politicians earnestly kicking themselves for having wasted their time (at least their time; I know nothing of money) in sidling up to the wrong member, and the friend of the wrong member, of the royal family.

The whole comic blunder could have come only from a complex; inferiority always prefers the backstairs. The present Democratic Governor—Maine's pocket-size Jimmy Walker—is a man of insignificant personality. His most impressive official act has been to glorify his staff by the addition of such celebrities as Gene Tunney and Rudy Vallee—the one appointed a lieutenant-colonel of the Maine Army, the other a lieutenant-commander of the Maine Navy. Only the disgust of the State legislators kept him from adding a third star—Seth Parker of radio fame. In the scant intervals between attending banquets, Old Home Weeks, important funerals and the opening of the baseball season in Boston, he has chiefly distinguished himself by securing a new $180,000 post-office building for his home town and by making the national headlines with a frantic plea to the President to tell him how to get hard liquor into Maine for "medicinal" purposes. He was given coldly to understand that hard liquor was a problem for his own solving. It still is, incidentally.

Back in the eighties Prohibition was safely embedded in the State constitution by old Neal Dow and until the people can vote on the subject in September of 1934, no liquor of more than 4% strength can be sold in Maine. The Governor has been too timid to call a special election.

The same weak futility runs all through the party organization and it is no secret that the leaders at Washington are very much dissatisfied with Maine Democracy. To hope for success in 1936 the State organization must be revamped. New blood must be drawn in, new leaders found who can split that overshadowing bloc of 45,000 votes, the Republican plurality of 1932. But such new blood and leaders can only be got in Maine, as elsewhere, by judicious distribution of patronage. To the extent, even, of giving good appointments to able men of liberal views who have previously classified themselves as nominal Republicans. The strategy is plain, but its mere

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suggestion by Washington has been enough to set the loyally weak Democracy of Maine to yelping with horror.

And to scrambling frantically for place and profit. The fighting now going on over any sort of political job is the fiercest in Maine's history, and the number of acting-postmasters serving at present, testifies both to the bitterness of the struggle and the peanut brand of politics being displayed. The scandal of last winter's C. W. A. will probably never be aired, but the current Maine comment is pertinent: "The politicians got the soft jobs, the needy folks got the dirty ones." Even the State's banking collapse of 1933 (a colossal tragedy involving $100,000,000 and in which, on the authority of Maine's Chief Justice, a population of only 800,000 will lose nearly $30,000,000 of hard-earned money) has been seized upon by the Democratic leaders as a blessing in disguise. Yes, jobs have been made out of State disaster. Perhaps also money. There is, for instance, the story told of a Democrat of high State connection who during the bank-holiday of March, 1933, somehow allowed the officials of various sound Maine banks to believe that his services (plus a fee) would be essential to any reopening. It is said that $85,000 was thus garnered in (quite legally, of course) before the credulous bankers discovered, by inquiry at Washington, how unnecessary such services were.

But it was the banks that did not reopen (and there were plenty, in Maine) which have proved to be the real snug harbors. For they need receivers, and attorneys for receivers, and those are nice long-drawn-out jobs safe from political vicissitude. Some hint of their attractiveness may perhaps be gathered from the recent course of a Democratic National Committeeman of Maine. First appointed as State Chairman of the Federal Home Owners' Loan Corporation he served for several months in that important post, and then resigned —to be appointed as attorney for the receivers of two of Maine's closed banks. The H. O. L. C. job might fall with Roosevelt, but the liquidation of a closed bank will go on—if not forever, then certainly for a long, long time. Of course, the committeeman may not have figured it that way, but other Democratic compatriots of Maine most surely have. Faced by the plain necessity of a thoroughgoing reorganization of the State party, to please Washington, and also by the very likely possibility of a State overthrow this year, or in 1936, certain far-sighted Democrats have been hunting shelter among the closed banks, and very obviously.

For the truth is that, in spite of the millions of Federal money being poured into the State, rugged homespun Maine is very far from being safe for Democracy. That preponderant bloc of 45,000 Hoover votes has not been split, and will not be under the petty comedians now enjoying Democratic State leadership. Indeed, Maine for some months back has been presenting the peculiarly aggrieved aspect of a pup that has undergone the ordeal of a bath—but only to find new and hungrier fleas biting! It does not matter that the biting is being done comically. New Deal fleas are fleas just the same.

NEWFOUNDLAND AS THE FORTY-NINTH STATE OF THE U. S. A.

By Robert H. Mercer

St. Johns, Newfoundland

For a native-born Newfoundlander seriously to suggest that the former Dominion of Newfoundland become

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politically a part of the United States of America, taking its place as the forty-ninth State of the Union, would be to be guilty of the worst form of political heresy, and yet, by and large, it is the most feasible and statesmanlike thing imaginable to do.

The late Dominion of Newfoundland is the oldest possession of Britain's far-flung Empire. But notwithstanding the fact that it has been a British colony since that fine morning of August 7, 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert put into St. John's harbor and took formal possession of the Island for his Royal Mistress, Queen Elizabeth, members of the British Parliament in their recent debate could manifest such ignorance of this wonderful land as is suggested in the following excerpt from the official records of the argument over the question of the appointment of a Royal Commission.

Colonel Wedgewood concluded a speech in the House of Commons in which he advocated increasing the population of Newfoundland by immigration.

Colonel Wedgewood: "I am not one of the school which I know is too prevalent on the opposite side of the House—the school which believes that the prosperity of a country varies inversely with its population. I believe that the more people you have in Newfoundland, the more prosperous Newfoundland will be.

"I should welcome a chance being given to the people here, to assist immigration in Newfoundland and Labrador. I should regret that it was necessary for them to go there, when the land in this country is equally available, if only the price were equally low."

Sir Bertram Falle: "What would they grow in Newfoundland? Of course the right honorable and gallant gentleman knows the country?"

Colonel Wedgewood: "I do not know it."

Sir Bertram Falle: "I do. There is nothing to be grown there. You can catch fish and kill caribou and take salmon, but I doubt if you could grow even potatoes there."

That is the sort of crass stupidity that stirs the ire of a man who knows Newfoundland as Professor Macphail of Macdonald College, Canada, knows it, who on one occasion declared that its soil was among the finest that he had ever examined in all his experience.

Over against the cock-sure ignorance of the aforementioned British knight it is refreshing to read the biographer of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who tells how Sir Humphrey himself was entertained by the English settlers and how surprised his sailors were with the beauty and the variety of the "Summer Gardens" as well as the importance of the place.

Well might they be, and well might the world today be, surprised to learn that the humble fisher-folk had a garden in Newfoundland — a Summer Garden — thirty years before the Dutch occupied what is now New York, and that scores of vessels from Spain northward crossed the ocean every year to fish for cod in its waters, long before the mainland of America was effectively settled.

For the rest, though this is a digression, I have eaten pears, plums, apples as good as grow in the Annapolis Valley, and a great variety of fruits grown on Random Island and on the South Coast. It is the simple truth that everything that can be grown in Canada or New England can be grown in the Ancient Colony of Newfoundland.

When this great country of more than 42,000 square miles, a country as large as Vermont, New Hampshire, and a con-

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siderable slice of Maine put together, with her dependency, Labrador, comes into the American family of States, she will not come without a considerable dowry, but before we touch upon that let us briefly review the political situation as it has evolved during recent years. For those especially who are unacquainted with the structure of government in Newfoundland it might be just as well to describe its form before its demotion to a Crown Colony.

Until 1832, the island was ruled solely by a Governor, instructed from time to time by the imperial authorities. In that year representative government was granted, a limited form of autonomy with a legislature to which, however, the Governor and his Executive Council were not responsible. That government was followed in 1855 by a more extensive form of home rule.

Newfoundland, contrary to popular belief, up to the time of the recent changes in her political fortunes, enjoyed a full and independent political life just as completely as any of the other Dominions, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa.

In Newfoundland the government consisted of three estates—the Governor, the representative of the Sovereign, appointed by the Crown, and usually one who has filled various posts in Crown Colonies; the Legislative Council, formerly consisting of twenty-one members, holding office for life, vacancies being filled by the ministry of the day; and the House of Assembly, with thirty-six members, though that number was reduced in recent years, elected for four years by the votes of the people.

Both men and women had the right to vote. The administration was modelled on that of the mother country. From the dominant party in the House of Assembly, a ministry or Executive Council was formed, consisting of nine members, and this body controlled affairs, subject, of course, to its ability to retain the support of a majority in the elective chamber. In the collective legislature was vested, the power to make laws; jurisdiction over public debt and property; and the conducting of all the public services. The right of the Assembly or elective House to originate money bills was fully recognized, and the upper chamber never interferes with such enactments.

Would Newfoundland, if completely left to her own devices, elect to become identified politically with the fortunes of the United States, if assured the same political autonomy as is possessed by Vermont, say, or any of the other States of the Union?

There are two important conflicting factors in this equation which must not be left out of account: first, that the people of Newfoundland have been intensely patriotic and loyal to the British throne; second: that the depression, brought about largely through the loss or lapse of foreign markets for Newfoundland products, has served to show the people of that country, that Newfoundland cannot live on the law of diminishing returns, any more than Canada can, or any other country.

So much is the latter the case, that it has been poignantly brought home to the more intelligent groups in the land that local lucrative avenues of gain-getting have been definitely closed to the thousands of workmen who annually come to the United States for seasonal employment and then return home. Such traveling Newfoundlanders will tend more and more to remain in the United States. Already there are probably more Newfoundlers in the United States than in the mother country. This fact will naturally

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set up a bond of union and understanding which, in the event of a national plebiscite on the question of joining Uncle Sam, would be highly significant.

The advantages to the Ancient Colony, if she were ceded or if she became part of the United States of America, would, we think, be many; though we are bound to say that it would not by any means be a one-sided bargain. Great Britain should be glad to exchange it for her war debt to the United States; she has completely neglected Newfoundland, and apparently cares little about it. On the other hand, the United States would stand much to gain. The progressive and enterprising genius of American capitalists, and more particularly of the American government, could turn the land Newfoundland into a veritable economic garden of Eden.

She would furnish America with the greatest and finest harbors in the world. Geological surveys have suggested that in the St. George's coal fields there is ready to hand at least 500,000,000 tons of coal. In Conception Bay, lying right on the surface, so to speak, there are unlimited supplies of iron, and the American navy could find a haven in its entirety in Burin or Trinity harbors and dozens of others as well.

The teeming millions of fish in our waters, both coastwise and inland, are a source of exhaustless wealth, richer than all the mines of Peru, and the millions of tons of "caplin" that annually press upon the beaches, the finest fertilizers in the world, if properly manipulated, would make the dairy farms of Vermont and New Hampshire far richer than they have ever been. The Stars and Stripes on the staff that has known only a British Union Jack since 1583, would be a spectacle to conjure with, and to that I say, that to all intents and purposes Newfoundland is more American at this hour than she is British.

Ethnically she remains British, that is, English, Scotch, and Irish, but her trade is with America principally, her houses are built like American dwellings, the goods on the display counters are American made, her theatres show American films, her buyers go into the American markets for goods, and last but highly significant, her laborers have found at the bosom of the United States, sustenance for their families, while tens of thousands of Newfoundlanders, have reconciled themselves to self-inflicted exile in America, because they have found it a pleasant land and a good one.

The prosperity formerly enjoyed under the guiding hands of statesmen, such as the late Right Honorable Sir Robert Bond, the Hon. Sir Edward Patrick Morris, Kt., K. C., and my friend the Right Hon. Sir Richard Anderson Squires, K. C., K. C. M. G., has largely disappeared, if we except the two great monuments to the indefatigable labors of the last named Prime Minister, Sir Richard. The Grand Falls Pulp and Paper industry and the great factories at Corner Brook still testify to the validity and worth of that statesmanship which gave them existence.

But for the rest, it can well be said that lack of far-seeing statesmanship together with an ill-mated mixture of political chauvinism and economic depression, has at last forced my native land to forego the dignities and prerogatives of an autonomous state.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of the following gentlemen to be members of the Commission Government established in Newfoundland, over which the Governor, Sir David

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Murray Anderson, K. C. B., C. M. G., will preside: the Hon. F. C. Alderdice, Sir John Hope Simpson, Mr. W. R. Howley, K. C., Mr. T. Lodge, C. B., the former secretary of State, the Hon. J. C. Puddester, and Mr. E. N. R. Trenthram. Of this group, Mr. Howley and Mr. Puddester are gentlemen whose extensive political experience has taught them a great deal about the needs and the possibilities of good government in the Ancient Colony.

It is my belief, however, that this tentative arrangement is but a makeshift, that it cannot and ought not be satisfactory to a liberty loving people such as the Newfoundlanders are. Probably the best solution of their difficulties would be a national movement that would issue in the complete ceding of Newfoundland by Great Britain to the United States.

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Van Wyck Brooks

THREE ESSAYS ON AMERICA, by Van Wyck Brooks. $3. 5¾ x 8¾; 216 pp. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company.*

THIS book is made up of reprints of three essays by Mr. Brooks: "America's Coming-of-Age" (1915), "Letters and Leadership" (1918), and "The Literary Life in America" (1921). They have all been difficult of access for a long time, and it was a happy idea on the part of the publishers and of the author to reissue them in one volume. Had they also included "The Wine of the Puritans" (1908) and six or seven of the chapters in "Sketches in Criticism" (1932), they would have placed the literary public even more in their debt, for with these additions they would have offered a volume of what is very likely the most lasting of Mr. Brooks's writings.

Mr. Brooks has been in a state of critical collapse during the past seven years, and his most recent writings do not indicate that he will soon recover his old vigor. His preposterously laudatory introduction to his recent edition of Gamaliel Bradford's letters did not make pleasant reading. It is inconceivable that in his prime, fifteen years ago, he would have been taken in by so obviously fourth-rate a man as Bradford. But this degradation of his critical faculties should not blind us to the genuine quality of his early work. It is well within the range of possibility that of all the literary critics of the first twenty-five years of the present century, he will live the longest.

By this I do not mean to say that he is a great critic in the sense that Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a great critic. He does not possess the Englishman's almost miraculous insight, and he does not possess his wide and profound learning. Mr. Brooks belongs to a more modest company, say, the fifth rank of critics. But in the United States the fifth rank is the first rank. Off hand, I cannot think of a single one of his contemporaries who has a better chance of survival. The *Götterdämmerung* which has overtaken nearly every one of his colleagues has largely passed him by, and his influence is still being felt and will probably continue to be felt for some time to come.

Strangely enough, it is the feeblest part of his contribution that has wielded the greatest influence. I refer to the sociological interpretation of the infantilism of our culture, and especially of our literary culture. He holds, it will be recalled, that American life exists "on two irreconcilable planes, the plane of stark intellectuality and the plane of stark business." The making of money was for long the law of American life, and "economic self-assertion still remains to most Americans a sort of moral obligation, while self-fulfillment still looks like a pretty word for selfishness." This accounts for the low intellectual level of our national life. "One cannot have personality, one cannot have the expressions of personality so long as the end of society is an impersonal end like the accumulation of money," for the mind "is a flower that has an organic connection with the soil from which it springs." This, to continue, accounts for the thinness and "spectral

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nature" of the work of most of our literati. Finding no nourishment in the world about them, our writers "were driven to create and inhabit worlds of their own,—diaphanous private worlds of mist and twilight." Our writers have thus never been able to assume the historic rôle of writers, that of leadership: "Our literature has prepared no pathways for us, our leaders are themselves lost." The most patent fact in our literature is "the infantility of the American writer as a type." Our salvation lies in the direction of Socialism and of "an organized higher life."

At first blush, this theory looks convincing enough, but the more I think of it the more doubts come to me. In the first place, I do not believe that Americans are more money-conscious than most other peoples. The English and French, to mention only two peoples, seem to like money as much as Americans are said to like it. The Andy Mellons and Charlie Schwabs of both aforementioned foreign countries occupy at least the same social position in their own lands as they do here. The two irreconcilable planes, "the plane of stark intellectuality and the plane of stark business," are as much a part of English and French life as of American life. Yet England, in recent times, has had its Butler, Hardy, and Shaw, and France has had its André Gide, Anatole France, and Jules Romains. The United States, in the same period, did not produce writers of equal size. What the reason is I cannot say at the moment, but I think it is obvious that the reason is not to be found in the money-consciousness of our people.

Mr. Brooks says that one of the reasons why our writers have been of such puny stature—strangely enough, he does not once mention Melville, perhaps our one truly great novelist, in all the three essays under discussion—is that they have found no nourishment in the world about them. What nourishment did Gogol, Pushkin, Chekhov, Tolstoy, and Dostoievsky find in the illiterate, boorish, autocratic Russia of their day? They nourished one another, perhaps, but certainly their people and their government did not give them much nourishment. Does Mr. Brooks mean by nourishment an interesting, turbulent contemporary life? If so, does he mean to say that the America of Longfellow's and Emerson's day did not present such a life? Plainly, there is something wrong with his nourishment theory. And as for the matter of leadership, Tolstoy and Dostoievsky most certaintly did lead the Russia of their day, and in a very real way. Most of their people could not read them, and the Czarist government, in so far as it took cognizance of them at all, merely hounded them, but surely no one will deny that they set their stamp upon their time.

Mr. Brooks's sociological interpretation of American literature, out of Taine by Veblen, does not, I'm afraid, hold up very well on careful consideration. His admirers have praised him most highly for that in his canon which seems to me most dubious. His greatest strength, I incline to think, lies in his æsthetic criticism, and it is a pity that he has not devoted himself more to that branch of literary effort. Better than any other critic of our day, and more often, he has set down upon paper the soul of an author in a few sharp, revealing words. This gift of his was most evident in the three essays that make up the present book. I quote a few of his characterizations:

1. To Longfellow the world was a German picture-book, never detaching itself from the softly colored pages.
2. Poe . . . was a Byron without scope of action and without purging emotions. . . . [He was] an orchid made out of chemicals.

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3. [If Hawthorne] sees life as a fable, with a fable's infinitely multiplied correspondences, he feels it rather as a phantom than as a man.
4. And then consider Emerson's style,—that strange fine ventriloquism, that attenuated voice coming from a great distance. If it is irritating, as many readers find it, if it is filled with assertions that fairly insist upon being contradicted, it is because so often Emerson is abstract at the wrong times and concrete at the wrong times, because he has so little natural sense of the relation between the abstract and the concrete.
5. Mr. Winston Churchill, expatiating on citizenship, talks in one breath with all the puzzled gravity of a child and some of the weary flatulence of a retired evangelist.
6. George William Curtis . . . had that pale, earnest cast of mind which always comes from thinking more about what Sir Galahad did not do than about the object of his quest.
7. The mercurial pilgrim soul of William James had passed on to a strange polytheistic mysticism long before he died.

Mr. Brooks's sociological theory of American literature, as I have said, is far from air-tight; yet it must be admitted that his writings upon the subject did much to awaken American culture from the torpor it was in in the early part of the present century.

If his diagnosis was probably wrong, his medicine did do some good. Much of the credit for the victorious fight against Puritanism, respectability, and optimism in American letters rightfully belongs to him, if only because of the chronological priority of his attack. At the same time, he exercised upon the national letters of his day and of the past a critical talent that often reached heights of insight seldom reached, in the United States, by his contemporaries, by his predecessors, or by those who came after him.

He is not a great critic, but he is surely one of the most stimulating American critics, and perhaps the most influential, in the long run, of our time.

CHARLES ANGOFF

The Money Muddle

THE MONEY MUDDLE, by James P. Warburg. $2. 5 x 7½; 272 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

BOTH conservatives and liberals should find comfort in this book. The conservatives look with distrust on managed currency, the commodity dollar and other new-fangled devices which they believe will be ineffective. The liberals, and particularly the New Dealers, will presumably be glad to read a convincing demonstration that their attempts to bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth and income will be hindered rather than helped by futile monetary nostrums.

Mr. Warburg's volume is readable, not ponderous. The sentences and paragraphs are short and pithy. Figures of speech and anecdotes abound. The assertion that there are only a score of men in the world today who are entitled to an authoritative opinion on monetary theory has received the ridicule it deserves, yet the subject is extremely technical and can be treated intelligently only by the trained specialist. While these are necessarily few, the general public must in some way be given a basis for judging the policies that our government chooses to follow. Such a judgment "The Money Muddle" makes possible.

In the first part the author presents a theoretical and historical background, which is as satisfactory as a popular presentation can make it. Part Two—"A Year of Roosevelt"—recites the incidents of the period covered, and the last part contains Mr. Warburg's ideas regarding what really ails us and what we can do.

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He argues most effectively that "our basic trouble is not a money trouble" and urges a series of proposals. We went on an economic drunk, we lived for ten years in a fool's paradise, and after 1929 attempted to cure ourselves with mild medicines until in 1932 we demanded "a new doctor and new medicine" and got them. Some of the new medicine has been good, but the money medicine and the debt medicine have been bad and delay reforms that are worth while and possible. Among the things we might do are (1) cease issuing tax-exempt securities and place "a heavier tax on inherited invested income than on earned income;" (2) reduce the interest on all debts by government edict; (3) extend unemployment and old-age insurance; and (4) return to a definite gold standard in a properly modernized form.

It is the second part which will attract most attention, and deservedly so. The author claims no special competence in presenting monetary theory or general economic reform. But he was personally and actively involved in the monetary discussions from a period dating several months prior to the Roosevelt inauguration until his resignation after "the London Fiasco."

In time the outsider may find an explanation of some of the happenings of 1933, but the historian who interprets them must be a master not only of politics and of economics but of social psychology and of psychiatry. Mr. Warburg's chapter headings are well chosen—"March Madhouse," "April Fool and Around the Maypole," "The London Fiasco," "July Jitters," "Congress Dances." Let us hope there is some way of accounting for official resolutions of instruction to our delegation to the London Conference that were accepted by them in good faith but abandoned on June 21 by the refusal from Washington to approve the experts' plan for temporary exchange stabilization and repudiated by the President's message to the Conference on July 3. The dismay of MacDonald and the caustic criticisms of others are recorded by Mr. Warburg. Even the approval of John Maynard Keynes—"Roosevelt Magnificently Right"—was changed some months later by the sad admission from the same economist that the gyrations of the dollar were "more like a gold standard on the booze" than an ideally managed currency.

It is to be hoped that by this time the Warren money régime is at an end. But other fantastic ideas are being advanced in nearly every instance by laymen with no training at all in monetary theory, particularly by the peculiar but apparently influential group which calls itself the Committee for the Nation. "The Money Muddle" should be widely read because its almost unbelievable but obviously accurate recital may bring us to realize that we need a more intelligent collective approach to our economic and financial problems, but that inestimable injury can and does follow inexpert meddling by those who may understand something about important matters in other fields but who are supremely and even lightheartedly ignorant about money.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON

Soap Bubbles On Henry Street

WINDOWS ON HENRY STREET, by Lillian Wald. $3. 5½ x 8¼; 348 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

HENRY FORD crusading to Europe on his Peace Ship in 1915 with the intention of "getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas" had no more chance to alter the course of events than have social workers to effect a cure for the ailments they so devotedly tend. A surgeon continuing to dress one sore on a spotted body with-

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out probing for the cause, would be considered futile, but social workers distract us by their enthusiasm for a neat bandage. Miss Lillian Wald in her "Windows on Henry Street" makes no pretense, of course, of being a surgeon. The question is, how useful is social work unless it articulates to the fundamental wrongs of the social system in which it exists. Looking out windows may be inspiring, but digging into facts back of figures is more in keeping with problems today.

A cue to the flatulence of social work is found in a single word, occurring oftener than any other in this book. The word is *distinguished*, applied to the Rockefellers, the Schiffs, the Morgan partners, Ramsay MacDonald, Tagore, Kerensky, members of the party of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and countless others of the same status. Although Miss Wald is devoted to the interests of the workers and has sincerely championed strikers to the peril of donations to Henry Street, there are no working class figures here. No Gene Debs, Bill Haywood, Ruthenberg or Foster. I presume they would smack too definitely of propaganda. Mr. Rockefeller, on the other hand, tripping down the steps of the house on Henry Street to the edification of a delegation of Germans tripping up, is no doubt an excellent example of a "scientist who would present facts without prejudice or color."

This illusion of an "above the battle" rôle nullifies the achievements to which social work pretends. Settlements are obliged, in this present society, to depend upon the whims of rich donors. Even social workers cannot serve two masters effectively, and it is possible that Miss Wald has accepted too naïvely the professions of good will toward the masses elicited from her distinguished guests. One is reminded of Jane Addams interviewing the heads of warring nations in 1915 and of her being touchingly convinced that they longed desperately for peace. As the astute Colonel House suggested, "They were not quite candid with her."

One can hardly balance the few magistrates who may be invited to tea at Henry Street and told to mend their ways when so thoughtless as to slip up on child labor enforcements, with the many magistrates out of range of that hospitality. The social charm undeniably emanating from Henry Street will not set a table when the evictors have hauled off the furniture and unemployment has robbed the cupboard of food. Nice manners are only valuable to those who have bread. We may not live by bread alone; we cannot live without it. In a day when the very government itself is forced to face the challenge of a system that has built up billions of surplus for a few people while taking away employment from millions of others, the last sentence of Miss Wald's book should be arresting.

She formulates her experience as pointing "to the inevitable; that people rise and fall together, that no one group dare be an economic or a social law unto itself." Taken literally, this appears revolutionary. Miss Wald does not mean it that way. She means what may best be illustrated by one of her own stories. A poor boy is bumming his way South; a friend, member of the house of Morgan, is also going South, in his private car. She adds, "I like to think of them on the same train." Apart from an almost typical callousness displayed by this wish, it amply discloses that from the social workers' point of view to be on the same train is the important factor. Distinguished minds disporting themselves in private cars while the laboring masses ride the rods has bumped the world into a serious social catastrophe

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that cannot be ameliorated by the "humanities" or the arts. When we learn from the *Consumers' Guide* that while the national income since 1929 shrank 40%, the income of industrial workers shrank 60% and that of farmers 50%, but that the group that collects interest suffered a decline of only 3%, we arrive much more nearly at an understanding of social problems than any little get-together talk can give us.

Mary Van Kleeck, director of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation, explains that the scientific management of industry can only be reached by the socialization of all industry which in turn implies a complete change of government brought about by the working class. In a book that attempts to establish social service as scientific procedure we should expect a like grasp of the interests involved. We find instead that due to lack of understanding of the nature of the disease, the attempts at cure are futile, even cause a delay in the diagnosis. Miss Wald's delusion as to the rôle a group of pacifists took in the prevention of war between the United States and Mexico in 1915 is a case in point. We succeeded in getting a stranglehold on the finances of Mexico, why fight? No technique of peace could save us from plunging into the World War in 1917 after Morgan had loaned billions to the Allies. Nor did it prevent Miss Wald from turning Henry Street House into a draft board station.

One would prefer, if pretensions to scientific accuracy were to be bolstered, that the graphic picture Miss Wald paints of the disasters of the depression were not marred by a complete reliance on the N.R.A. One need only go to government figures to expose the contradiction between the plan and the requirements of the masses when officials admit that 15,000,000 more cows, to list one example, are needed to give everyone an adequate diet —and at the same time a plan for radical milk reduction is launched. Serious social work should expose these discrepancies which cannot fail to affect the masses for which that work is supposedly in existence. The truth is that distinguished minds, rather than masses, rely upon settlement houses in this country.

Miss Wald's sympathetic account of her trip to Soviet Russia is another instance of the social worker mind preoccupied with the technique involved to the exclusion of a consideration of its significance in relation to society. In the Soviet Union she concludes that the techniques employed in social work are not so skillful as in Henry Street, but would it not have been to the point to inquire whether even an inadequate technique, assuming its presence, operating in a Socialist state might not more nearly serve its purpose than a skillful technique in a society unprepared to utilize or care for the people its social workers try to save?

JOSEPHINE HERBST

Why Feuchtwanger Is Not First-Rate

THE OPPERMANNS, by Lion Feuchtwanger. $2.50. 5⅜ x 8; 406 pp. New York: *The Viking Press.*

THE pressure of events since the war has forced upon the novel a more general recognition of the social structure and the social emotions. Two motifs have always given stature to story—religion and society. When the struggle of man with God became irrelevant, the struggle of man with society remained as the theme of grandeur and took on a new importance. Those novelists of the Nineteenth Century who seem greatest and most relevant to us are those who were most explicit in their statement

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of the nature of society—Balzac, Stendhal, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky; the latter two kept, of course, the alternate great motif of religion. In our own time the nature of society has been laid bare by investigation and events, so that not only the occasional genius but all men can see into it. This has been of immeasurable benefit to the novel which must find it more difficult to succumb to provincialism of scope and implication when history forces it to be conscious of the whole social complex. But the acceptance of society as a theme exposes the novel to new dangers. It no longer faces merely the judgment of taste but also the exacter judgment of history.

Lion Feuchtwanger's purely literary talents are scarcely of the first magnitude, though he is highly competent, interesting, energetic. His genuine success as a novelist has been the result of his ability to dissolve the personal stories he tells in the great events of history. This he does with—generally—great honesty and intelligence, and always with a sincere passion for the forces of right reason. When one has finished one of his novels one feels the heroic emotions that come from seeing personalities (including one's own) in the great perspectives of history. All this is true of Feuchtwanger's new novel, "The Oppermanns." Yet when the heroic-philosophic emotion, which the book gives, has waned, one feels cheated and let down. "The Oppermanns" is, in a certain sense, the third volume in a trilogy on the theme of the defeat of justice and right, with a special reference to the Jews. And, as one looks back on the preceding two volumes, one recalls that they, like the present volume, end factitiously—the result not of a failure of literary skill but of a failure of historical logic.

The first of the trilogy is "Success," the detailed and fascinating story of the rise of reaction and Hitler in Bavaria during the period of inflation. The center of the story is the railroading to prison of a brilliant young Jewish scholar and critic. Against him are massed the forces of reaction, and the weak forces of personal liberalism and decency come to his defense. The latter are defeated. But Feuchtwanger will not end on a note of defeat. The champions of justice carry on the case—one by continuing his "History of Injustice," another by making a moving picture of the story, a third by writing a novel, the very novel, one gathers, that one is reading. In short, it would seem that Feuchtwanger is maintaining the historically untenable position that the forces of reaction will meet their eventual downfall at the hands of liberal, educational intellect.

The second volume of the trilogy, "Josephus," concludes on a similar note. The story, though set in imperial Rome, is symbolically relevant to modernity—the story of the Jewish historian whose loyalty to his people gives way before his historical insight which foretells the utter ruin of Palestine and the further triumph of Rome's vulgar strength. He, too, when he has watched the suffering end of all he loves, turns to intellect and writes his "History," with a mystical sad faith that the centuries will chasten the barbarity he has given his allegiance to.

To this mystical faith in the future, faith in the vindication of reason by unexplained means, "The Oppermanns" also succumbs. As a description of events in Germany under Hitler, the novel is brilliantly effective. True, there is a sharp limitation of the canvas to the wealthy Jews and their dependents, the white collar class. But by implication the fate of the radical proletariat is shown. The descriptions of the Brown Houses and the concentration

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camps are masterpieces of convincing realism: a less degree of horror would have belied the truth, a greater degree would have made it impossible to be grasped by foreign readers, for there is a law of diminishing returns in horror. The Oppermann family is excellently typical of German middle-class Jewry, deep-rooted, as they thought, in German life. Business, medicine and literature engage the three successful brothers Oppermann. Then suddenly they are uprooted. The son of one brother by his Gentile wife is embroiled by his Nazi teacher in a quarrel and, rather than recant a statement made in a school exercise, commits suicide. The business man is forced from business, the doctor is dragged from his clinic, the writer flees his library. Their Gentile friends, though often loyal, are weak before the storm of hate.

All this is excellent. But when Feuchtwanger again concludes with the sad, distantly consoling belief in the eventual triumph of reason by some cosmic process, the book ceases to be satisfactory. The Oppermann who has been a dilettante writer suddenly becomes conscious of the realities of life and society. He returns to Germany from his retreat in France to see the enormities of the new régime. He is discovered and arrested; his middle-aged body and mind crack under the cruelty of the concentration camp; his release is at last procured and he returns to France to die. As he lies waiting for death, his gradually clearing mind takes comfort in a Talmudic saying, "It is upon us to begin the work. It is not upon us to finish it." He dies, one gathers, in an aura of tragic peace and of distant, calm hope for the future—a hope based on his knowledge of a vague, anti-Nazi secret organization and a belief in the inevitable triumph of reason.

We cannot, of course, demand that the social or historical novelist be a prophet. But Feuchtwanger, in seeming to express his own feeling in the mood of calm reconciliation on which "The Oppermanns" concludes, belies the probable truth that the future will be a bloody and desperate one. We *can* demand of the novelist that he face the historical probability more squarely than this. There is a character in "The Oppermanns" who thinks so completely in terms of the distant future that he ignores the terrors of the present (and is therefore very congenial to the Nazis); of him Feuchtwanger says that his ideas have no street address, no telephone number. Feuchtwanger—unwilling to have his street number too exactly known, afraid perhaps of exposing too clear a political partisanship—exposes himself to much the same impeachment.

LIONEL TRILLING

Literature in the Soviet Union

SOVIET LITERATURE: *An Anthology*, edited and translated by George Reavey and Marc Slonim. $2.50. 5½ x 8⅛; 426 pp. New York: *Covici, Friede.*

THE editors of this anthology have performed a highly important service by bringing the gratifying news that not only is Russian literature enjoying good health but it is also busily engaged in all the activities of a variegated career. The rationalization historically imposed upon Russian life and culture must not mislead one into the belief that the baby has been thrown out with the bath, that simplification has been achieved at the cost of color and sentiment. To be sure, the epithet "proletarian" customarily applied to Soviet literature tends to evoke suspicious associations. In the minds of many persons proletarian literature is connected with imitation science, interminable shop talks and discussions, flamboyant mass appeals

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of posters and proclamations, melodramatic scenes of strikes and picket lines, shootings and arrests, and sentimental descriptions of the miserable lot of city workers. But it is needless to point out that most of these things have lost all meaning in contemporary Russia.

Soviet literature, in fact, is distinguished by two special features. It is a literature reflecting the storm and stress of a transitional period, and it is characterized by a dynamic art expressing the efforts to reconstruct the semi-primitive life of Russia in the spirit of the machine age and a collectivistic ideology. Depicting a life on the threshold of two worlds, it throbs with the agonies of the dying old order and the pangs and joys of new birth; it runs the gamut of all the emotions entailed by the tension of resistance and hopeful expectation, the pathos of resignation and the thrill of exploration and victory.

The present anthology is not limited entirely to an exhibition of so-called proletarian literature, vital and significant as this literature is. We are given excellent proof that Soviet literature, contrary to a wide-spread belief, has not been wholly converted into grist for the mill of the Five Year Plan. There is still place left for non-political writings, as may be seen from the poetry of Pasternak. Also the prose of such an outstanding "fellow traveler" as Babel is devoted largely to semi-elegiac, semi-ironic and Chekhovian reminiscences of pre-war days or else to romantic descriptions of human comedies and tragedies as revealed in the episodes of the civil war. The works of Vsevolod Ivanov, Fedin, and Seifulina teem either with scenes directly descriptive of the civil war or with the events expressive of the derailment of traditional life. In the writings of Pilnyak one sees the reappearance of the Baudelairean "fleurs du mal" which used to adorn the soil of provincial Russia in the days of Dostoyevsky, Lyeskov, and Sologub.

Generous as is the policy of the editors, many a reader is yet likely to doubt its wisdom. The term soviet literature is used by the editors in a very wide sense, as denoting the writings produced in Russia since the Bolshevik Revolution. But much water has flown under the bridges of the land of the Soviets since the days of October, 1917. Life and the literature reflecting that life have undergone such transformations that one legitimately wonders whether works written during this period have anything more in common besides the fact that they originated in post-revolutionary Russia. This period has witnessed the coming and going of military Communism, the Nep, and the final enthronement of the Five Year Plan. The literature of military Communism was experimental and rather tolerant because of a lack of self-consciousness. It was strongly under the influence of Western expressionism and futurism; it believed that a vertiginous succession of choppy and vigorous words could serve as a kind of creative magic for reproducing and accelerating the dynamic tempo of a revolutionary age. Its themes consisted either of Christological versions of the revolution or of challenging attempts to make a clean slate of bourgeois culture. The literature of the Nep made wide use of local idioms and the folk language of the lower depths in depicting the aftermath of the civil war and famine as well as the opposition between the city and the village, intimating a possible return of capitalism. It is only the Five Year Plan that has brought to the fore proletarian literature in the strict sense of the term. This literature has restored the precise realistic style of the great Russian naturalists as a means

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of dealing with the complex of problems centering around the mechanization and collectivization of life.

In my opinion the anthology has one great defect. The editors have not succeeded in making it clear whether their aim was to describe contemporary Russian life or to trace the vicissitudes of literature in Russia since the revolution. If the first aim was uppermost, there is no reason for including selections from pre-revolutionary symbolists and futurists who may be said to represent a dead past, or for giving so little space to writers dealing with the Five Year Plan and for excluding altogether writers of the older generation like Seraphimovich and the younger Panferov whose work sheds such an illuminating light upon life under collectivization. If the second aim was uppermost, there may be some justification for including writers who stand outside the stream of contemporary life but who are presumed to serve as a link between the present and the past. There can, however, be no excuse for omitting such representative poets of the Nep period as Kluyev or prose writers like Alexey Tolstoy and Ehrenburg.

Notwithstanding its shortcomings, the present anthology fills an obvious gap. The excellence and carefulness of the translations should prove a special inducement to readers desirous of getting an insight into Soviet fiction as well as into some of the theoretical controversies which have raged in Russia over the nature of art. The instructive introduction by Mark Slonim deserves particularly to be commended.

JEROME ROSENTHAL

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS's *latest book, "Your Child Is Normal," will be published this month. She has a Ph.D. from Cornell.*

G. D. H. COLE's *article in this issue will form part of his new book, "The Intelligent Man's Survey of Modern Politics," which will be published in the fall.*

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LIONEL TRILLING *is writing a book on Matthew Arnold.*

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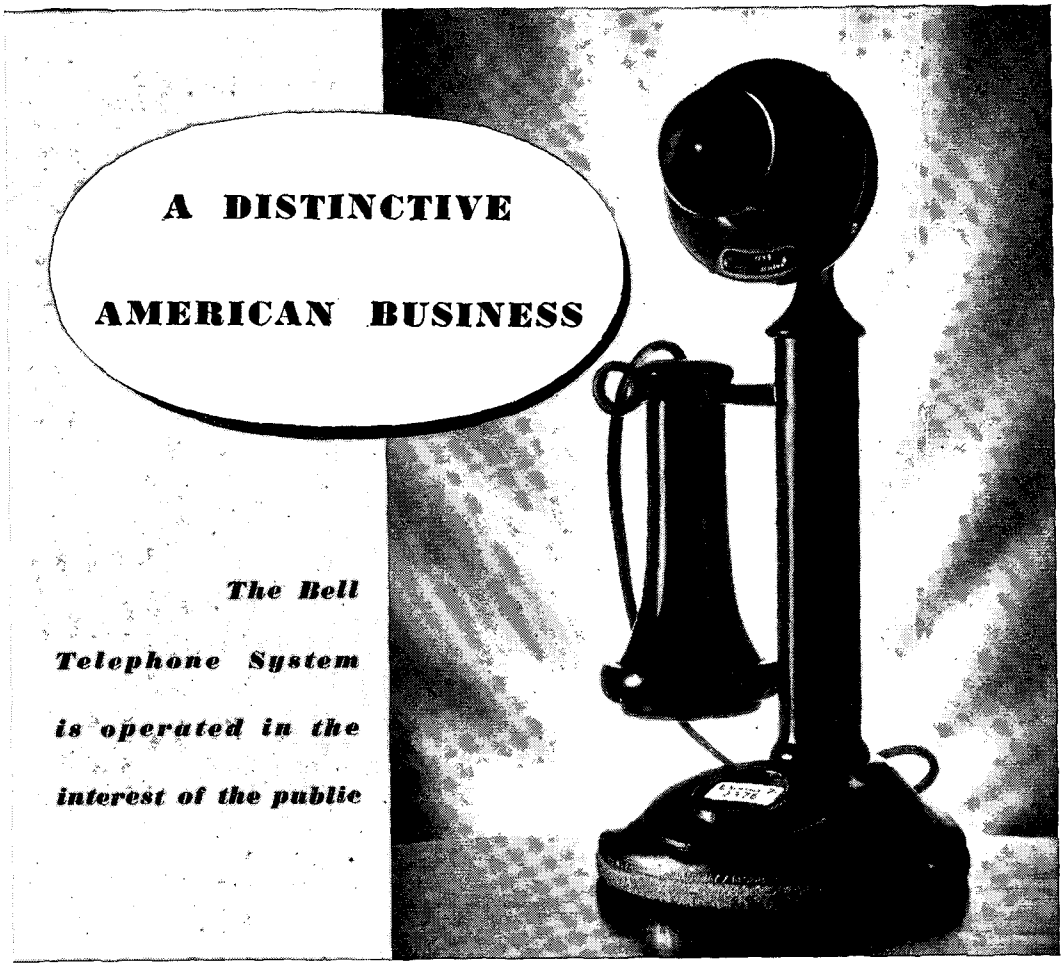

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page vii

the medical and lay publics in their respective countries the advantages of socialized medicine. They recognize that health is an intimate part of the total social and economic régime in any country. They demonstrate that in a Communist state socialized health is a natural concomitant, the success of the one going hand in hand with the success of the other. They realize that something basic needs to be done in the capitalist countries to make possible the sort of medical care they desire, but here they fumble and quote Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. It is significant that this book contains a detailed summary of the economic and political background of Russia, while most books on medical care in the United States have little to say about recognition of unions, the status of labor, or the existence of political corruption.

FICTION

FINNLEY WREN: *His Notions and Opinions.*
By Philip Wylie. *Farrar & Rinehart*
$2.50 5⅝ x 3⅜; 318 pp. *New York*

An ape, it has been said, engaged in typewriting, would ultimately hit off all the words in the Encyclopedia Britannica; all the words would be there, that is, but they wouldn't make an encyclopedia. Mr. Wylie's opus seems to be the result of a similar conjunction between a typewriter and the laws of chance. There are some one-hundred-thousand words in it, but they don't make a novel. In the course of a wild week-end party, during which the guests drink, talk, love, and play cards with the approved nonchalance, callousness, and infantilism of the now moribund speakeasy era, Finnley Wren tells to Philip Wylie the "haphazard history of his career and amours," embellished with "sundry rhymes, fables, diatribes and literary misdemeanours." Finnley, the scion of Suburban Westchester aristocracy, suffers from a Puritan-bourgeois upbringing; in fact, never is able to live it down, though he keeps going to the dogs with truly commendable diligence. He had a bad start in life when, in his college years, he was hailed to court on the charge of seducing a local wench. That made him the bad boy of the town, and he seems to have adopted the profession of being a bad boy as his official career, drowning his sorrows in drink, travel, love and unhappy marriages. It's the confessional school *ad nauseam*. It's the hardboiled Hemingway manner (as hardboiled as the little boy who threatens to go out into the garden and eat worms) gone maudlin. Mr. Wylie himself claims that the book is twaddle. He ought to know.

BREATHE UPON THESE SLAIN.
By Evelyn Scott. *Smith & Haas*
$2.50 5¼ x 7¾; 394 pp. *New York*

This novel owes its conception to a house in East Anglia which the author rented furnished for several months. From the family photographs which adorn the walls, Miss Scott recreates the lives of the former occupants. Four daughters, a son, and their two parents represent the chief characters, and the author jumps from one to another with confusing rapidity. One feels, at the close, no sense of having lived with these people—whose lives are sketched from the eighteen-nineties on down through three decades of the present century. The book at no time achieves reality, due partly to the author's objectionable practice of intruding upon the scene at frequent intervals, and partly to her sudden and inexcusable lapses into the present tense. Moreover, the story of the breakdown of Victorian standards and the ravages of post-war disillusionment has by this time been sufficiently exploited, and requires no further iteration in contemporary fiction. Readers familiar with Miss Scott's earlier books will find this one very disappointing.

ONE-SMOKE STORIES.
By Mary Austin. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2 5½ x 7¾; 295 pp. *Boston*

A collection of short and spirited Indian stories deriving its title from the custom which the elders of a tribe have of sitting around the embers and exchanging tales—each one of which must last for the space of one smoke of a corn-husk cigarette. Mrs. Austin, an astute student of Indian life and character, has followed closely the red man's method of oral narration, although, as she confesses in her introduction, she has occasionally added to the original formula of the one-smoke story "such further perception of the scene as is necessary to have the fang of the story strike home." The narratives are largely anecdotal in nature, and make no attempt at characterization or background-painting. But they are all intensely interesting, and at least one of them—"The Last Antelope"—may be classed as a genuine work of art.

Continued on page xii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

THE HOUSE IN THE HILLS.
By Simonne Ratel. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 5½ x 8; 291 pp. *New York*

A French novel of beauty and dramatic power. The story concerns a self-sacrificing mother who lives a tormented life in the house in the hills, enduring the brutality of her selfish husband for the sake of her children. Isabelle Durras is a veritable paragon of motherhood—tender, sympathetic, infinitely patient, and determined to make the best of a world in which "none of us ever do what we please." The book is fraught with rich imagery, and is obviously the work of an extremely sensitive and imaginative author. Besides the parents and the three children there is the young student who comes to Les Bories to translate one of M. Durras's geological studies, and who offers Isabelle an escape from her husband's tyranny. All of these characters are extremely real, and frequent psychological insights into their minds add considerably to the interest of the narrative as a whole. The book was awarded the Prix Interallié for 1932. Eric Sutton's beautiful translation preserves much of the charm of Mlle. Ratel's original version.

IN A NAZI GARDEN.
By Lona Mosk. *The Vanguard Press*
$2.00 5⅛ x 7⅜; 252 pp. *New York*

The picture on the jacket of this book, and the title—reminiscent of "The Garden of Allah" and a whole garden series—do the book an injustice. "In a Nazi Garden" is better than either the jacket or the title suggests. Ann Levy, a young Jewish-American newspaper woman, lives with her German lover in a pension near Berlin. Frau Schroeder, the landlady, is a Nazi, and Ann tries to hide her Jewish origin, in order to live at peace with her neighbors. But when the storm-troopers are quartered in the same house, and Frau Schroeder's Communist gardener is arrested, Ann is discovered, and forced to leave the pension with her lover. The love idyll is romantically treated and slender in content; but there is a solid and understanding analysis of the subjective side of race prejudice. More than she fears the storm-troopers, Ann fears the ignorant, animal hatred of Frau Schroeder; and the novel carefully traces her secret fears and terrors, the inevitable misunderstandings between Ann and her lover, who without being an anti-Semite yet calls himself "a pure blood German;" and Ann's growing awareness of her hitherto repressed Jewishness.

OUT OF CHAOS.
By Ilya Ehrenbourg. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2.50 5½ x 7¾; 391 pp. *New York*

This is a tale of the new Russia; of work and fear; of the vanishing of traditional backgrounds and the building-up of new. It is a tale of young workers and students, exalted by the spirit of Communism; of their doubt and despair in the adjustment to an environment often hostile and fierce. At Kuznetsk a giant steel plant was being erected, and a city had grown up around it. Tomsk, ancient city of culture and luxury, was nearby, and in this background is set the love of two young men, one lifted with the worker's zeal, the other weak and often counter-revolutionary, for a young girl. The story is powerful and filled with the color and richness of mass movement. The translation is by Alexander Bakshy.

POETRY

THE POEMS OF RICHARD ALDINGTON.
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$2.50 5½ x 8⅜; 372 pp. *Garden City, N. Y.*

A new and complete collection, including several poems hitherto unpublished in America. Mr. Aldington is at his best in the war poems, and in those which he wrote immediately preceding and following the war. There is, throughout, an exquisite rendering of line, and an almost perfect sensitivity to word and rhythm; but, except for two or three individual poems, there is little of lasting poetic beauty. There is an introduction by the poet, in which he says little that has not been said before.

THE SINGING HEART.
By Clinton Scollard. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 5¾ x 8; 247 pp. *New York*

A collection of sedate but deftly composed poems, most of them short lyrics, revealing the author's love for the out-of-doors, for travel in foreign lands, and for all manner of quiet Epicurean joys. "How good to be alive" is the recurrent theme—stressed with an almost Whitmanesque persistency. Despite an intrinsic lack of vigor and originality, these verses possess a certain ingratiating charm, which is enhanced no doubt by the unimpeachable sincerity of the author's simple philosophy. There is a long memoir of Clinton Scollard by his wife, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, who found embodied in her husband's character "the ideal of the scholar, the poet, and the gentleman."

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There are truths told in these stories that have never been told before

The WAYS of WHITE FOLKS

By LANGSTON HUGHES

In this volume of short stories there are described certain situations, certain dramas of tragedy and humor, that have never before appeared in American literature. Mr. Hughes, one of the best of the younger generation of American writers and certainly the best of the younger Negroes, deals in these stories with the relations between white and colored people *from the Negro point of view.* He has known white people intimately in the capacities both of servant and of friend and his acquaintance with his own race is equally wide. He has consequently been able to penetrate deeply into the strange and significant conflicts that arise out of this world of race relationships. One story touches upon the contrast between the Negro and the white attitude toward a bastard; another story touches upon a white man's love for a brown woman; another touches upon those cultists who seek to thrill their jaded senses by participating in Negro life. The stories are of varied character and diverse theme, but all of them are equally masterful.

Carl Van Vechten says: "Langston Hughes has now turned his attention to the short story and in this difficult form, at his best, immediately challenges comparison with such masters of the art as Katherine Mansfield and Tchekhov... I read the book in manuscript through at one sitting with that sensation of rising excitement that is the usual accompaniment to the recognition of important art."

Horace Gregory, in the New York Herald Tribune Books, writes: "Within the range of these fourteen stories there is humor, pathos, terror and satire. I suspect that Langston Hughes is revealing here that mysterious quality in writing that we call genius. I recommend this book as one of the best books published in a season when the standard of fiction has held a higher level than any season within the last five years." $2.50

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aak as i see it

I HAVE had the pleasure this year of publishing two of the best novels that have come out of the hard-boiled school of writing—Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man* and James M. Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice.* Both, you will recall, received excellent reviews and both became best-sellers.

Tough and realistic as these two novels undeniably are, I suspect that a novel I have just published exceeds them in these qualities. This novel is entitled *Brain Guy* and is by Benjamin Appel. It is the story of how a young man, intelligent and college educated, drifts into the underworld, more by chance than by design. But once there he climbs high: plans robberies that others commit, gathers a gang around him, gains in power and slowly succumbs to the psychology of the criminal. In this character we have something new, something more fascinating than tough fiction has hitherto produced: and the immersion of such a fellow in the heaving, violent, spectacular life of New York's gangsterdom gives the reader everything he can ask for in the matter of psychology, atmosphere, and action alike. The book is written throughout in the tightest, simplest, and most pungent style imaginable. There is no sentimentality about gangsters here; Mr. Appel knows his stuff and his cast, and pictures all the brutality, vice and viciousness of the scene. He is outspoken where others have simply hinted. He is sometimes frankly shocking, but he is always truthful. The result is an exciting, absorbing novel.

Mr. Appel writes to me that he lived in the lower west side of New York—the locale of *Brain Guy*—until he was sixteen and that he is now again living there. He says that the characters in his novel and the events are strictly true of the kind of people who live in Hell's Kitchen and the Chelsea district. I had better add, however, that Mr. Appel is not one of these characters! He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, at New York University, and at Lafayette College. While at school he participated in athletics (cross-country, crew, football, discus and javelin) and at the same time wrote for the college magazines, published a book of verse, and entered a one-act play in an intercollegiate contest. During his summer vacations, he worked as a fishing

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as i see i

guide, as a lumberjack, and in a factory. His stories have appeared in most of the little magazines and this year he will have the signal honor of having a story in both the Edward J. O'Brien Best Short Stories and the O'Henry Memorial volume of stories. ($2.50).

I have just issued a new illustrated edition of Robert Nathan's early novel, *Jonah.* This is a superb story, which at the time of its first publication, was unfortunately neglected. Now, however, that Mr. Nathan's *One More Spring* has earned for him a very large audience, *Jonah* may be "rediscovered" and read by the many thousands who would enjoy it if they knew about it. Boris Artzybascheff, the distinguished artist, has contributed a stunning jacket and five illustrations for the book. It will be issued at $2.50.

I have also just published a volume entitled *André Gide* by Leon Pierre-Quint. It is a study of Gide's life and work. It is, so far as I know, the first full-length study of the man who is probably the greatest living writer of French prose. M. Pierre-Quint devotes the first part of his book to Gide's biography. Here he has been aided both by Gide's habit of thinly veiled self-confession and self-portrayal in his work and also by personal acquaintance. The latter parts of the work present a careful, provocative discussion of Gide's psychology and his art, his individualistic ethics and his social criticism. The author's sympathetic and penetrating understanding, already known to us from his study of Proust, throws much light on some of the perplexities of Gide's books and character. The volume is priced at $3.00.

My Autumn 1934 catalogue has just come from the press. You may be interested in knowing about some of the interesting and unusual books that are described in it. There are new novels by Alfred Neumann, Joseph Hergesheimer, Jules Romains, Robert Nathan, Bruce Marshall, Warwick Deeping, L. A. G. Strong, John Collier, and Beatrice Kean Seymour. In the field of non-fiction there are books by Sigrid Undset, Professor Sheldon and Dr. Eleanor T. Glueck, G.D.H. and Margaret Cole, J. F. Horrabin, Max Eastman, Dr. Ives Hendrick, Herbert Asbury, Kahlil Gibran, and others, including a remarkable *Roosevelt Omnibus.* All of these will be discussed in some detail later on. In the meantime if you are interested in reading detailed descriptions of these books in my catalogue just drop me a note and I will be glad to send you a copy.

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Los Angeles	Oct. 25	Oct. 26
San Francisco	Oct. 27	Oct. 28
Hilo	Nov. 4	Nov. 4
Honolulu	Nov. 5	Nov. 7
Yokohama	Nov. 19	Nov. 23
Kobe	Nov. 24	Nov. 27
Miyajima	Nov. 28	Nov. 28
Beppu	Nov. 29	Nov. 29
Chemulpo	Dec. 1	Dec. 2
Ching Wang Tao	Dec. 3	Dec. 6
Shanghai	Dec. 8	Dec. 12
Hongkong	Dec. 14	Dec. 17
Manila	Dec. 19	Dec. 22
Saigon	Dec. 25	Dec. 27
Bangkok	Dec. 29	Dec. 31
Singapore	Jan. 3	Jan. 5
Balik Papan	Jan. 8	Jan. 8
Macassar	Jan. 9	Jan. 10
Boeleleng	Jan. 11	Jan. 13
Soerabaya	Jan. 14	.....
Batavia		Jan. 20
Padang	Jan. 22	Jan. 23
Oleleh	Jan. 25	Jan. 25
Colombo	Jan. 29	.....
Bombay		Feb. 16
Djibouti	Feb. 22	Feb. 23
Suez	Feb. 27	.....
Port Said		Mar. 2
Haifa	Mar. 3	Mar. 5
Istanbul	Mar. 8	Mar. 11
Athens	Mar. 12	Mar. 16
Corfu	Mar. 17	Mar. 17
Kotor	Mar. 18	Mar. 18
Dubrovnik	Mar. 18	Mar. 18
Venice	Mar. 19	Mar. 23
Messina	Mar. 25	Mar. 25
Naples	Mar. 26	Mar. 31
Monte Carlo	Apr. 1	Apr. 2
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